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Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

Vol. XIX FEBRUARY, 1920 No. 1

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Almost a decade ago, when the art of the screen was first pronounced worthy of depicting life's dramas, this Magazine was founded. From the first, it aimed to be the voice of the Silent Drama—the friend of those in front, and of the shadowed players. It has always been ready to encourage all that is good, and eager to wield its power against all that is unworthy. Every word, every picture in this Magazine is printed for you, the reader; hence it is your magazine, and the official organ of the Motion Picture public.

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STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

By "JUNIUS"

Astor.—Fay Bainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American. Racial barriers seem insurmountable, but there is a happy and surprising ending. Has all the ingredients of popular drama.

Casino.—"The Little Whopper." Lively and amusing musical comedy with tuneful score by Rudolf Friml. Vivienne Segal pleasantly heads the cast, which also numbers Harry C. Browne, who does excellent work, Mildred Richardson, W. J. Ferguson and the clever and personable Wilton Sisters.

Cohan and Harris.—"The Royal Vagabond." A Cohanized opera comique in every sense of the words. A tuneful operetta plus Cohan speed, pep and brash American humor. Also tinkling music. And a corking cast, with Grace Fisher, Tessa Kosta, John Goldsworthy and Frederick Santley.

Globe.—"Apple Blossoms." The ambitious and *much* heralded operetta of Fritz Kreisler and Victor Jacobi plus colorful Joseph Urban settings. An offering far above the musical average. John Charles Thomas sings admirably, Wilda Bennett is an attractive heroine and Florence Shirley lends a piquant personality to the proceedings.

Hippodrome.—"Happy Days." Big and spectacular production typical of the Hippodrome. The diving girls are again a feature, disporting in the huge "Hip" tank.

Hudson.—"Clarence," Booth Tarkington's delightful comedy, built about the way a returned soldier reunited a disturbed but typically American household. Superb performances by Alfred Lunt, Glenn Hunter and Helen Hayes give the comedy a fine verve.

Harris.—"Wedding Bells." A bright and highly amusing comedy by Salisbury Field. Admirably written and charmingly played by Margaret Lawrence and Wallace Eddinger. One of the things you *should* see.

Henry Miller.—"Moonlight and Honeysuckle." Ruth Chatterton in a charming comedy that might have been a big hit had the playwright taken full advantage of some splendid situations in the last act. As it is it starts like a hare and ends like a tortoise.

Maxine Elliott's — "The Unknown Woman." A very emotional melodrama with Majorie Rambeau in Bendel gowns and tears. Jean Robertson contributes a vivid bit as a "dope."

Morosco.—"Civilian Clothes." A delightful comedy to please everybody. Brand new idea and cleverly worked out. Thurston Hall in the title rôle shares the honors with beautiful Olive Tell. Support excellent.

Playhouse.—"Palmy Days." A picturesque drama by Augustus Thomas in which Wilton Lackaye does the finest work of his career since "Jim the Penman."

Plymouth.—"The Jest," Arthur Hopkins' production of Sem Benelli's colorful and gripping Florentine drama. John and Lionel Barrymore are again seen in their original rôles. An admirable cast and Robert Edmund Jones' settings lend splendid aid.

Princess.—"Nightie Night." Described by the program as a "wide awake farce,"

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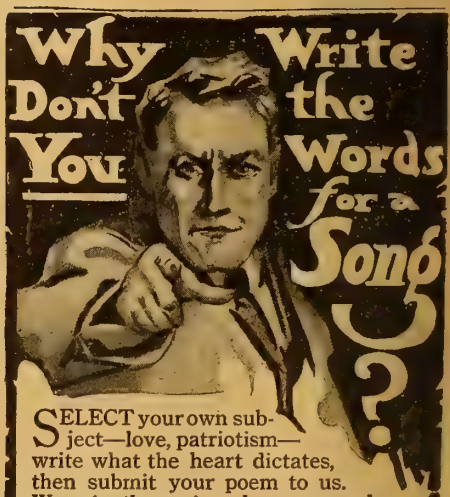
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Shubert.—"The Magic Melody." A "romantic musical play" with a tuneful score and a picturesque Willy Pogany setting. Charles Purcell, Fay Marbe, Julia Deane, Earl Benham and Carmel Myers, the last two well known to the screen, head the cast.

Thirty-ninth Street Theater.—"Scandal." Cosmo Hamilton's daring drama which Constance Talmadge played on the screen. Francine Larrimore and Charles Cherry have the leading rôles in the excellent footlight production.

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"See-Saw."—A pleasant musical entertainment. The delightful Elizabeth Hines stands out and Dorothy Mackaye is pleasantly cast.

"An Exchange of Wives."—Another Cosmo Hamilton comedy which, however, never attains the spontaneity or piquancy of "Scandal." The chief blush inducer is a scene on a sleeping porch.

"She Would and She Did."—Grace George in a light (very light) comedy founded on a little hole in the golf links which Grace angrily made, resulting in her suspension from the club for two months. Society and golf folk will probably find this an entertaining little play.

"The Better Ole."—The Coburn production of the musical comedy based upon Bruce Bairnsfather's new immortal cartoon creation, Old Bill. Mr. Coburn's characterization of Bill is still as remarkable as ever.

"A Lonely Romeo"—with Lew Fields. A light show running in the usual groove. Frances Cameron, who is developing remarkably, is the bright figure of "A Lonely Romeo," while Mr. Fields is his humorous self. There's a decidedly funny scene in a men's hat shop.

"Chu Chin Chow."—An opulent and beautiful musical extravaganza based upon the Arabian Nights tale of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. Dazzling series of sensuous stage pictures. "Chu Chin Chow" is presented this year with an entirely new edition and new costumes. Marjorie Wood makes a colorful desert woman, Lionel Braham is very effective as the robber sheik and Eugene Cowles makes the rôle of steward stand out. George Rosely plays the young lover admirably.

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(Continued on page 14)



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Letters to the Editor

A word in behalf of the often criticized serial:

DEAR EDITOR—I am an ardent reader of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and CLASSIC and I take great interest in your department, having read it for two years.

Every one seems to have certain stars whom they either praise or criticise without any regard for the stars' feelings. I have just received the May magazine in which I see that Mr. Thomas Finnerty again visits your columns and I dont agree with him about the deadly epidemic of serial thrillers one bit—in fact, we, in South America, cannot get enough serial plays and want more and more of them.

I have many favorites, but the star I select for praise is Marie Walcamp—truly, she is an actress the movie world can be proud of. The way in which she plays with her life is marvellous. I dont see how any one could see her in such plays as "The Red Ace," and "The Lion's Claw," in all of her moods and then not have a feeling of admiration and sympathy for her. I, for one, hope Marie Walcamp will make many more serials and that Pearl White and Ruth Roland will do the same, for we know them very well here.

I wish every future success to the movie stars, one and all, and also to the publisher of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and CLASSIC.

Sincerely,
GRACE EDWARDES.
Valparaiso, Chile.

Here is a prayer for relief from the custom-made movie plot:

EDITOR:—With more or "less" interest I have digested some of the letters to the Editor; Mr. Finnerty in his epistle about "Bolshevism on Trial" is telling us only his impression. While to six readers he may be correct in his criticism, half a dozen will be just as sincere in the praise of the picture in question.

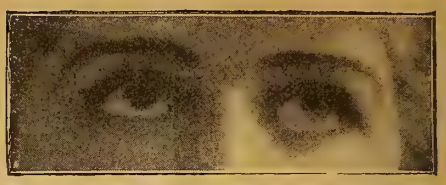
One has his favorites, his likes and dislikes. But honestly, can you point out one screen picture, may it be tragedy, drama, comedy, slapstick, Charlie Chaplinese or "Fatty" Arbuckling, which does not always end where one finds the heroine fading out in the respective star's arms?

Seems to me the so-called movie writer-authors should put on skid chains, get out of the rut, go into "high" gear and strike the highway of entertainment as well as education. It can be done; if I remember correctly, it has been done once or twice. This everlasting falling in love at first sight, fighting overwhelming odds, and coming out on top—it's not done nowadays. Take Harry Morey in "Beauty Proof." Can you, even under the influence of 2.75% beverages, imagine a N. W. mounted policeman following a female—no matter how beautiful—"up north" without his coat and gauntlets? Silly. Good luck and success.

Sincerely,
RICHARD HARDEN.
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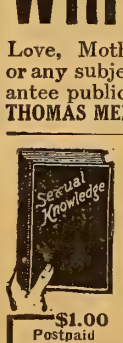
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(Continued on page 14)

The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

t interesting photoplays I have een . . . but, apart from its artistic, nic and photographic beauty and his- ical interest I did not think "Woman" r to women in general. It showed men in only their worse lights and in re or less amiable moods. Take for tance the Civil War episode—it showed e consequences of a woman's whim. it Mr. Tourneur seems to have for- tten that a woman saved France—anne d'Arc! Aside from this, America as her noble and heroic women—not well acquainted with American history, I hold the remembrance of Betsy Ross and other women.

The Roman episode, the story of Mes- alina's orgies, was only too true. Had t not been for its pleasure and luxury oving women Rome might have remained he mighty empire she was, but it must lso be borne in mind that Rome was nade great by the sacrifices of her wom- en. One of the least known, perhaps, and yet most admirable women of Rome was Lucretia, daughter of the prefect of Rome, who, on being dishonored thru no fault of her own, killed herself rather than live to be a bad example to other women.

Many, perhaps, will disagree with me, ut I do not think that the war has bet- ered women. To my mind it has only rought out their good qualities and oved what they could do. In fact, has given them the chance to show hselves in their true light.

women have not appeared as a gen- rule in history it must be remembered at it is because theirs is the task of ilding the nation. They must rear ir children in the paths of duty and nor and it will be a sad day indeed en the wives and mothers of the rld give their place to others that y may achieve fame. It is to be hoped Monsieur Tourneur will give us an- "Woman" composed of her good and the stories of real women.

th every best wish to your delight- and popular Magazine and Classic.

Yours very sincerely,
ALMA PATRICIA THOMPSON.
Elizabeth Street,
Sydney, Australia.

hy the snowbound cinema Can-

AR EDITOR:—Here we are to say our We're just filled with indignation time we see an American misrepre- tion of Canada in the pictures. we are inclined to believe the pho- hers get their scenery in Greenland land. In movie scenes of Canada is always the Border. Lawless s, murderers, smugglers and whis- dealers in the stories must have a er to escape from the North West nted Police! Mounted Police are only good thing credited Canada and ride thru snows, yards deep, chasing ains. Both of us were born here en years ago and we've seldom seen more than two feet deep. Of se, there are drifts, but they are ing like the snow-mountains the ies picture them.

"A Daughter of the Wolf," fea- Lila Lee, it took one day to cross der from cold, bleak, snow- Canada (Bur-r-r-r-), in dog teams, summery city in the United States. by the way, we've never seen a real, g-team or an Eskimo as yet.

best Canadian scenery we ever saw The Heart of Humanity," for which truly grateful. But the people dressed in old-fashioned clothes—

(*Continued on page* 14)

Your Last Chance To Get Jack London Free

Finish These Stories For Yourself



Judge!

When you sent me up for four years, you called me a rattlesnake. Maybe I am one—anyhow you hear me rattling now. One year after I got to the pen, my daughter died of—well, they said it was poverty and the disgrace together. You've got a daughter, Judge, and I am going to make you know how it feels to lose one. I'm free now, and I guess I've turned to rattlesnake all right. Look out when I strike. Yours respectfully. **Rattlesnake.**

This is the beginning of one of the stories by O. HENRY.



"A Thief—She?"

AND YET—with a shiver she told him all the sordid story! The stage life—the nights of drunkenness—the days of remorse for her sin—all was poured out in the desperate tale. But he loved her in spite of all, and—then came the astounding truth—the unexpected twist—that makes O. Henry the most eagerly read of American story-tellers.



He Dared More Than All His Heroes

Two hundred miles out on the Pacific with a boat leaking at every seam, with every member aboard seasick from the endless tossing—with hands blistered from the ropes—there and then, Jack London learned navigation.

He built himself a cockle-shell, and in it, with his wife, sailed nearly around the world. Go with him to the freezing North. Follow him to the South Seas. Fight your way with him around the Horn. He was more real, more primitive, than any of his heroes. Along the ice-bound Yukon he had trekked with dogs and sleighs and hunger—on the coral South Sea Islands he had battled with typhoons and man-eating cannibals.

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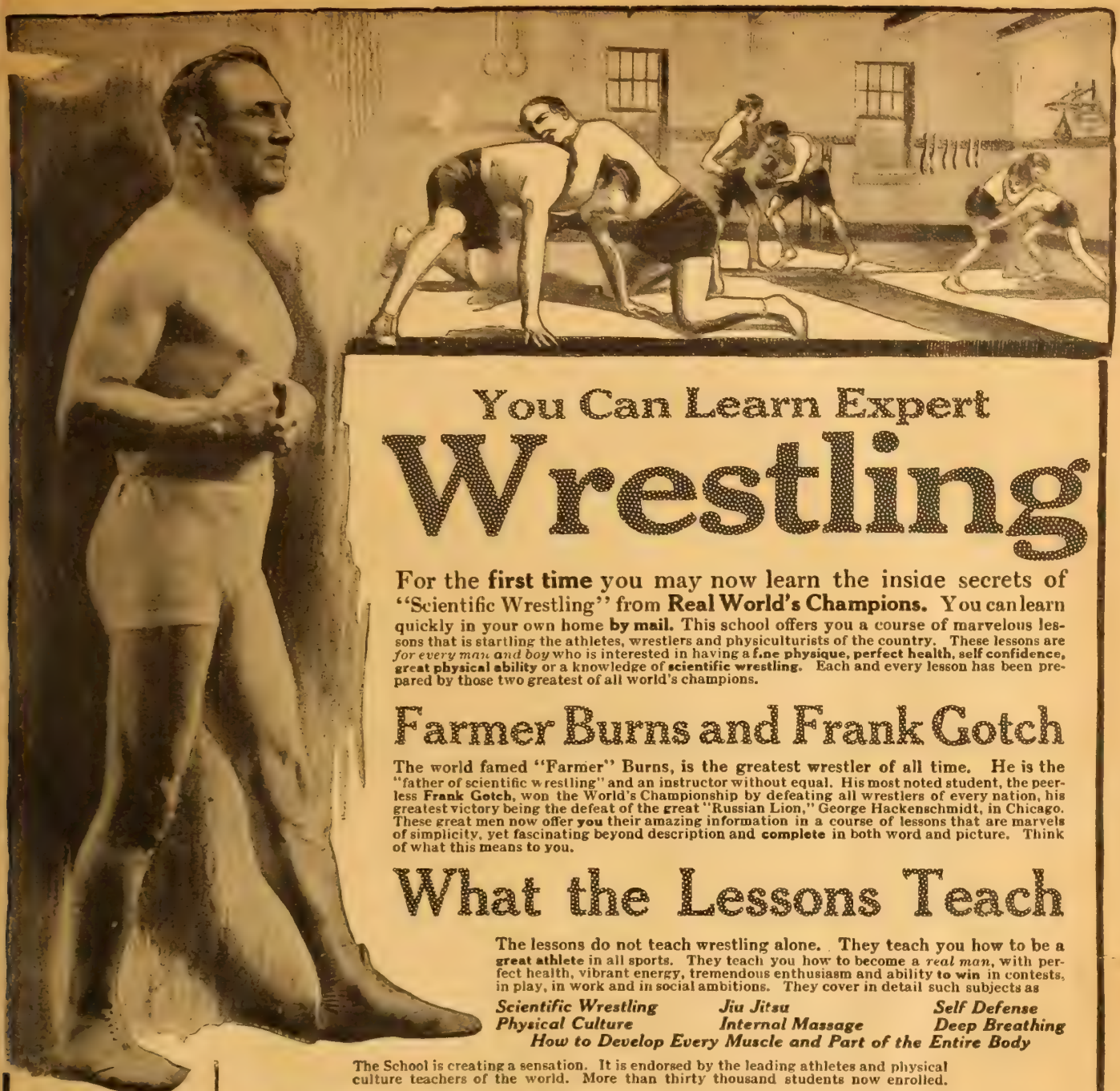
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Farmer Burns

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The marvelous Farmer Burns is known throughout the world. He has wrestled and won over 6000 matches. He has taught wrestling and physical culture to more students than any man in the world. Right now he has over 30,000 students enrolled in his school. He knows **how** to teach others. His students succeed. His methods are *different* from any others. They are lifetime of You can **stling now me.** Don't urse with one like it. ernating. **ecures as-**. Investi-ious possi-

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11
PAGE

AN APOLOGY AND AN EXPLANATION

On October 1st, 1919, practically all of the printers and type-setters in and around New York went out on strike, including those who print this magazine. Without going into the merits of the controversy between the employers and the employees, we will simply say that we had no voice in the matter one way or the other. Several labor unions had differences among themselves, and these differences caused the Publishers' Association to refuse to comply with the demands of certain labor unions. We do not belong to the Publishers' Association. That body conducted all the negotiations. When the printers and compositors walked out, it was not in our power to make them walk back, even if we had been willing to give them everything they asked. Had we terms with one union, another union would have refused to handle our paper, and another union would have refused to make the plates which are necessary for us to have. In other words, our hands were tied. We were helpless. Some publications were fortunate enough to have some of their printing done for them in distant cities, some had it done by some other process (such as typewriting photographed) and some could not have their work done at all. The strike did not end until the latter part of November, having lasted nearly two months.

During this time we did everything possible to supply our readers with this, their favorite magazine, on time and in good condition, but such was not possible. We left no stone unturned and were willing to go to any expense, but in spite of every effort, we were unable to meet the schedule, hence we were late. Furthermore, the magazine that you received was not the one we intended to give you. When the strike came on, this magazine was partly made up and partly printed, but we were unable to move either the type or the parts that had been printed. We managed to get out a MAGAZINE, but it was not the kind of magazine we wanted, it was the best we could. We could not even print an explanation and an apology, hence this one. We hoped and still believe that all of our esteemed readers, even those in distant parts, had heard of the great tie-up strike and that they would patiently wait. Some of our contemporaries took advantage of our extremities by issuing extra large editions on an advanced date, hoping thereby to secure some of our readers, instead of extending us the brotherly hand and saying, "Is there anything we can do for you in your distress?" We hope that they have largely profited by their business sagacity, but we believe that we have not lost a single reader. Once a reader always a reader.

We are now fully recovered from the disaster and from now on our readers may expect the finest magazine possible. We have done this for ten years and we can do it now. WATCH US.

THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO.

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Very sincerely,

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA
From a recent photo



The Famous Jackie Band, U. S. Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Ill.
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The organization and successful training of the "Jackie Band" is one of the most remarkable of Lieut. Sousa's achievements. Its members were recruited from all walks of life—many of them wholly unfamiliar with music and musical instruments—and yet in a few short months, Lieut. Sousa was able to develop them into a world-renowned organization. The Jackie Band of over 1200 members was equipped throughout with Conn Instruments—a most significant fact when one remembers the success achieved. And yet, good music is no mystery. It is the expression of skill in both the artist and the maker of the instrument.

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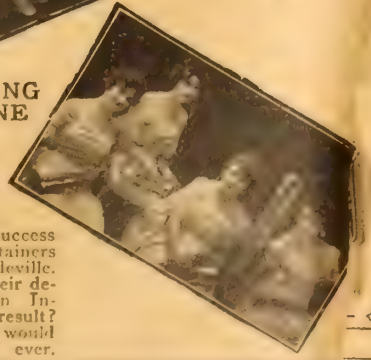


Ralph Dunbar's White Hussars have become so enthusias over their Conn Instruments that they both play and sing th praise. Those who have heard the White Hussars in Lycet Chautauqua and Vaudeville work know the quality of their w and also appreciate the significance of their enthusiasm Conn Instruments.



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OPPORTUNITY MARKET

(Continued from page 10)

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(Continued from page 7)

George White's "Scandals of 1919."—All sorts and variations of dancing make up for a lack of story or humor. The real star is piquant little Ann Pennington—as seductive a little jazzer as ever shimmied on Broadway. Then there's the lively dancing of Mr. White, himself.

"Friendly Enemies."—This is the record-breaking comedy drama of last season, with Louis Mann in his original rôle.

"Three Wise Fools."—Austin Strong's human little drama of three crusty old bachelors who are bequeathed a young woman and who are subsequently rejuvenated. Melodrama with a heart throb. Helen Menken gives a striking performance of the nerve-racked heroine, while Claude Gillingwater is a delightfully testy old Teddy Findley.

"She's a Good Fellow."—A light but pleasant musical comedy built about the efforts of old folks to break up a marriage between a loving young couple. Joseph Santley is a likeable lover-husband, masquerading in skirts for a whole act. Ivy Sawyer, the very pleasing Ann Orr and Scott Welsh lend delightful assistance.

"Listen Lester."—Lively, dancy show with considerable humor. Cast includes Gertrude Vanderbilt, Clifton Webb, Ada Lewis, Ada Mae Weeks and Eddie Garvie.

"39 East."—A charming comedy, founded on a boarding school romance in which many interesting characters make love-making difficult for a pair of young lovers.

"Up in Mabel's Room."—Piquant, daring but decidedly amusing farce, built about the pursuit of a dainty pink undergarment which bears the same name as a recent jazz dance. Admirable cast, including the radiant Hazel Dawn. "Up in Mabel's Room" is an admirable example of well-knit farce.

"The Unknown Purple."—Interesting and well sustained thriller. The story of a convict who discovers a way to make himself invisible, transforming into a purple ray, and who starts out to get revenge. The invisible man steals necklaces, opens safes and passes thru doors. Richard Bennett gives a vigorous performance of the human ray.

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Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 9)

(in the time of the war too). One would think Canada was some backwoods place which hadn't yet left its Elizabethan costumes behind them.

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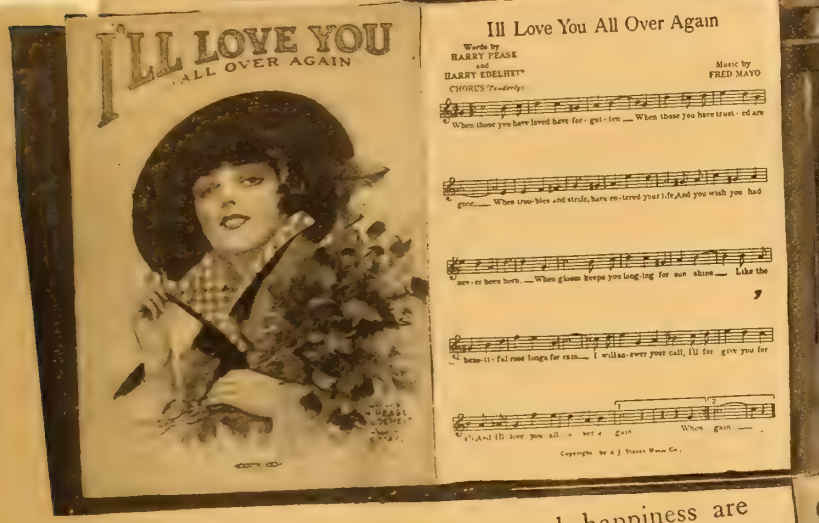
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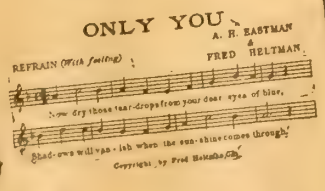
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Words by CHAS TOBIAS HARRY TOBIAS
CHORUS

Some people
and others the
BODY likes "Swee
Land." It's the un
country that we *all*
visit—the new Stasny S
that everyone wants t



Nothing will ever please HER better than this song—"Only You." Of course she'll believe the words, and keep humming the melody over and over—it's that kind of a song.





In line for something good

THE big thing that Paramount Artcraft has done for you is to take the gamble out of seeing motion pictures.

Time was when you took a chance every time you paid your money—every fan remembers it.

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CONTENTS

FEBRUARY, 1920

THE MAN ON THE COVER

Cover portrait of Antonio Moreno, by Leo Sielke

Romantic Madrid with its unfulfilled dreams—its bull-fights—its crumbling castle walls—this was the birthplace of Spanish Tony, otherwise Antonio Garrido Monteagudo Moreno. Born into an old and aristocratic family dusky Tony was to have been educated for the priesthood, but he felt he would make a better actor than priest and came to America, receiving his education at Northampton. After a short time on the stage, he joined the Vitagraph, where he has remained almost constantly ever since. Lately he has appeared in serials—but whether it's serial or feature play Tony is sure to be pleasing and vivid in his characterization.

		PAGE
Gallery of Players Portraits of Katherine MacDonald, Carroll McComas, Doris Pawn, Thomas Meighan, Wallace Reid, Beatrice Dominguez, Una Trevelyn, Alice Elliott and Charlotte Merriam.		19
An Orchid Speaks A word portrait of Elsie Ferguson	*Gladys Hall*	30
To Corsica with "Dusty" A yachting expedition with Dustin Farnum	*Maude S. Cheatham*	33
The Beautiful Elaine		35
That Stonehouse Youngster "Ruthie" Stonehouse is discovered up a tree	*Betsy Bruce*	36
America and the Foreign Photoplay A résumé of cinema conditions	*James Frederick*	38
Bebe, the Beautiful		40
Pegeen A novelette of Bessie Love's latest production	*Janet Reid*	41
According to St. John An interview with Al. St. John	*Doris Delvigne*	45
From Camera to Screen in Six Hours An interesting story of the News Reel	*Laura M. Gretsch*	47
Alias Marshal Foch		50
Artists of the Desert		51
The Camaraderie of Edith A chat with Edith Hallor	*Adele Whitely Fletcher*	52
Eugene of Erin		54
Richard Barthelmess—An Impression Depicting the real Barthelmess	*Hazel Simpson Naylor*	56
Kathlyn of the Golden West An afternoon call with Kathlyn Williams	*Doris Delvigne*	58
An Erstwhile Vampire Frankie Mann talks	*Adele Whitely Fletcher*	60
Piccadilly Jim The latest Owen Moore production fictionized	*Alexander Lowell*	61
The Girl With the Hoe		66
That's Out	*Tamar Lane*	67
As the Army Moved Overseas Mabel Heikes Justice kept open house for boys in service	*Lillian May*	68
The Beach Comber A novelization of the new Universal feature	*Norman Bruce*	69
Tea for Three Over the teacups with Marguerite Courtot	*Lillian Montanye*	73
A Dark Star		75
Across the Silversheet The latest offerings in review	*Hazel Simpson Naylor*	76
Jack the Giant Killer and Miss E. Lectric Fan A Dialogue Imaginary		78
Our Movie Monthly of News and Views Bits of gossip from the Pacific Movie Colony	*Sally Roberts*	80
The Answer Man Wherein that venerable person reigns supreme		88

READ

An unusual interview with Earle Williams next month

WATCH FOR

The story of the illustrated movie title

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Write today for our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," together with a Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food.

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Photo by Brower

Gallery of Players

KATHERINE MACDONALD

Katherine is a Diana to be sure. In "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," we gasped over her beauty and then we loved her. She was a star! And in her first release under her own banner, "The Thunderbolt," she ably lives up to what we have expected of her.



Photo by Lewis C. Smith

CARROLL McCOMAS

It was the Kleine-Edison feature, "At the Rainbow's End," which saw the bow of Carroll to the cinema world. Before this she had been in Charles Frohman productions on the legitimate stage. And now the Famous Players-Lasky have her playing leads in their photo-plays.



Photo by Evans, L. A.

DORIS PAWN

Doris found no joy in the material business world, so she turned her pretty back upon Pitman pot-hooks and the typewriter and became an extra girl at Universal City—but not for long—leads soon came to her and she has been seen in many Fox productions. Now, however, she is playing in Goldwyn films.



Photo by Apeda, N. Y.

THOMAS MEIGHAN

Thomas Meighan has done fine work in many productions, but never since his Pittsburgh school days has he done more artistic work than recently. His characterization in "The Miracle Man" places him with the artists. Recently he appeared with Katherine MacDonald in "The Thunderbolt."



Photo by Jack Freulish

UNA TREVELYN

There have been pretty blondes and there will be pretty blondes, but we wonder if there'll ever be a prettier blonde than Una Trevelyn. Una in her blonde beauty is leading woman in Eric Stroheim's Universal release, "The Woman in the Plot."



ALICE ELLIOTT

Many films have been a bit brighter because of the beauty and talents of Alice Elliott. The latest production to be enhanced by her presence is "His Divorced Wife," with Monroe Salisbury.



CHARLOTTE MERRIAM

Charlotte is one of the blithe comedy lassies who has remained loyal to the mirth provoking movie despite the exodus of her comedy sisters to the field of drama. She is now of the Lyons Moran comedy fold.

AT NIGHT— a thorough bath for your face



If you want a skin that is clear, brilliant with color—let it breathe at night

TINY, invisible dust particles—always, always falling on your unprotected face!

In crowds—in shops—in theatres—all day long, while you are going unconsciously about your occupations—the delicate skin of your face is exposed to millions of unseen enemies.

That is why a thorough bath for your face *at night* is so important.

During your eight hours of sleep the skin of your face should be allowed to rest—to breathe. The delicate pores should be freed from the dust and dirt that have accumulated during the day.

For remember—authorities on the skin now agree that most of the commoner skin troubles come, not from the blood—but from bacteria and parasites that are carried into the pores from outside, through dust and small particles in the air.

If, from neglect or the wrong method of cleansing, your skin has lost the flawless clearness it should have—if it is marred by blackheads—by disfiguring little blemishes — begin tonight to change this condition. You *can* make your skin just what it should be. For every day it is changing—old skin dies and new skin takes its place. By giving the *new skin*, as it forms, the special treatment its need demands, you can make it as soft, as clear and smooth as you would like to have it.

The famous treatment for blackheads

Perhaps, in your case, failure to use the right method of cleansing for your type of skin has resulted in disfiguring little blackheads. This condition can be overcome—and your skin can be smooth and clear in future.

To keep your skin free from this trouble, try using every night this famous treatment:

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then, with a rough wash cloth, work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a *piece of ice*. Dry carefully. To remove the blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

In the little booklet that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap you will find the treatment for blemishes, for conspicuous nose pores—for each one of the commoner skin troubles. Find the treatment that your particular type of skin demands—then use it regularly each night before retiring. You will be surprised to see how quickly your skin will gain in attractiveness—how smooth, clear and colorful you can keep it by this care.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States and Canada. Get a cake today—begin using it tonight. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

We shall be glad to send you a trial size cake

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment), together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love To Touch." Or for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address the Andrew Jergens Co., 1302 Spring Grove Ave Cincinnati, Ohio.

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY, 1920

Faith!

*"ACCORDING to your **FAITH** be it unto you!"*

*In what do **YOU** believe?*

Do you believe in yourself, in your future, in the goodness of humanity?

*Do you **BELIEVE** that you will be a success?*

Do you believe in the future of the photoplay?

Do you believe in the coming happy time when labor and capital will be contentedly linked together?

If you do, you are a force for good in the world, and sooner or later the horn of plenty will pour forth all the good things of life, until your cup runneth over.

But beware of and pity the man who has little faith, who does not believe!

For his carping pessimistic thoughts are as injurious to the progress of the world as are pesky blackbirds in a new and well-sown field of corn.

When he tells you that you will never be able to succeed in your chosen work, he has hampered and delayed your progress in proportion as you have believed him. When he tells about the burdensome hard times ahead, he saps a certain zest of endeavor which would otherwise leave one strong enough, not only to breast the breakers ahead but to throttle and harness them to advantageous use.

When he says the photoplay is all bunk and will never progress, that the world is in the clutches of a revolution, that everything is all wrong, refuse to listen to him, or if you listen, gaze at the puny, useless, retarding, grumbling creature and let your faith be so strong, so all-engrossing that even his pessimism shrivels before it.

Teach the benighted creature to believe in the potency of good as opposed to evil—and you will have swung the wheel of progress speeding up the hills of hardship so easily that humanity wont notice the grade.

And—if these few words of mine have not helped you to see ahead just a little bit better—then go to see George Loane Tucker's motion picture, "The Miracle Man."

*Remember thereafter, that you and I, each of us, have a Miracle Man in our own heart and—if we will give him a chance, if we will only have **FAITH**—the world and all the glory thereof will be ours!*

An Orchid Speaks



Photo by Campbell

There is this aura about her which one senses rather than feels . . . a sense of dreams rather than realities . . . of realities which still are dreams . . . and there is the flushed heart of gold, humanly warm, which causes this orchid person to drop on her knees to fondle a stray studio dog which entered, all unceremoniously, the partially opened door of her ivory-and-mauve dressing-room at the Famous-Players Lasky studio. The dog, like the proverbial fool, rushing in where angels, etc., etc. . . .

There is a naïveté, too, an ingenuousness which is the antithesis of the poseur.

"I am still afraid of people," admitted Miss Ferguson, "just as I was when I was a child . . . so sensitive . . . so timid. Even now, I am afraid . . ."

It is hard to be literal when writing of Miss Ferguson. There is so much of the literal in the world. One dwells on her fantasy. One remembers her whimsicality, deliciously. The quizzical light in her grey eyes when she discusses herself . . . herself most of all . . . the enveloping sense of delicate accomplishment about her . . . even to flicking ash of cigaret into a blue enameled ash-receiver.

The delicacy with which she establishes contact with the world . . . this is her personality, her ego, if you will. She is an attar of rare



Photo by Apeda

THERE is no more perfect as there is no more beautiful simile than that of a beautiful woman to a flower to which she is somehow intrinsically kindred. Referentially, Tennyson's "Lily Maid," the famous "Rosebud Garden of Girls," the vivid "Tiger Rose" and many others.

There is a sort of super-nicety about Miss Ferguson. It is in her physical make-up and in her manner of speaking and, psychologically, in her aura . . . and there is the flushed heart of gold . . . humanly warm . . . which causes her to drop on her knees and fondle a stray studio dog.

When one sees Miss Ferguson, one sees an orchid. A particular, a delicately poetical kind of an orchid. Not the purple variety, haughty and scentless and rather forbidding . . . a white orchid, say, rather, with a veiling of moonlight and a heart of pink and gold. Fantasy, no doubt. But there is fantasy in the personality of Miss Ferguson. Fantasy, whimsicality, fragility and sub-stratum, a mentality which is all of these and none of them. Paradoxical, no doubt again. But so is Miss Ferguson paradoxical.

There is a sort of super-nicety about Miss Ferguson. It is in her physical make-up and in her manner of speaking and, psychologically, in her aura. Perhaps she has retained it consciously, not without effort. Who knows? After combat, after struggle, after fight, but she has retained it, which is tremendously indicative of qualities far stronger than fantasy and fragility.

By GLADYS HALL

things, rare persons and there is a rare atmosphere about her . . .

And she dwells upon a mission . . .

"I like to touch as unobtrusively as possible on the sordid side of things," she said. "Sometimes that is not possible, but when I can do as I please, I lay no stress upon them, especially in the lives of women. I know these things exist, of course; I am not discounting their reality nor their import. But I should like to stand to women for the thing *beyond*. I should like to have women see me and go away feeling, even vaguely, that these things *need* not exist, need not be permanent. I should like to hold out to them the hope of an inner development, the belief that that development, call it a spiritual one if you will, or a mental, or both, is the only thing that counts really. That this development has nothing more to do with the luxurious externalities than it has with the sordid ones; that it is irrespective of all things save that which is within. A higher plane as a *reality* . . . the admission of no limitations . . ."—came the little, deprecatory shrug of the shoulders—"perhaps I hope too much . . ."

I, fatuously, with conviction: "You *have* that aura . . . the aristocracy of things . . ."

"Not only that the aristocracy of things exists—I am mounting my favorite hobby—for me or for you—but for *everybody*. That they are possibilities—the things beyond experience—the hope of these things."

There was an interlude during which the aforementioned canine stalked in and had to be petted, and Miss Ferguson's favorite cat was discussed with some minuteness, and I was blinded by the colors of some gorgiferous Spanish costumes she is to wear in her forthcoming picture.





Photo by De Strelecki

It is hard to be literal when writing of her. There is so much of the literal in the world. One dwells on her fantasy. One remembers her whimsicality, deliciously . . . the quizzical light in her grey eyes when she discusses herself . . .

"I wanted to go to Spain this year," said Miss Ferguson; "I dont care about going to the war-torn countries, but I do want to go and steep myself in the atmosphere of Spain. I believe it would teach me a very, great deal. There is a sort of a call . . . perhaps it comes from delving about for these genuine old-Spain things. I think I have had an instinct for them."

Which led her to speak of instinct. "I believe in trusting instinct absolutely," she said, "providing one does not confound instinct with impulse, which is neither one. If one went by one's instinct one would go a very long way in the right direction. By impulse"—the little, quasi-humorous shrug again—"what mad things might one not do! Of course, like all questions which are really great, it simmers down to the individual."

One would not precisely picture Miss Ferguson doing "mad things." They are not, could not be, her forte. Unless, indeed, one might do them with a subtle charm and an ingenuous. But even then—she has too nice a sense of balance, too fine an equilibrium.

We touched on hobbies. "Hobbies," she said, "are at once the curse and the hope of the inter-



Photo by Campbell

When one sees Miss Ferguson one sees an orchid—a particular, a delicately poetical kind of an orchid. Not the purple variety, haughty and scentless and rather forbidding . . . a white orchid, say rather, with a veiling of moonlight and a heart of pink and gold . . , An orchid, an aristocrat, an intellect—Miss Ferguson.

viewer and the curse, certainly, of the interviewee. We both have it. Well, then—tapestries. At present, I care most for the things which are imaginative, for the things which suggest other realms of thought and fancy, other visions, other scopes. And there is the charm of finding tapestries, of coming across them, always with a thrill. Then, being possessed of their histories, which often mean lifetimes of romance and tragedy, of dreams and death . . . cloisters . . . and infinite patience . . .

"It is, I believe," she went on, rather more thoughtfully, "largely infinite patience and time and the necessary mellowing of time that makes for the sheerest beauty—not only of tapestries. Patience is the gold from which all the alloy has been taken out. It is the ultimate refinement. And it is not necessarily the puerile thing one thinks it to be. It can be vital. It can have red blood. And it can still be patience, a sort of a splendid holding in leash and a great developing. Art, especially, must have it, because art, truly, is seldom the burgeoning to life of a sudden flower. It is essentially a growth of the sensibilities, the responses, the reactions. All sorts of things go to its perfection and for perfection there must be patience—and there you are!"

When we left it was with reluctance, not with the feeling of a necessary talk concluded, but of a charming talk which had not well begun. For every topic Miss Ferguson has the same rare whimsicality, the same delicate profundity of thought, the same hope . . . hope, which is her keynote.

An orchid, an aristocrat, an intellect—Miss Ferguson.

To Corsica With "Dusty"

By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM



"WANT to go to Corsica?" Dustin Farnum asked me.

"Do I?" was my reply, in the unmistakable tones signifying that I most certainly *did*.

"All right," said Dusty. "We are going on location to Catalina Island—which makes a fine Corsica—to shoot scenes for my new picture, 'The Corsican Brothers,' and I'll show you what a Barney Oldfield of the sea I am."

Now, in the vernacular of the motion picture world, *location* means any place away from the studio where scenes for a film are made. Going on location is an ordinary occurrence and there are many ways of reaching the destination, but it was left to Dustin Farnum to set an absolutely new standard by taking his company across the thirty miles of Pacific Ocean to Catalina in his own splendid seagoing yacht, the *Ding*.

I was excited, for the trip promised to be full of thrills, and I arrived at the Los Angeles Yacht Club promptly on time, where we boarded the *Ding*, which Mr. Farnum keeps anchored here along with his pet fishing boat, the *Juanita*, and his new swift motorboat, *Miss Los Angeles*, with which he hopes to win the motorboat races this autumn.





Above and below, "Dusty" aboard "The Ding," his beautiful yacht, and center as Lucien in "The Corsican Brothers."

The star, arrayed in spotless flannels, with his prized captain's cap perched on his head, was rushing about, giving the engine a final oiling from a can that might well serve the Twentieth Century Limited, and his greeting was punctured by the famous Farnum smile.

"This is the happiest time of my life—when I have my hands on this steering-wheel," he remarked, as he skillfully sent the yacht thru the maze of sea craft that crowded San Pedro harbor.

The fog that had hovered all day along the coast lifted just as we swung into the ocean. Millions of white-crested waves, riding a choppy sea, were catching and reflecting the sun's rays, adding a brilliance that was most exhilarating, and the first few minutes were spent drawing in deep breaths of the crisp air and enjoying the animated picture spread out before our eyes.

"Gee, but I'm happy! I wouldn't change places with any one in the whole world," laughed Mr. Farnum, as we settled into a steady speed. "I wasn't satisfied until I got my navigator's license. I am my own captain now."



Left, a house breathing the old romance of Corsica, and center a picture of "The Ding."

and sails and took a wheel from brother Bill's little wagon for a steering-wheel. Imagine a punt all dressed up like that!" And the big fellow laughed at the memory.

"How was the fishing this season?" I asked, recalling that both Dustin and William are members of the Catalina Tuna Club.

"Great! Dont get me started on fishing, for I'm a wild man on the subject. I'll tell you, tho, what Bill and I did this summer. In ten days we caught thirty-four pounds less than two tons of tuna! Some catch! We had an eleven and a half hour battle with one big fellow, then lost him."

The world and its cares, its struggles and efforts seemed far away, and we could easily "play" there was no land in sight, just a limitless expanse of ocean. We had reached the deep, heavy swells, and the yacht rose and fell with fascinating regularity, while every one settled down to the pure enjoyment of the trip.

Suddenly, from out the space directly in front of us rose a huge, dark object that looked like a box-car floating in the water. The next instant the brown body of a whale lifted itself to the surface, becoming

(*Continued on page 97*)



The *Ding* is 300 horsepower, can go 22 knots an hour, turn in her own length, and every inch of the 65 feet is devoted to comfort. There are shaded decks, staterooms that are marvels of convenience, while the complete kitchen, tiny as it is, stirs the housewifely interest in every feminine breast.

"No stilted etiquette goes here," laughed Dusty. "We just have a good, happy time.

"I've always been crazy about boats," he went on, eagerly, as I curled up in the window seat near the steering-wheel. I remember the very first one I ever owned. One summer up in Bucksport, Maine, grandfather bought me a punt and I was the proudest kid in the State. I remember, too, that I took one of grandmother's best sheets for jib



Later, in the fragrant garden of a fine old residence some scenes were filmed.



Beautiful Elaine—down thru the ages: back to the days of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table—there has always been a beautiful Elaine. Today we have Elaine of the Hammerstein clan,—and those who have seen her in "The Country Cousin" vote her as beautiful as the Elaines of yore

That Stonehouse Youngster



Two new portraits of "Ruthie" Stonehouse, who admits she was as important at the Essanay studios, where she started picture work, as a groom at a wedding

THERE are certain Sunday afternoon motor trips in Hollywood, just as each town, however small, boasts some favorite Sunday afternoon stroll, whether it be up Bon Ton Avenue or to the reservoir. Laurel Canyon, which is a canyon because of two towering mountains on either side, is the Mecca of Hollywood motorists who have enjoyed a late dinner and seek a short but pleasant spin. One doesn't wonder at its selection, for it is a beautifully picturesque road, and now and then, if you return after dusk, you'll see the glow of the lights in the pretty bungalows scattered here and there along the mountainside and quite secluded from view by the huge eucalyptus-trees which spread sheltering arms around them.

In one of the most attractive of these domiciles, which boasts glorious fruit-trees, a prize grapevine and, most wonderful of all, an honest-to-goodness old-fashioned garden like the one grandmother used to revel in, with a garden wall 'n' everything, lives Ruth Stonehouse. And it was here at "Stonehouse Castle," as she whimsically calls her abode, that she had requested I visit with her when I had 'phoned her early that morning.

There were two ascents to the house, one of wide stone steps up the mountainside, while a little further up the road was a sloping, flower-bordered path. Luckily, I chose the steps, for they led to the kitchen-garden and fruit-trees. Had I gone the other way, this interview would have been very different. As it was, I saw something very much like golden hair glitter thru the branches of one of the fruit-trees and, walking about to the other side, I discovered "Ruthie" Stonehouse endeavoring to balance a ladder, a huge basket of fruit and herself at the same time.

Coming quickly down the ladder, she brushed her hand off on the brown overalls she wore and then offered it to me with her word of greeting.

"I never do anything like other people," she admitted, regretfully, as we wended our way toward the attractive house and entered thru the French windows overlooking the garden. "The last thing Joe told me when he left was not to gather that fruit, but, of course, I had to have my own way, and now look at me! Any other person would have been dressed when a perfectly good interview was at stake, but I always do manage to accomplish the taboo act."

Photo by Hoover, L. A.



By BETSY BRUCE

Joe, kind readers, is Ruthie's husband. And he's a very, very nice husband, too, so she says, and not eligible for "Only Their Husbands' Club," being a scenario writer of repute and extremely clever.

"Well, as long as you dont mind, I'm glad the fruit is mostly all gathered," continued Ruth. "You just cant get a man around here to do anything but hug the studios. It doesn't matter whether they were gardeners or school-teachers in their home town—they'd rather starve to death believing themselves a second Booth than help conserve the season's crop. Now, if you'll make yourself comfy, I'll take ten minutes to make myself respectable, and if friend husband returns, please dont tell him you discovered me up a tree, will you?"

And, obtaining my promise, she flew up the winding stairs, leaving me in the long living-room, with its inviting chairs, filled bookcases, huge fireplace, Oriental rugs and pretty hangings.

In less than the requested ten minutes she returned, looking like some elfin spirit which had glided in thru the open window, in a simple white crêpe de chine frock, her hair waving about her forehead in golden ringlets.

Ruth's voice is particularly musical. The fact that she planned a career on the stage and, in fact, was on the stage for a time, may account for this fact, for it is well-modulated and always well under control.

Nestling up comfortably on a chaise longue, she looked at me from beneath half closed eyes and,

(Continued on page 99)



Mrs. J. Anthony Roach, née Ruth Stonehouse, on the grounds of her Hollywood home. She loves to laugh—you see that in the roguish twinkle of her eyes



All photos by Brewers, L. A.

America and the

An Interview with Richard A.

By JAMES



Photo by Campbell

Above, a recent portrait of Richard A. Rowland, President of Metro Pictures and center, an informal picture of Mr. Rowland outside the Hotel Grand with two members of the motoring party, taken during his recent trip abroad





Left, Mr. Rowland is shown at the extreme left of this group

AMERICA will always dominate the world production of photoplays. That is the belief of Richard A. Rowland, president of Metro Pictures, who has just returned from a tour of England and the Continent. Since he studied film conditions on the other side at first hand, his comments have distinctive significance.

"The great—and vital—essential on the other side lies in the theater itself," says Mr. Rowland; "there are no big houses where big pictures can be played at a profit. The tiny existing theaters can only afford to pay the smallest of rentals.

"England was a shade ahead of us in theater-building and film exhibiting when the world war started. For instance, England never had the daily change idea, but always played screen productions for three days or a week. We are many strides ahead now, however. The Continent is practically a virgin field in theater-building, but there is still an appalling lack of material, while labor, too, is completely disorganized.

"Yet the people everywhere are literally crazy for pictures. American films have a tremendous hold in every country. In Spain, for instance, Italian pictures completely dominated the field before the war. Then the production of Italian films stopped and Spain had to purchase our photoplays. As a result, American stars are widely popular and I do not think Italian photoplays can return to ascendancy there.

"American producers have been fearing the invasion of Continental pictures. Consider Italy. While the war has been a terrific blow to that country, they are now going after film production in a big way. Yet I can see but one field, the big special drama or spectacle, in which they can successfully invade America. If they produce super-spectacles of an international type, such as 'Cabiria,' they can obtain a hearing everywhere. They must avoid the drama of the typical Italian type, in which American audiences are not interested.

"They can never financially cope with regular American productions, since we have such a tremendous home consumption that we can afford to make them supremely better. Due to the war, the cost of photoplay-making in Italy now equals the cost of filming a drama over here.

Foreign Photoplay

Rowland, President of Metro Pictures

FREDERICKS

> **MR. ROWLAND SAYS:**
>
> "I can see but one field—the big special drama or spectacle—in which the foreign producers can successfully invade America. If they produce superspectacles of an international type, such as 'Cabiria,' they can obtain a hearing everywhere.
>
> "The American picture business is narrowing down to about four organizations which will own the country's screen theaters.
>
> "As I see it, any serious menace ahead of the American photoplay lies within our own ranks—and not from foreign studios."

"American photoplays dominate the world and they will go on dominating it—unless one thing occurs. We all know the tremendous influence of the screen, but over there, in England and on the Continent, they see greater national and political strings attached to films than we appreciate in the United States.

"In Britain, France, Germany, Belgium and other countries they are coming to believe that the steady presentation of our life, our ideals, our ideas, via American pictures, is undermining their national existence. They believe that American photoplays are drawing their citizens away from the mother country and undermining traditions and patriotism. Right now the French are said to be considering a law to hold the number of imported films down to fifty per cent. of the whole amount of films being exhibited in France.

"All this may develop into an actual governmental opposition to our pictures here and there."

Mr. Rowland made a particular study of theater conditions and audiences. "Pauline Frederick and Pearl White are tremendous favorites," he said. "They like Miss Frederick for her Continental type of emotional play and Miss White for thrills. Fairbanks is exceedingly popular among the Italians. Mary Pickford is a favorite everywhere and, of course, Chaplin is an idol in every land.

"In Italy they realize that America has technically advanced beyond them and they are seeking American directors. When I was in Rome I met Herbert Brenon just after he had signed with a big Italian company to direct Marie Doro in a series of specials.

"Italy, due to its climate and natural advantages, is physically America's one big contender in the field of production. The south of France is ideal, too, but the French are not returning to production with sweeping zest, at least not yet. England would make a nervous wreck of the average American director, despite its beautiful countrysides, castles, and interesting places. The atmosphere and conditions are appalling."

Mr. Rowland summed up American conditions as he found them upon his return.

"The American picture business is narrowing down to about four organizations which will own the country's screen theaters. Metro is not trying to be one of these four. We are basing our business upon the idea that, if we go on steadily making good pictures and steadily advancing, we will always find places to show them, no matter how few organizations own the country theaters. These combinations will not refuse pictures that are sure to make money for them. And good pictures make money.

"I believe that, unless the picture people watch out, the money men in Wall Street will soon own the whole business. Yet, the efforts of producers to control the theaters of the country have been a mental and logical development of bad business methods.

"The motion picture has been based upon sand—the star idea. When the stars, mad with the avalanche of

(*Continued on page* 96)





Left, the motor party resting from their steady driving in New Forest, and below another new portrait of Metro's president, who so successfully directs the activities of that company

Photo by Campbell

Bebe, the Beautiful





Bebe Daniels has emerged from a little brown-eyed comedy lass into a beautiful orchidious, butterfly person. And in the DeMille productions in which she will appear she plans to make up for all the pictures in which her wardrobe was necessarily limited. Behold, then, these gowns!



Above, Bebe wearing a cloth-of-gold gown gathered in about the ankles with old gold fringe and a headdress of pale gold aigrettes, also wearing an evening cloak of black and white striped velvet, generously trimmed with fur, and below in a dinner gown of silver cloth and rose chiffon which hangs by strings of jet from a jet circlet about her head. Thrown over her shoulders and trailing upon the floor is a wrap of black tulle, embroidered in sunburst designs of silver and bound by wide bands of skunk



Pegeen

By JANET REID

HAPPY VALLEY called her "Angel o' Happiness." Almost every soul in Happy Valley had a reason for giving her that name. Some of them remembered the day she was born, in storm and stress and coming death, and the little, marvelous smile that twisted her distraught small face thru the very pangs of torture. They said, some of them, simple souls, that it must a' been an angel kissin' her good-by and wishin' her Godspeed thru her pilgrimage on earth.

Ezra Hopkins was one of those who remembered that day, and the smile the new baby had given him lay warm against his heart.

Pegeen, as Happy Valley called her, had need of an angel's kiss and an angel's blessing. Most children have when their mothers go out with the tide that brings them in. Something very bleak and very tremendous and very, very lonely yawns in the gap where a mother's love should be.

It might have been different for Pegeen if her father had been different. And then again, there were those who said that nothing would have made things different with Pegeen. She was herself. She would have been herself tho the rains beat her to the earth or the sun raised her to the clouds. She lived, not for herself, but for others. Her happiness lay in the young bride's happiness across the street; in the young mother's radiant bliss; in the Jenkins boy, who won a scholarship thru college; in the Smith girl, who was left a thousand dollars and bought herself bewildering finery and left Happy Valley; in the same girl's automobile when, coming back, a year later, she allowed Pegeen to sit in it. Pegeen sat in it for a happy, silent hour, eating luscious bon-bons the Smith girl had offered. She was too awed even to be aware of Jimmie Gates, staring at her from the outside and telling her she "fitted to a T, honest she did." Of course, Pegeen knew that she didn't.

Pegeen was only seven when she knew that there was something terribly wrong with her dad. She knew it, first, as some devastating illness, and then, very briefly, as "drink." She had heard of drink before. There was a great deal of it in Happy Valley. Poor Mis' Leeks, for instance, with her nine children and all of them bruised and battered up most of the time so's they could hardly crawl about to do the washings a few of the more plutocratic families from the town nearby sent to them. That, Pegeen knew, was "drink."

There was Mis' Fellow's son, too, her only son, for whom she had worked herself to skin and bone that he might be educated past and beyond the educational standards of Happy Valley. He had come back and stolen from her and even struck her and finally left her altogether to the somehow tender mercies of intermittent charity. That, Happy Valley whispered, was "drink." Prior to "drink," Mis' Fellow's son had been a nice enough chap.

When Pegeen knew definitely that drink was what ailed her dad, her soul shuddered with terror. After a while, tho, she saw that drink did a different sort of a thing

PEGEEN

Fictionized by permission from the scenario of Wm B. Laub, based upon the story of Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd. Produced by Vitagraph under the direction of David Smith, starring Bessie Love. The cast:

Peg	Bessie Love
John Archibald	Edward Burns
Nora Moran	Ruth Fuller Golden
Jimmie	Charles Spere
Meredith	Juan DeLa Cruz
Ezra	Major McGuire
Dan O'Neill	George Stanley
Ella	Anne Schaefer



Pegeen sat in it for a happy, silent hour, eating luscious bon-bons the Smith girl had offered. She was too awed even to be aware of Jimmie Gates, staring at her from the outside and telling her she "fitted to a T, honest she did"

to her dad. He never struck her. He never swore at her. He seemed, somehow, to have grown curiously gentler. He talked to himself a great deal and always about Pegeen's mother. He told Pegeen, or space, if Pegeen were not about, that his girl had been the flower of Happy Valley, that the day she died he died, too, and then, more fiercely, that death warn't goin' ter cheat *him* . . . he was goin' ter *find* her, he was, he *was* . . . he was goin' ter find her and *he knew how.* For quite a while he went on at this rate, promising, mysteriously, that he "knew how." The drunker he became the more assured he became, until one night he shouted defiantly, triumphantly, that he *did* know how . . . he'd got to light the skies, *that* was how, he'd got to light every bloomin' inch of sky, and then he'd find her, he'd find her then. Death shouldn't play the cheat with Dan O'Neill . . . not when it came to his girl . . . not much . . .

When Pegeen was thirteen, after a prolonged succession of disappearances resulting in his returning to moan that he couldn't get the sky bright enough all at the one time, he disappeared with apparent finality.

Pegeen was left alone.

All this was why Happy Valley loved Pegeen. She made of her loneliness a crown and wore it with an uplifted head. She made of her pain an instrument of service in the lives of others. She took her tears and fashioned them into smiles and dropped them, like sinking suns, into hearts still sadder than her own. She looked out thru prison bars and saw not mud, but stars.

Loneliness grows many things, according to the individual. It may grow ugly things—hatred, for instance. It may grow a beautiful thing—say, love. Loneliness brought Pegeen love. For a long while she didn't know that it was love she felt. She didn't know it specifically, that is, because there were very few things she *did* know specifically, by name or by definition. She hadn't ever been taught by word of mouth or by writ of book. She did know that she felt just like "doin' things" for John. Once she said, "Whenever I see John I feel jes' like runnin' an' *gettin'* him somethin' even when there aint anythin' ter *get.*"

She knew that, more than anything else, she wanted John to smile and to be happy. And a little later, she knew, with a growing pain, "worst ache I ever n' *ever* had," that John could only be happy with Nora Quinn. Once he told her so. Once, unforgettably. Pegeen grew very old in that moment. She knew that she was old, too. It was an odd, a terrible moment. She felt like the butterfly must feel shedding its enveloping cocoon and stepping forth, delicate and naked, into the sunshine, only to die—that night. She had had the feeling that the little old Pegeen was trotting off down the road and leaving this shaken, white, fumbling woman standing, mute, with John.

Then the moment passed and she wanted, fiercely, for John to be happy, for Nora to "come around" and treat him "nice." "I think you understand, Pegeen," John was saying, "kid as you are."

"I think I do, too, John," Pegeen heard her own self saying, "but I aint a kid, John, not any more."

John had laughed, not *at* her, but with her. "Since when, Pegeen?" he had wanted to know.

"Since—oh, since—well, since world before last, amen," Pegeen had answered, and had been proud of the little laugh she finished off her speech with. My, what an effort that laugh had been! What hard work!

After that Pegeen worked very hard to make Nora Quinn see John as she herself saw him—or almost. Nobody, probably, would see John *just* as she saw him. She had had her own perfect revelation.

Prior to all this she hadn't been quite as kind as she might have been to Jimmie Gates. She hadn't meant *not* to be. She just hadn't known how it was. Now she knew, and she didn't want any one to feel what she had felt on that mountain trail when John had told her about Nora and the unwanted loves of women of all ages had crushed down upon her heart. Jimmie, for instance, might not have been able to achieve that little triumphant laugh that spoke of victory. She grew very kind indeed to Jimmie. He was, she found, even a comfort to her. She could talk to him and he understood her. He was always there. He loved her and she couldn't help feeling comforted and warmed. It was sort of like having a family of whom one was very fond. It wasn't John, but neither, by the same token, was earth heaven. There have to be comparative standards.

Pegeen was fifteen when Happy Valley was distraught by a series of obviously incendiary fires. Cabins were burned down, the general store, barns and outbuildings, indiscriminately. There seemed to be an attempt on the part of the unknown incendiary to do it in as wholesale a fashion as possible. "Seems like he wants to light up the earth," said Jimmie Gates, and when he said that something cold and dreadful smote Pegeen on the heart. There echoed back to her, "I've got to light every bloomin' inch of sky . . . every bloomin' inch of sky . . ." Her father, wandering still on his maddened search, had returned to the scene of his loss to light up Happy Valley.

She told her fear to Jimmie, and he laughed at her. "It's Ezra Hopkins," he told her; "every one says its Ezra Hopkins, Pegeen. Your pop's been gone this long while. It ain't him."

"It aint Ezra," persisted Pegeen; "somethin' tells me it aint Ezra."

"Ezra does all the mean dirt tricks in Happy Valley," declared Jimmie; "you had oughter know that, Pegeen. Everybody says so."

"That's all it amounts to, Jimmie, 'everybody say: don so. beer ter kep his I g

big and old enough to keep house alone. I know Ezra has a real kind heart. He dont do all the dirt folks say he does. I—it's wicked—but I almost wish I could believe he done all this—if it has to be my dad instead."

When the fires flared up rather than died down, Happy Valley formed a vigilance committee. If there were to be any Happy Valley, something drastic had to be done.

Jimmie Gates was one of the committee, and he told Pegeen of the plan to wear masks and gowns and track down the supposed origin of the trouble to the cabin of Ezra Hopkins.

"The committee believes," he told Pegeen, "that it may be just Ezra and it may be a gang—but we're dead sure the trouble starts at Ezra's, somehow or other."

Pegeen shook her head. "I saw Ezra today, Jimmie," she said; "I was talkin' with him, and he aint up ter this. He—he told me he had done bad things in his day, but he said that somehow he and folks didn't ever seem ter get on. He wanted folks ter like him, he said, and once upon a time, he



When Pegeen knew, definitely, that drink was what ailed her dad her soul shuddered with terror. After awhile, tho, she saw that drink did a different sort of thing to her dad he never struck her—swore at her—

said, he'd tried ter make them, but they didn't never meet him, he told me, they didn't never meet him even half way, he said, 'exceptin' you, Pegeen,' and he—he blest my little heart. Folks that bless you, solemn and lovin'-like, aint up to firin' folks' houses, Jimmie, that's the solemn, earnest truth."

"Then who, Pegeen? These fires hereabouts aint startin' up theirselves."

Little Pegeen's small face grew white. "*Mad* folks, Jimmie," she told him, "mad folks . . . with broken hearts and . . . and broken brains . . . tryin' ter catch up . . . with Death . . ."

When the vigilance committee set forth after dark that evening for Ezra Hopkins' cabin, one man did not know who the next man was. And not any man of them knew that Jimmie Gates had given his place to little Pegeen.

"You got ter, Jimmie," she had told him, "you got ter. *I* got ter."

One man more or less was not missed when the vigilance committee reached Ezra Hopkins' cabin and saw, with a resounding shout, that small, attempting flames were at work upon the Hopkins cabin. The men swore. "The ———! He's burnin' his own shack now. Thinks he'll fool us thisaway . . . thinks he'll . . . down with him, th' ———!"

Pegeen had seen some one slink in the back way immediately after the flames had become evident, and then had been seen Ezra barricading his flimsy front door, his white face cut sharply against the night.

Pegeen crept around to the back and pressed herself into the narrow crack of one of the windows. She had known that slinking figure. She had known she would see it from the beginning of the fires. Her pop . . . he was still trying to light the skies and he was devastating Happy Valley . . .

She heard him singing to himself as she crept into the room. A ray of moonlight, streaked with the red of an occasional, more venturesome flame, fell athwart his face, and, too, across hers.

He opened his eyes and, above the uproar from without, he gave a tremendous cry. Pegeen knew that it was a dying cry. Under its unutterable, shattered triumph the death rattle shook.

"You come, you did come!" he cried. "Peg . . . I found yer . . . I got it light enough . . . I got it light enough!"

Pegeen stole over to the cot and took the wreck into her arms. So she had grown in her mother's likeness! She held him to her heart and tried to imagine how her mother must have held him when they were young together. Life, she thought, was crushing a flower to his lips before releasing him. Well, that was kind . . .

"You come . . . you did come . . ." the wreck was muttering.

"Yes, dear; yes, dear," Pegeen crooned over him.

"I looked fer yer . . . ever'where. I lit the skies fer yer . . ."

"I know, dear; I know, dear."

"Death couldn't hide yer from me. I loved yer too hard."

"I love you, too, dear. Oh, I do, I do!"

"Did yer see me lookin' when the skies lit up? Did yer know 'twas me?"

"Of course, dear. Of course, I did."

"I feel happy now, Peg. Awful happy, now . . . pain all gone . . ."

Pegeen held him closer to her young heart.

"Sky's awful light, Peg," he said, in a moment. "Now God knows I found you, He'll put it out, I guess . . . I had to find you, Peg."

Pegeen held him still closer. He closed his eyes against the blissful thudding of her heart. The sky *was* awful light. Ezra's cabin was become a furnace and the heat of the flames was growing closer and closer, closer and closer to Peg and the old man, dying in his dear delusion.

Pegeen moved her mute lips. "Dear God," she prayed, voicelessly, "he

(*Continued on page* 103)



Jimmie cleared his throat and fumbled his hat to a shred. "I tild 'em yer were in.... in there...." he said, at last

According to St. John

By DORIS DELVIGNE

SOME have acrobatics thrust upon them, but St. John was born to stunts. He had gone thru school and did not take kindly to the idea of a business career. In a serious young man of an inventive turn of mind, such contrariness was alarming to Pa and Ma St. John.

The family has always lived in Santa Ana, which is about one hour's electric ride from Los Angeles. Locally, the town has the reputation of being the Gretna Green of Southern California. It's a small, dry, churchy burg which, outside of its license bureau and Lohengrinless weddings, is enlivened chiefly by trials in a rather splendid county courthouse. Idlers and honeymooners are fond of the little Santa Ana park, where acacia-trees scatter pink, violet and yellow blossoms on the grass. But outside of knot-tying, the airing of some ranchman's grievances against his neighbors, or an occasional county fair, Santa Ana has no claim to distinction beside that of being the birthplace of Al St. John.

In the beginning, right after Mr. St. John framed his high school diploma, he applied to the old Keystone [illegible] a. [illegible] rt [illegible] i- [illegible] ad [illegible] ct- [illegible] n't [illegible] ning about stunts; never had practiced gymnastic feats outside of the tame little Indian club drills at the school gym. However, he was taken on and became a charter member of the Keystone police. In those days, he undertook balloon ascensions and parachute drops; was nearly drowned in the Keystone tank and, after three years of skidding on asphalt and inhaling custards, Mr. St. John moved his activities over to the Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle company.



Al will try anything! He does not rehearse difficult feats. He simply takes his life in his hands. He has a lucky barnacle sort of clutch

Everybody remembers St. John in the various Arbuckle comedies, especially his exploit in being hung on a moosehead in the hall of a small hotel in "The Bellboy."

Al will try anything! He does not rehearse difficult feats. He simply takes his life in his hands. He has a lucky barnacle sort of clutch. I have seen him take a twenty-foot jump on a bicycle, hit a concrete balcony and dash right thru a window, without shaving an eyelash and as devil-may-care as you please.

The falls attempted by this youthful protagonist are marvels that will astonish blasé fans. How he avoids breaking his neck is a mystery, but he manages to land on the side of his neck every time and he isn't keen on having nets spread to catch him, either. It is only in very high jumps that he consents to be a "poor fish," as he terms such *cowardly* acts.

I have seen him dive right over a five foot ten upright piano while the "pianophiend" was jazzing its poor old teeth. It was a straight floor dive, with no spring-board or other appurtenances to make work easy. Mr. St. John believes in making every stunt *real* and taking a chance isn't anything in his young life!

Years ago, M

rode a wheel as a time-saver. Then he decided to put balancing feats and wild jumps à la kangaroo into a bicycle and, with two days' practice, he suddenly found himself an expert trick rider. The peculiar part of it is that Al St. John never thought of being an acrobat, never trained for such a career, and yet he now finds that he can perform almost any stunt after a few hours' practice. Golf is his hobby, swimming comes next and every day of his life he puts on the gloves. He trains for an hour every morning before doing an entire day's hard work. He cuts and edits his own pictures at night and finds time to call up the wee wifie three or four times daily to assure her that he is still able to sit up and take nourishment.

When Mr. St. John decided to star himself, he sought a studio at Glendale. Now, everybody knows that this village in the foothills is mighty pleasant in winter, but quite the contrary in summer. When a series of forest fires began the lot seemed to be under the shadow of Vesuvius, with fine ashes drifting down like the snow in " 'Way Back East" and exciting the wrath of Al's camera-man. The heat of the fire, the low-hanging smoke-clouds, might have discouraged a weaker spirit, but the elements have no power over St. John. He knows neither fear nor weariness.

On the screen, one is apt to think of him as slightly built, but when Al inflates his chest, it's impossible for him to go thru an ordinary doorway full-face. His expansion would make an indignant bull-frog hide his head in shame.

When Al left the Arbuckle forces to set up for himself, he had a conviction that he could earn more money by playing the game alone. But a strange chance has put another big man into his company. One day, a friend of his, en route to California, was delayed at a small Western station. While he was sauntering up and down the platform, he noticed a young Hercules driving up to the baggage car to receive some mail-order goods. While the engines were being replenished, the traveler hurried forward to greet the giant ranchman. He thought that if Al had no longer a fat man to play with, he ought at least to have a tall one. So he took Cupid Pickett's measurements, found him to be seven feet and one inch long and wired a description to St. John instanter. St. John replied by sending Cupid some carfare and presently we shall see them together in a new series of two-reel comedies in which there will be hair-raising stunts without the use of doubles and with no resort to slapstick.

"The Messenger Boy" will be the first release showing the new combination and, in its way, it will be quite a substantial first offering. It cost a fortune and over two months were required for its production. If any one imagines that it is a slow comedy, let him wait and see Al St. John ride his wheel across a rocky road, down a precipice and finish up with a twenty-foot jump on it.

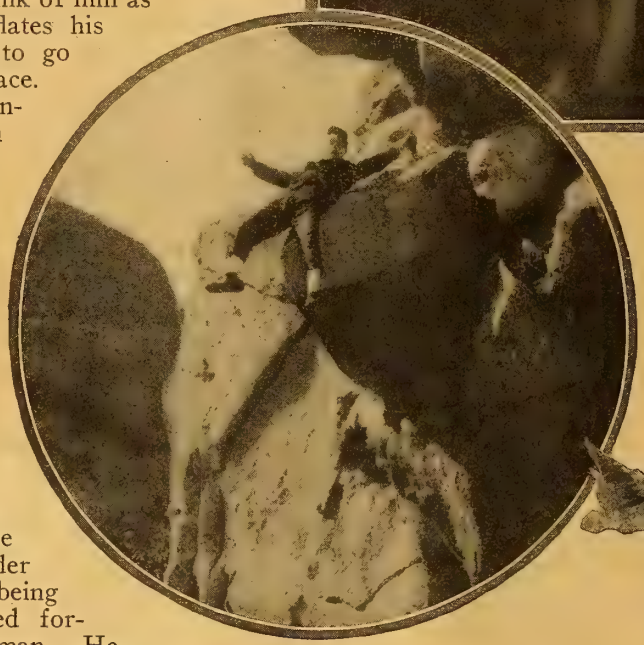
Hereafter there will be eight of St. John's two-reelers every year, released under Paramount. All the stories are written, directed and acted by Al St. John. They are really one-man playlets, the leading woman and the characters employed being merely feelers for the acrobat's thrillers and comical stunts. An inventiveness and a streak of humor which would not be forced into mechanics or business has found an outlet in the making of comedies.

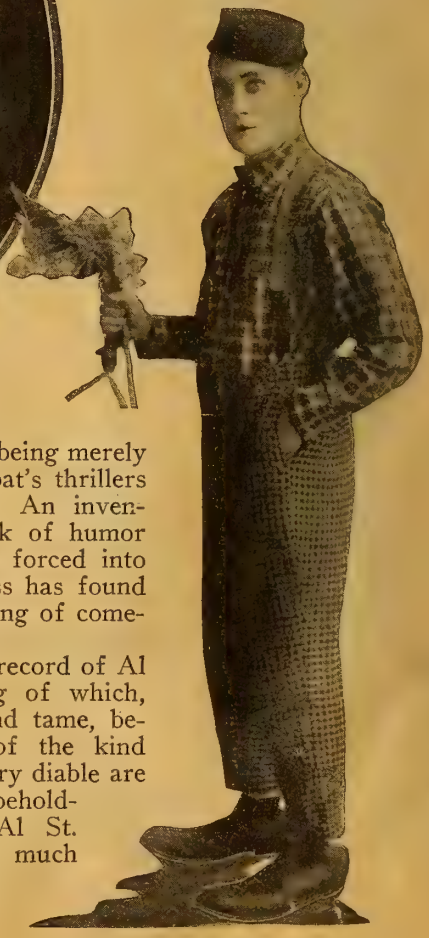
Here, then, is the record of Al St. John, the telling of which, perchance, may sound tame, because wild stunts of the kind practiced by this merry diable are calculated to thrill beholders, not hearers. Al St. John himself is not much given to speech. He

(*Continued on page 108*)



Photo by Witzel





Altho he is a listener rather than a talker, Al has a first-rate singing voice. This, however, is a deep baritone secret

From Camera to Screen in Six Hours

By LAURA M. GRETSCH



MORE and more the silversheet is becoming a medium of handing down great events—crucial moments in the world's history—to posterity. Each year finds something more wonderful, more unbelievable, accomplished. The screen, in addition to being a great amusement institution, is fast becoming a pictorial newspaper, graphically depicting every event of importance for the audience of the darkened theater. And this newspaper is presented in a form which everyone may understand—and enjoy.

Not long ago America's great hero returned from "over there" where he had commanded the American Expeditionary Force thru the hard years of warfare—people rushed to the river's banks in such numbers when the great ship loomed upon the horizon that only a comparatively small number were able to catch a glimpse of her as she sailed proudly into port



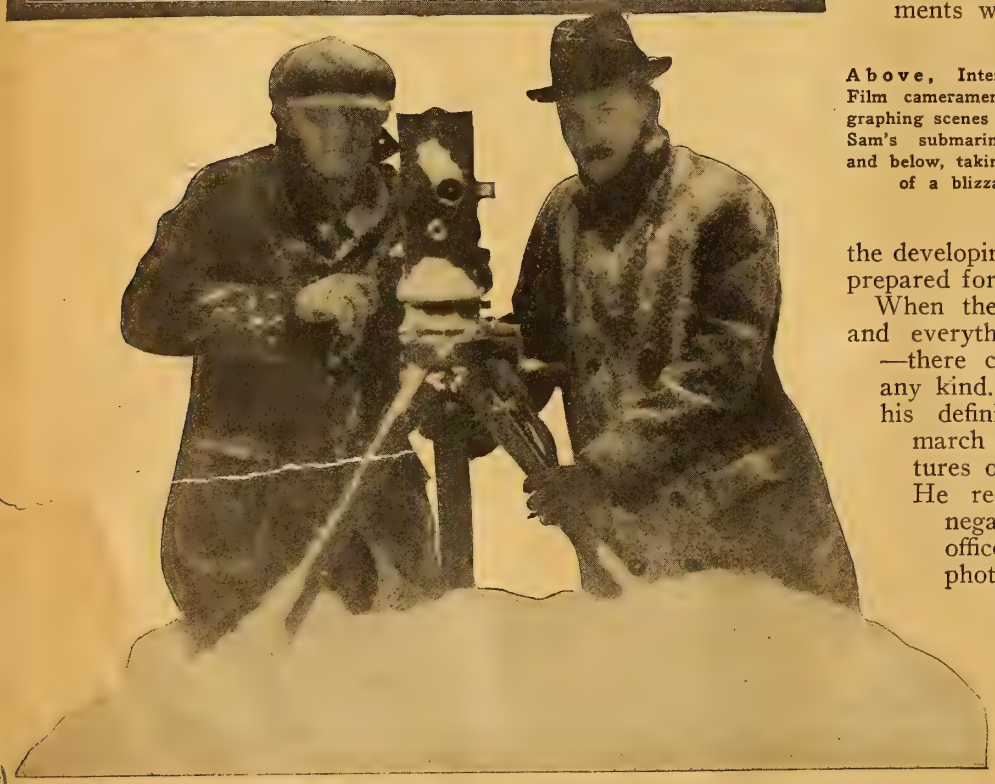




Center, Editor Emmanuel Cohen, who directs the activities of every man connected with the making of the Pathé News Reels, and above and below, Pathé "camera reporters" who are responsible for photographic "scoops." These reporters are stationed in every clime, from the frozen north to the tropic sands

But that very night in several theaters thruout New York City, hundreds of people saw the huge craft slowly steam into view; saw the flying boats and seaplanes circle overhead; they almost stood beside the smiling Pershing on the bridge as the ship docked and he beamed a welcome to the waiting throng on the pier below—then they saw him cross to Manhattan Island from the Jersey shore, saw him welcomed by the Mayor of New York—and all this was seen from a vantage point—at times there was a bird's-eye view of the thrilling, indescribably joyful pandemonium beneath—and a few days later the triumphal march down New York's "Avenue of Allies" took place. People from every





Above, International Film cameramen photographing scenes of Uncle Sam's submarine fleet, and below, taking scenes of a blizzard

state in the Union thronged to the line of march in the wee hours of the morning that they might behold the valiant commander and the inspiring columns upon columns of American manhood—columns of the same lads who stood ready to make the supreme sacrifice if need be to save the world for democracy.

Again—that very night—every detail of the day was flashed on the screen in several theaters of New York. And the people witnessing the boys tramp across the screen in full battle array, helmeted, with full knapsacks, bayonets glistening in the sun, wondered, subconsciously perhaps, how it could be given to them, via the screen, so quickly—six hours, in fact, after the event itself had been staged.

The next night the Chicago audiences might view it, and the next night audiences which were another day's travel from New York, and so on until the film had been distributed North and South and East and West.

In order that this feat be accomplished many people are necessarily held in readiness; preparations are made beforehand and the right man is in the right place.

The editor of the Pathé News, Emmanuel Cohen, is the man who directs all the activities connected with this special news film. His staff includes those who develop and print the film; those who cut the negatives; those who write the titles and last but not least those "camera reporters" who are always "on the job."

For instance, weeks before the parade of Pershing and the First Army took place, locations for cameramen were secured on roofs, in the windows of skyscrapers, and in the main streets where the soldiers were to march. Arrangements were also made with the government to allow a cameraman to go up in one of the army planes and fly over the parade. Directions, explicit and minute in detail, were given beforehand to the developing and printing departments to be prepared for special "rush" work on this day.

When the day finally arrived, every one and everything was in complete readiness—there could be no slip-up, no flaw of any kind. Each cameraman was assigned his definite location along the line of march and knew just what special features of the parade he was to "cover." He received instructions to rush his negative by special messenger to the office as soon as he had finished photographing the scenes assigned him. With the cameraman's first batch of negatives dispatched in this manner, he himself was to proceed immediately to secure additional scenes at another location. No time could be lost.

Messengers arrived continually during the day with the negatives sent in by the cameramen. Immediately upon their receipt these negatives were delivered to the laboratory to be developed. An hour later the process of developing was completed.

After the films were developed they were edited—that is, the most interesting scenes were selected, arranged in their proper sequence and then the film was cut to the desired length. During this process the titles had been written and inserted where required in the negative. The film was then ready to be sent back to the laboratory where it was made into the number of prints required.

Naturally, the laboratories have to be spacious to facilitate the greatest possible amount of speed; again, the men have to be thoroly efficient and cognizant of just what is expected of them, and the finest material available must be used. One flaw would make all the previous labor useless and quite spoil any chances of the accomplishment of the feat—for a feat it assuredly is.

As to the titles which have been written and inserted in the negative, skilled writers have been provided with an outline of what features the camera reporters have been assigned to "get." They know, then, what must be explained and perhaps the titles have been written days beforehand.





Above, a Fox cameraman who finds no awkward "setting up" of his camera too much trouble for an unusual view and below an International photographer climbing a tank on one of New York's skyscrapers in order to "shoot" a bird's-eye effect

The making of the prints, then, is the final step in the actual making of the news reel.

The final negatives arrived in the office at 2 P. M. and at 7 P. M. the last of the eight "specials" which were made were completed and rushed to the sales office in New York, where the messengers sent by exhibitors had been impatiently awaiting their arrival. The films arrived—the messengers grasped the precious reels from the hands of the startled booker, dashed out of the office, and—to the nearest taxi!

The pictures were then delivered "red hot" to the theaters, where no time was lost in rushing them to the projection room.

Here and there, scattered thru the audience in the darkened house, were those with weary and aching feet—those who had arisen early and braved the frightful crowds, endeavoring in some way or another to secure some vantage spot where they might view the spectacle. For hours, perhaps, they had stood on the curb that they might be sure and see everything to be seen.

The reel of film was slipped into the projecting machine . . . presto!!

Across the silversheet tramped the flower of America's manhood—the beautiful steed proudly carrying the great Per[illegible]ced before the marveling eyes of the hundre[illegible]ltitude which banked either side of the line of n[illegible]l and cheered. A stirring band selection was playe[illegible]chestra—it was there—there in all its wonder a[illegible]—graphically portrayed thru the medium of the [illegible]yes of the news cameras.

Alias Marshal Foch

CAPTAIN JOSEPH MORISSON, with a record of twenty-four years' service in the French army, goes unobtrusively about the streets of New York, trying to look like no one but his distinguished self, yet everywhere he is greeted and pursued by cries of "Foch, Marshal Foch!" For, altho the captain is not related except by the ties of friendship to the marshal, he bears a very marked resemblance to the illustrious commander.

Captain Morisson had been honorably pensioned when the Hun set out in 1914 to conquer and destroy France, but, with the advent of a new war, pensions stopped and the captain was not fit for active duty. So he came to America, where his brother, Maurice Morisson, had become a celebrated tragedian on the Yiddish stage. Soon after, the brother died, but the captain stayed on in America, teaching French, helping to train Uncle Sam's armies and during the past two years he has lent his presence to many screen plays.

In a Liberty Loan trailer, Captain Morisson, a distinguished figure in his own French uniform, played the rôle of Marshal Foch, appearing with Pauline Frederick, Madge Kennedy and many other famous people of the stage and screen. He appeared with Alice Joyce in "The Third Degree," "The Spark Divine" and other photoplays, with Virginia Pearson in "A Daughter of France," with Catherine Calvert in "The Career of Katherine Bush. In Dorothy Dalton's picture, "L'Appache," he played a "male vampire" rôle, and his last part was that of the judge in "The Mystery of the Yellow Moon," a Mayflower production, under the direction of Emile Chautard.

Singularly modest is this hero of many wars. He thinks that twenty-four years of service was not too much and, as for resigning his pension, Captain Morisson did it gladly, because it was one more thing he could do "For France." He likes America, he says, and hopes to make a success in pictures; if not, he will "go back."







Above, Captain Joseph Morisson, alias Marshal Foch. Center, a recent portrait of Captain Morisson, and below, a scene from the Goldwyn all-star Liberty Loan film, showing Captain Morisson as Marshal Foch

"My country must finance a new war, so gladly I resigned the pension I had earned. It was one more thing that I could do 'For France'"

Artists of the Desert



The life—the drama of the desert—these Bill Hart paints for us in his characterizations of men of the sandy plains. The lure of the stretching sands—the flitting pastel colors of the bizarre landscape which appear to almost immediately merge into nothingness—these Rosel O. Butler gives us thru her canvases. Artists both—artists of the desert!

And while this noted artist of the palette and brush was in California the two met—and sometime, in the near future, Mrs. Butler is going to paint this man of the desert—to paint him as she sees him with his craggy face, stern jaw and inflexible expression





Center, Bill Hart and Mrs. Butler talking together and above and below reproductions of two of Mrs. Butler's paintings

The Camaraderie

By ADELE WHITELY



All Photos © by Ira L. Hill

HOUSES have souls—they are susceptible to a degree to the influence of those who kindle the home fires on their hearthstones, and invariably they reflect the character of their occupants.

There's the house where the angry words of petty disturbances and irritations seem to lurk in the shadows of every corner and where so many factions constantly operate that one instinctively guards their every word for fear of making a *faux pas*.

Then there's the house where the soft-tinted walls themselves echo the musical laughter of happy hours, where the very arrangement of the furniture breathes a spirit of rest and repose.

Such is the delightful atmosphere which pervades the luxurious apartment which Edith Hallor calls home. The big easy chair drawn up beside the spacious bookcases suggests hours with the master minds whose works adorn the shelves; the boudoir, in cream and wine color, brings to mind a lazy morning and frilly negligées; the beautiful grand piano in the artistic drawing-room invites a séance with Mozart, Rubinstein or Chopin, whose selections lay scattered on the music-rack, left there hurriedly, perhaps. And the dining-room, with its massive furniture and dull silver candlesticks and pink candles, suggests the gay dinner parties which have faded into memories, while the spacious white-tiled kitchen —well, one thinks of taffy-pulls, fudge parties, mellow roasted apples and the wholesome laughter of the partifiers.

These and other mental pictures flitted thru my mind in kaleidoscopic fashion while I sat in the sunny window of the drawing-room and waited for Edith Hallor to return from the downtown office, where she had been detained at a conference with her director.

For weeks I had been trying to see her, but her leisure hours are things rare indeed, for she's returning to the screen in Lawrence Weber productions, to be released thru World, at the same time as she is appearing in a new musical play on Manhattan Isle's Gay White Way.

When she came into the room, her cheeks flushed from hurrying uptown, I knew the home had given a true impression of its mistress.

A head of burnished hair, laughing brown eyes and a complexion like the petals of a wild

A head of burnished hair, laughing brown eyes, and a complexion like the petals of a wild rose—these things make Edith Hallor beautiful—but it is her spirit of camaraderie which makes one think of her as far more than just a beautiful girl.



of Edith

FLETCHER



Photo © by Ira L. Hill

She reminds one of the idol of some pretty suburban town, of the belle of a country club dance, of a popular sorority girl . . . she's the sort of person who would be showered with offerings of orchids and pink rosebuds . . . sweet peas and lilies of the valley

rose — these things make Edith Hallor beautiful—but it is the spirit of camaraderie, which she possesses to a marked degree, that makes one think of her as far more than just a beautiful girl.

Heaping the shirred cushions of taffeta and gay silks behind her on the deep lounge, she looked at me inquiringly.

"Washington pleads guilty as my birthplace," she began, in answer to my question, and her brown eyes crinkled up as I learnt they do when she is amused. They're the merriest eyes, filled with highlights, but not incapable of sympathy and great depths.

"I often wish I could live those Washington high school days over again. Isn't it funny how we never know the true value of things while we have them? It was while at school that I decided to join a local stock company. Father tabooed the idea immediately, for he's of the good old-fashioned school which thinks girls should marry and settle down. But mother believed that my life was my own and knew I would have to live it for myself, so I joined the stock company and father gradually came to know it was for the best. I didn't know a thing about acting, for the family is not at all theatrical, but I could sing and dance, and bit by bit I learnt the subtle points of the profession."

She was endeavoring to have the facts out of the way and talk of other things; one could readily see that. But it was evident, too, that the years she was speaking of had been happy years. She's that sort. If there was a vestige of fun, of happiness in a thing, she would root it out and make the most of it.

"You've played in movies before, haven't you?" I queried.

"Yes, for William Fox, but only in a few productions and that was some time ago. I've been so devoted to Broadway productions lately that I've had time for nothing else, and I love the movies. On the stage one works all the time, mostly in the evenings, and that is so unnatural, while in the movies you're like any other human being, with your evenings to yourself, to entertain your friends or to be entertained.

"Of course, I wont have days or nights to myself now, and I may find it's too much playing on the stage at two matinées and every evening and at the studio the rest of the time. I'm going to try, tho, and I feel sure I can do it. And I'm going to do the kind of play I like—not a musical comedy, rather a comedy with music."

"What did you do when you first came to New York?" I asked, endeavoring to bridge the lapse of time between the Washington stock company and today.

"Oh, I was in 'The Century Girl,' in the Ziegfeld productions and recently in 'Leave It to Jane.' I loved the rôle of Jane so well, in fact, that I went on the road with the play."

As she sat there in the autumn sunlight, the burnished wisps of hair curling beneath the wide brim of her black hat, essentially the retiring, unassuming girl, I found it not a bit difficult to realize that she had been lauded by critics, praised by the public and advertised in huge electric lights before the leading theaters—she looked more like the idol of some pretty suburban town, more like the belle of a country club dance, more like a popular sorority girl. She's just the sort of person who would be showered with offerings of orchids and pink rosebuds, sweet peas and lilies of the valley from every eligible man in

(*Continued on page 97*)



To her native son, Emerald Isle gave the spirit of Romance—And it is a great gift. Possessed of that gift, he came to America and went into the West. To him the West gave the spirit of Adventure—And it is a great gift. Girded with these two gifts, the son of Erin came to the Big City—And the stage called to him—
And he answered the call . . .
Success claimed him as her own—then came the movies.
Of good looks—a good actor, a good fellow—
Eugene O'Brien!

Eugene from Erin



The illustrating pictures were taken of Mr. O'Brien while he was working on a very beautiful estate during the filming of his forthcoming Selznick production, "The Broken Melody"

Richard —An

By HAZEL





The young Barthelmess has sound, manly ideas about life in general, but he is still too much the boy, too busy living and enjoying all the good things that Fate has suddenly poured into his lap to waste his time in hot-house philosophy

COULD any girl, be she in far-off Japan, where the cherry-blossoms perfume the atmosphere with a soft, sweet odor, or in Northern America, where the winds sweep, fragrant and invigorating, with the tang of pine-trees, or be she of the British Empire or war-scarred France, indeed, whatever corner of the globe she inhabits, could any girl, I repeat, be granted one magical wish on the mysteriously endowed carpet of Bagdad or one rub of Aladdin's glistening lamp, she would wish, I venture to say, herself in my place—lunching with Richard Barthelmess.

For Dick, as his intimate friends call him, is perhaps the most popular idol of the screen today.

Now, every girl knows just what young Barthelmess stands for to her. She knows just why his shadow self is her ideal, but she *doesn't* know what he is like in reality. Is he just as ideal, just as handsome, just as good and true and manly, she wonders. And, for the pleasure of every girl who has idealized him, I am writing my candid impressions of Dick Barthelmess.

Rather short is Barthelmess and sturdily built. Young he is and clean-cut, with astoundingly large brown eyes —the eyes of a visionary, which belie his somewhat practical

Barthelmess Impression

SIMPSON NAYLOR

manner and business-like ideas. His hair is shiny black and brushed sleekly to his well-shaped head. His hand-shake is hardy and his success has not as yet made him blasé to interviewers. In fact, he finds them embarrassing and spends most of the allotted time trying to turn





Photo by Abbe

"Sure I'd like to be married," said "Dick" Barthelmess, "that is if I were really in love. A fellow gets lonesome you know. But what girl would want to sew on my buttons for life? I have yet to find her"

the conversation from himself. He has sound, manly ideas about life in general, but he is still too much the boy, too busy living and enjoying all the good things that fate has suddenly poured into his lap, to waste his time in hot-house philosophy.

He likes his machine and—week-end house parties. He likes to dance and go to the ball game, and he just revels in New York, where "You can buy honest-to-goodness clothes and see some real shows!" In other words, he likes precisely what any normal-minded man of his age would like. There is nothing hectic about him; a certain elation, however, and a certain busy thrill at life does characterize him. He is at the top of the wave while he is young and he cant help exulting any more than a winning race-horse can help prancing and holding its head proudly aloft.

For Dick Barthelmess has earned his success.

Altho his mother was a well-known actress, he was not ashamed to start at the very bottom; in fact, he worked his way into pictures as an extra at Ithaca, where Wharton Bros. were producing a serial. Later Nazimova gave him a boost by offering him a part in "War Brides." But for the most part his success has been slowly and carefully

(*Continued on page* 93)

Kathlyn of the Golden West



Photo by Carpenter, L. A.

WHEN the maid opened a porch door leading into an exquisite hall with a Colonial-looking stairway, I was not quite sure whether to inquire for "Miss Williams" or Mrs. Eyton. But the old name stuck somehow, and the maid was evidently quite accustomed to its use.

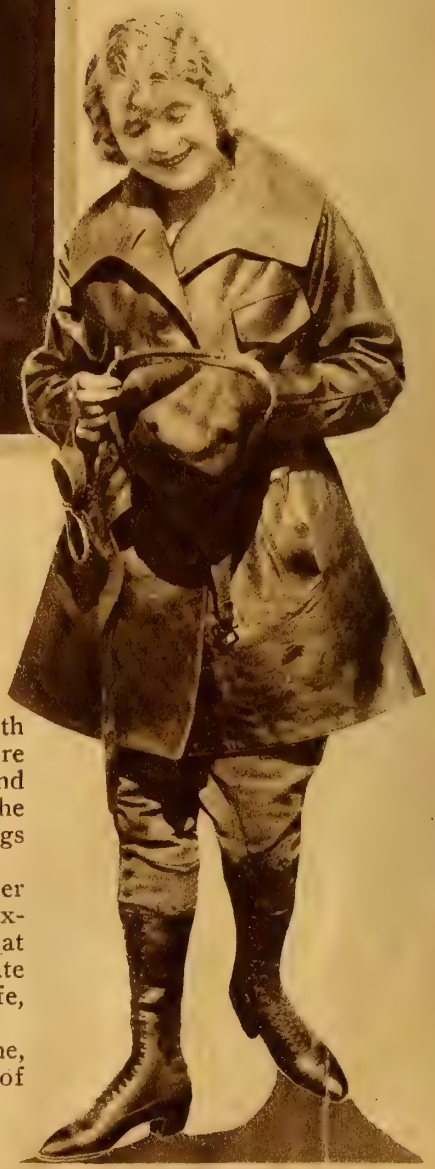
In the five minutes' grace which I had before she appeared, I was struck with the very first intimation of Kathlyn Williams' love of freedom. Her rooms are arranged so one might walk about in the dark with no danger of knocks and bruises. The big chairs and stuffed davenport are pushed to odd corners of the room; there is a simplicity in the softly shaded, crushed mulberry surroundings which is delightful.

And when she came into the room, her hand extended in greeting, I found her typically the Western girl. With the mountains for her inspiration and the unexplored mines of her native Montana to fire her imagination, she has not lost that easy sociability, blended with a certain delightful aloofness which would indicate her pleasure in the society of humankind, but a firm resolve to live her own life, free from mental intrusions.

"This morning I had the highest flight I've enjoyed so far," she told me, enthusiastically. "We rose to over four thousand feet. I do love that feeling of freedom which one just cant get anywhere save in the air. I hope to learn to fly alone some day. It will be a great thing to be alone with one's thoughts, far away from everything sordid," smiled the beautiful Mrs. Eyton.

"Evidently you associate solitude with freedom," I ventured.

"Cela va sans dire," came the positive answer, with a pretty shrug. "I'm afraid I'm something of a radical. I hate oppression in any form — perhaps that is why I avoid large gatherings when people get together and talk and talk and talk."



"I'm not working constantly," said Kathlyn Williams. "I did that years ago in Selig serials . . . and I enjoy pictures so much more when I can work now and then, choosing the rôles I like best"

By
DORIS
DELVIGNE



She is sweet, gracious—and big—a typical Girl o' the Golden West, with a heart stretching to cover every living thing with a benevolent purpose.

Photo by Carpenter, L. A.

One has no doubt about the bigness of Kathlyn Williams. In a way it is her birthright—she is again so evidently the girl of the West. And there is something about the Western-born girl which never enters another's make-up. You may fetter her with ties, put her in a dramatic school, give her city environment instead of her dearly loved mountains, but you cannot obliterate that indefinable air of freedom—her independence and innate dignity.

"I'm not working constantly, you know," she was saying. "I did that years ago in the Selig serials. Then, too, my marriage to Mr. Eyton makes me independent, and I enjoy working in the pictures now and then when I can choose my rôles. I shall never give up pictures entirely, but I do want little vacations in between, when I can keep house, enjoy our home and aviate."



Photo by W. R. Scott

We drifted back to the days when Miss Williams had done "The Spoilers," journeying to Panama, where the company worked for eight weeks.

"What do you think of 'The Spoilers,' now that you have done so many other pictures?" I asked.

"I still consider it a very great picture in some respects. It is crude as we judge the photoplay today, of course, just as all the old productions are. However, the story was good—it had dramatic value, and that means so much. It means," she mused,

(*Continued on page* 94)

An Erstwhile Vampire

By Adele Whitely Fletcher



Miss Mann admits candidly (I was going to say frankiely, but 'twould never do) that she's endeavoring to do just one thing at the present time—and that's live down the reputation she won as a baby vampire in the Morosco stage success, "Upstairs and Down."

"Ever since I played the baby vampire in that play," she told me, "people insist upon looking at me thru half closed eyes, as tho I were a strange sort of creature, and then saying sweetly, 'Oh, yes, I remember you; what havoc you did wreck with all those poor men,' and then they proceed to cast me in a similar rôle—and I proceed to refuse the engagement. Not that I have any particular aversion to vampires, but I want to do different things—ingénue rôles, emo-

(*Continued on page* 100)

All Photos by Edw. Thayer Monroe



Frankie Mann is an earnest soul——Life has not robbed her of her belief in good things—of her spontaneous interest—of her naturalness —of her keen sense of humor. One might say she was a connoisseur of Life without the sophistication or worldliness which would be expected

SHE'S a little bit of a thing, with soft and big brown eyes. That is, she's a little bit of a thing physically; mentally, it's quite another story.

And she's original. Movie stars and other celebrities have many privileges, and that of keeping such inconsequential people as interviewers waiting is worn quite threadbare. That's why I was amazed when the page boy of one of New York's largest hotels bellowed my name thru the corridor on precisely the last stroke of seven. It was something new—and something startling. Of course, Frankie Mann's secretary had told me over the 'phone that morning that Frankie would have me paged at seven, but seven is quite as good as any other hour and she had to say *some* specific time.

Preliminaries are short things with Frankie, and we were soon comfortably esconced on a lounge in one of the reception-rooms, chatting as tho we were old school chums at a reunion.

Reputations are ofttimes the most unpleasant things in the world to possess and



PICCADILLY JIM

By ALEXANDER LOWELL

MRS. OGDEN PETT had had rather a horrible time of it—achieving prominence, social prominence, to be specific. It had been one long, long struggle from her—well, let us say, with charity—obscure days up to the fortuitous meeting with, chase after and capture of *the* Ogden Pett. Even after the safe and insane consummation of their nuptials she had not dared to believe she had really done it; did not, in fact, just know how she had done it. Something canny, as a matter of fact, had armed her with the full panoply of the weapons of her sex—and Ogden Pett had fallen.

Even then there were still Waterloos. There were all kinds of ragged edges to be smoothed off and over. There were, it seemed, hordes of undesirable relations from the obscure past to arise or to threaten with arising. Life, for Mrs. Ogden, was just one long series of eliminations.

Then, in the prime of things, when the green sickness of youth had been got by, when all the wheels were oiled and egress seemed most certain, there arose upon their Newportian horizon the infamous exploits of that scapegrace, "Piccadilly Jim." Mrs. Ogden was unfortunate enough to own Piccadilly for a nephew, and the press was detestable enough to be cognizant of that skyrocketing fact. Mrs. Ogden was so dowager-like and so wholly unimpeccable that it added a delicious spicing to write columns on her as blood kin to the daring James. Mrs. Ogden was drenched with despairful tears and smelling salts. Just when most of the original drawbacks had either died or been finally disposed of, as Ibsen would say, younger generation came knocking at her door, battering it down, in fact.

In the very early days of their obscurity, Mrs. Ogden had had an elder sister who had disposed of gloves over a green velour counter in one of the semi-smart shops. While so doing a Mr. Crocker, from England, and quite wealthy, came in to purchase a dozen elbow lengths for a lady who had captivated his eye in some frolicsome frolic or other. He purchased the elbow lengths from the elder sister and then returned them to her with a rather ardent invitation to dinner, which was followed by many subsequent invitations and, eventually, a marriage ceremony and a mutual exodus to the ancestral home. It had been quite a glory to the obscure family, only to be eclipsed later by the pursuit and capture of *the* Ogden Pett.

This same elder sister was directly responsible for the irresponsible existence of Piccadilly Jim.

Edna, remembered Mrs. Ogden, had always been lax. She had been lax in permitting Crocker to buy her gloves and dinners. That he had bought her a wedding-ring to top off the occasion was merely an involution of the wheel of chance, something like winning the gold ring on a merry-go-round, and not, in any sense, the reward of merit or of campaigning, such as had been true in her own case. She had, it would seem, been just as lax with her son, James Braithewaite Crocker.

The things he *didn't* do were not possible of human endeavor. The things he *did* do . . . they blared at one from the headlines of the newspapers . . . they were hinted at starkly in flaming editorials . . . they were carried by word of mouth . . . put into popular songs . . . made the sum and substance of moral anathema hurled at the youth of America from righteous, valedictorian pulpits. "He is the man," said one wit, "who is making London famous."

"He is the one man," groaned Mrs. Ogden Pett, "who is making *us* infamous. They must think there is a family taint . . . being related to Jim. If only I could get him over here, under my wing. If only I could reform him, make something of him. If I could . . . think what an air it would give to the entire thing, what a difference it would make."

The Sunday papers of the particular week following Mrs. Ogden's desire for moral uplift bore, heavily, an account of Piccadilly Jim punching the Duke of Mandeville's nose at one of their clubs. A blonde member of a Variety was hinted at, not *darkly* . . . It was, declared the gluttonous press, the end of a perfect scandal. Forthwith Mrs. Ogden Pett set sail for English shores, leaving her rather bewildered spouse and their constantly bewildered and bewildering son behind.

"I shall bring James Braithewaite Crocker home with me or die on English soil," was her final dramatic declamation.

On English soil matters were not quite so simple. Old family animosities, brewing since glove-counter days, came to several heads. Mrs. Crocker, still inefficient, resented promptly and volubly her sister's intended reformation of Jim. Her slogan was, obdurately, that boys *will* be boys, and she didn't care in the least if nasty American yellow journals magnified Jimmy's "cunning little ways." Her sister, she suggested, had better go back to America and her own particular Ogdens, the younger of whom had already a record for being kidnapped and returned for fabulous ransoms.

The result was a frigid farewell between the sisters and an exchange of amenities regarding the welfare and upbringing of sons in general and Piccadilly Jim in particular. "A blight, that's what he is," was Mrs. Ogden's parting shot, "a blight . . . a blight . . ." she flung at her sister's bristling back.

Dovetailing nicely with the frigid parting, the "blight" was also dovetailing with a young person of the opposite persuasion in matters of sex in the region of Piccadilly. Almost originally, this particular dovetailing was accidental.

"Oh . . . I beg your pardon!" exclaimed the feminine young person.

"I *beg* yours," came back Piccadilly James. Then, her grey eyes full upon him, "I *entreat* it!" he added.

There seemed to be no adequate reason why the interchange of these pleasing civilities should end right there. There seemed to be so many natural and obvious reasons why it should not. Jim had never seen such grey eyes . . . like moonstones seen under water, delicate and filmy . . . Ann Chester had never felt anything like the appeal of the colliding young man . . . she had the most absurd, immoderate, inexplicable desire to pat him on the head and offer him a lollipop and tell him not to be naughty any more. She had no reason to suppose that he *was* naughty, save intuition, which told her that he was . . . upon the face of which she accepted his suggestion that they talk



the accident over and have some wholly incidental tea. "Just by way of adventure, you know," he added, with his engaging smile. At home, in America, Ann Chester was not allowed to read the newspapers, saving only the very most conservative, else she would have been familiar with that engaging, that publicized smile.

After tea, which was something of a game of hide and seek owing to the drifting presences of mutual friends and a desire to avert explanations which might have proven embarrassing, Jimmy discovered that Ann Chester was leaving for America the following day. "I've been in school here," she said, "and my foster aunt has just come over and wants to take me back. She's in a very nervous state and wants me with her. Poor dear, she's martyred by a nephew of hers, literally martyred. Perhaps you've heard of him; they call him Piccadilly Jim."



James Braithewaite mopped his beaded brow with a silken kerchief. One good habit, he felt, was his recently acquired one of not divulging his identity too speedily, altho, in this particular and quite delicious case, he had simply and novelly forgot all about himself and who he was and why he was. He had been experiencing the pungent sensation of complete immersion in the personality of another being.

"Yes, I've heard of him," he answered her, casually; "let's not talk of him. Do you know, isn't it odd, I was just about to make reservations on the same boat for myself. We'll go together." To himself he added, "Jolly little word, that—*together*."

The Crockers were accustomed to abruptness on the part of their only son. He had been abrupt with consistency at least. Also, this particular trip had to it an aspect of relief. The indenting of the ducal nose had had far-reaching and probably disastrous results. In the first place, he had been aiding the elder Crocker quite valuably in obtaining a peerage, which would have made the long-ago disposer of elbow-lengths sink to a happy grave. There remained but one thing to do, and that to eradicate the disastrous memory from the ducal mind, which, not being overstrong, was more or less malleable if skilfully handled. Mrs. Crocker felt that she could skilfully handle it if Jim's reminiscent presence were removed.

Jim's presence was very much removed and not in any sense reminiscent. As "Mr. Bayliss" he was successfully forgetting all other days, all other identities save this one, save these days of the sea voyage when all the world seemed to him to be the essence of the sea's mysteries concentrated into moon-grey, filmy eyes . . . "I've just been playing about," thought Jim, "all my life . . . fiddling about with my time . . . waiting for this."

Jim had, incidentally, to do quite considerable fiddling, altho of a slightly different nature, aboard the ship. He was not quite certain as to the authenticity of his various likenesses in the various American newspapers, nor yet of his Aunt Pett's memory of the infant likenesses his fond mother had been wont to send her sister in the more amicable days before he "began." He did not want his Aunt Pett to recognize him, more particularly when he learnt, with the pleasant sensation of a man who has had the cold hand of the wet Atlantic slap him in the face, that Ann Chester was the foster-niece of Aunt Pett and resided with her in New York. Complicity, thought Jim, was the word for it.

After tea, which was something of a game of hide and seek owing to the drifting presences of mutual friends, Jimmy discovered that Ann Chester was leaving for America the following day . . .

It meant complicity in New York, too. The hastily constructed Mr. Bayliss had to do quick thinking and plead a pressure of business absolutely obviating him from coming to see Ann at the



Upon, or during the maternal excitement ensuing that same night, Jimmy, on the balcony, lay in wait for what he felt certain would be "Lord Wisebeach's" striking hour

Pett home. He saw to it that it was necessary for her to meet him for tea here and there . . . for that it was necessary for them to meet was as distinctly clear to him as the skyline of New York silhouetted on a brisk morning. The only necessary thing, in fact, that had ever happened to him, was this same Ann.

At one of these teas Ann became confidential. There had been a worry line in her forehead when they met and Jim had asked about it. "I dont like to see it," he had said.

"Well, you see," Ann impulsively explained, "I've got some kidnapping to do. I've got to kidnap Ogden."

The eyebrows of "Mr. Bayliss" attached themselves to his unruly forelock of hair. This slim, georgetted person, inhabiting the ultra home of the avuncular Petts, was calmly announcing her intention of kidnapping their only son.

Ann laughed at the eyebrows. "You have no idea of the state of affairs," she pursued. "Not only am I to kidnap the impossible Ogden, but his own father is the instigator of the dark deed. He had it all fixed up with Jerry, Ogden's physical instructor, before Aunt Pett fired Jerry; . . . now the thing devolves upon me." Ann looked rueful. "Ogden is very substantial," she lamented, "and he has been kidnapped so many times before . . . he is quite frightfully precocious as to methods."

"What," queried Jim, "is the paternal idea?"

Ann laughed. "An overdose of Ogden, I guess," she said. "Ogden is a miff, if you know what I mean. One of those horrible boys . . . no training . . . beastly spoiled. Uncle Pett wants to get him away from his mother for a few months and put him thru his paces. He has a belief in Ogden, eventually, if only he can get him away from Aunt Pett, who thinks up ways to mollycoddle him when the ordinary ways run out."

"What a time you must be having!" sympathized Jimmy, privately considering that Piccadilly Jim had nothing on this bizarre arrangement of domestic infelicities.

Ann spoke, again impulsively. "I dont know why I am telling you all this," she said, "only that . . . well, it seems . . . you might almost be one of the family, you know," she ended up, with something of a rush.

Jim raised a protesting hand. It occurred to him that this was the meaning of the ancient adage, hitting the nail on the head . . .

"Aunt has such queer persons around her," Ann went on; "she thinks it the thing to do . . . it is . . . this year . . . but they are so frightfully queer . . . poets and inventors and musicians and

PICCADILLY JIM

Fictionized by permission from the scenario by C. W. Streeter, based on the *Saturday Evening Post* story of P. H. Wodehouse, produced by Selznick Pictures and directed by Wesley Ruggles, starring Owen Moore. The cast:

Piccadilly Jim	Owen Moore
Ann Chester	Zena Keefe
Mr. Peter Pett	William T. Haze
Mrs. Peter Pett	Dora Mills Adams
Mr. Bingley Crocker	Jim Bradbury
Bayliss	Arthur Marion
Lord Wisebeach	Alfred Hickman
Mrs. Bingley Crocker	Millie Methot

Freudians with complexes and all of the most abstract beings. They're largely spirit, so they say, but how they do consume Aunt's sandwiches and make away with her tea! One of them, one of the inventors, is quite a dear. Uncle says he is a visionary, but that he will "hit" it. He has invented a high explosive and keeps talking of it in the most intensely scientific and technical way. No one understands just exactly what it all means, save that it will probably blow up the planets by spontaneous combustion. Aunt doesn't care much about things she doesn't understand and hasn't much sympathy with him. She has a great deal of sympathy with the one Lord in the crowd, tho—Lord Wisebeach—and she has told him all about poor Teddy's high explosive. I'm afraid . . ."

"Afraid of what?" prompted Jim, ever so gently.

"I'm afraid Lord Wisebeach is too much interested in the high explosive," said Ann. "He—he looks sharp and he hasn't much money. There's a fortune in that high explosive for . . . some one."

Jimmy looked thoughtful. Something told him it was time for the shell of the busy Mr. Bayliss to drop from him, while Piccadilly Jim, reputation or lack of it, and all, emerged. There were things at Aunt Pett's to do, the sort of pies he liked to thrust his meddlesome fingers into. Then, too, the strain of being Mr. Bayliss was becoming too much for him. He wanted to get nearer to Ann.

"Ann," he said, suddenly, with the air of a man who flings his entire hand upon the table, to win or, desperately, to lose, "I'm not going to stand by now . . . wearing Mr. Bayliss as one wears a shielding coat, and just listen to your difficulties when, as my real self, I could be right on the job, kidnapping Ogden, and—oh, you know, all those little matters. *I'm Jim.*"

Ann's grey eyes, containing all the subtle secrets of the sea, widened to troubled depths in which Jim felt his own soul was floundering. "You're Jim," she repeated, too softly; "not . . . not . . . you dont mean *Piccadilly Jim!*"

The unhappy bearer of the name inclined his head. He didn't want to meet any longer the troubled depths.

Ann rose and they walked out together. He could see that she held herself rigidly, as tho making some sort of an effort to repress something she was feeling. He wondered in just what sense he had hurt her, what he had better say, which one of his stupid, innumerable follies was bruising her, brushing the bloom of the sensibility she had had for him away. He dared not speak for fear of further intrusions.

"I'll go to the house with you," he said, "now. We'll go in separately. I'll say I've just arrived."

At the door Ann faced him for the first time. Her face, he thought, had taken on the sharp white of sea foam. Her lips looked like flecks of bright blood. Her

(Continued on page 100)

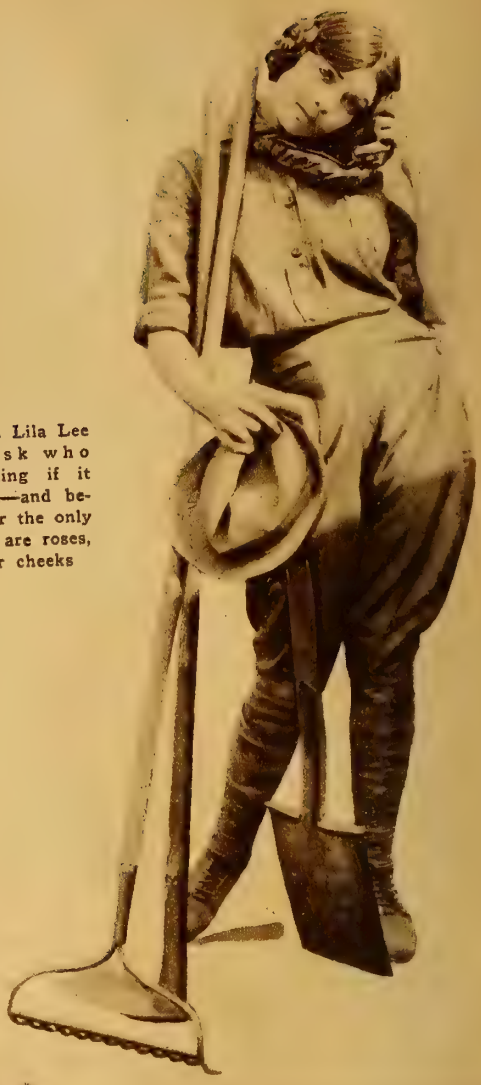


"You were right, dear heart," Jim said. "I did . . . you know . . . and then, one day I crossed the seas and saw . . . the stars . . . and felt the waters rushing over me . . . washing the mud . . . away . . ."

The Girl With the Hoe



"Do I enjoy it?" asks Lila Lee archly. And we ask who wouldn't enjoy farming if it meant such attractive—and becoming—togs? So far the only thing Lila has raised are roses, and they are in her cheeks



Lila threatens to raise enough vegetables in her H. C. of L. garden at the Paramount-Artcraft studios, where she is supporting Wallace Reid in "Hawthorne of the U. S. A." to cause the local profiteers considerable alarm





By TAMAR LANE

Our Own Hints to Scenario Writers

FIRST of all, take a complete course in elocution. Film producers love to be talked into anything.

Remember that in the picture game a good story is the hardest thing to sell, unless you've a good line of guff.

If you've a good line of guff you dont have to write good stories. Film producers will pay just to listen to you chirp.

Best of all, if you can only get your story published somewhere, it's a sure sale at four times what you originally asked for it.

If it should happen to run in the *Saturday Evening Post*, you'll be rich for life. Producers buy everything that appears in the *Post* except the ads and the subscription rates, and they'll be after them next.

We knew that some one would expose the cussedness of the newspaper profession some day. In Alice Joyce's picture, "The Winchester Woman," the villain is none other than a reporter. Some cigaret smoker, too.

Poor Butterfly!

"Madame Butterfly."
"The Broken Butterfly."
"The Butterfly on the Wheel."
"The Butterfly Man."

Things must be looking up in the picture business. Only six stars announced last month that they are about to retire.

What could be more appropriate than the title of Earle Williams' latest picture, "When a Man Loves"?

Vamps are like beer, says a humorist; they run light and dark—only they've a lot more kick. And it makes no difference whether they're blond or bald, all vamps are ruinettes.

Life's Little Jokes

You never can tell. Olive Thomas once aspired to be the best salesgirl in Pittsburgh. Now look at her.

Ernest Truex is evidently a humorist as well as a comedian. He wants to know why, if money talks, they call the movies the silent drama.

Our Own News Monthly

Rumor has it that Constance Talmadge and Irving Berlin, the famous song-writer, have more than a friendly feeling for each other.

Bet Reginald Barker is sorry now that his name is so prominently displayed on "The Flame of the Desert."

There are still some people who do not believe that Adolph Zukor is interested in the "Big Four."

The picture version of "Treasure Island" should be a knockout, but why did Maurice Tourneur go to work and put a girl in the leading boy's part?

And what has become of Carlyle Blackwell?

"'Should a Husband Forgive?'—A Fox Special," read big posters all over the country. Why the modesty? Should any one forgive a Fox special?

Changing the titles of well-known works so as to make them conform with movie box-office standards has become so popular that alteration of the following list has been suggested:

Original Title	*Movie Title*
Alice in Wonderland	The Girl Who Dared
Rip Van Winkle	What's Your Husband Doing?
Tess of the D'Urbervilles	The Virtuous Sinner
Les Miserables	The Slums of Paris
The Miracle Man	Honor Among Thieves
Don Juan	The Wonderful Lover
Merchant of Venice	The Price He Paid
Evangeline	Hearts Torn Asunder
Hotel Biltmore Menu	The Price of Pleasure

William S. Hart dropped his Western outfit in "John Petticoat" and some of the critics are panning him. Yes, they're the same critics who roast Hart, Fairbanks, etc., for sticking to a certain type of part.

Lady Astor, the ex-American, member of Parliament in England, is crusading for the censorship of motion pictures. Evidently Lady Astor has seen herself on the screen in a news weekly.

Everything had been going along quietly in the motion picture industry—but now William A. Brady has returned to the fold.

Best Title of the Month

"You Never Know Your Luck." Nothing could be truer. We went in hoping to see a good picture.

Truth may be stranger than fiction, but it isn't stranger than the movies.

In a recent picture House Peters bets money on a horse-race and actually wins. Some people have no regard whatever for the realism of the movies.

A certain film producer is reported to have been offered the screen rights to "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," but replied, "Bill Hart might buy it, but I dont want it. The public is sick of Western subjects."

Wanted—A screen star who does not boast about her cooking.

The Eternal Triangle

"The Perfect Lover."
"The Glorious Lady."
"The Blind Husband."

As the Army Moved Overseas

By LILLIAN MAY

ON a quiet side street leading from the greatest Avenue in the world there stands a three-story brownstone front that is the exact duplicate of many others in the big city, yet it bears a record borne by no other house in New York. Already it has been photographed for the government archives in Washington. It is one of the places where history was made. It is the place where more than three thousand soldier and sailor boys were welcomed, cared for, by one noble, generous-hearted woman, and went bravely forth to win the war treasuring in their hearts the memory of this house and its owner as their last touch of home.

Maibelle Heikes Justice comes of fighting ancestry which has figured for several generations in the army and navy both in America and England. Her father, the Honorable James M. Justice of Indiana, served in the civil war when very young under General Lew Wallace. Miss Justice was brought up in the middle west and, having a natural gift of expression, became a writer of considerable note. Several years ago, when motion pictures were becoming more and more popular, she invaded New York and made a name for herself as a successful writer of photoplays.

All Photos by Morrison, Chicago





Two recent portraits of Maibelle Heikes Justice, who laid down her pen for months while she worked with the boys in every branch of the service

And then, there went out one day from the house on the quiet side street leading from the Avenue the sister of Miss Justice, with her husband and half a dozen friends. They sailed on the *Lusitania* and they went down with her. From that day Maibelle Heikes Justice admitted her willingness for our part in the great conflict and when it came she threw herself heart and soul into various kinds of canteen service, aside from important confidential government work in New York.

Her own original work began in the winter of '17 and '18 when the

(*Continued on page* 106)



The Beach-Comber

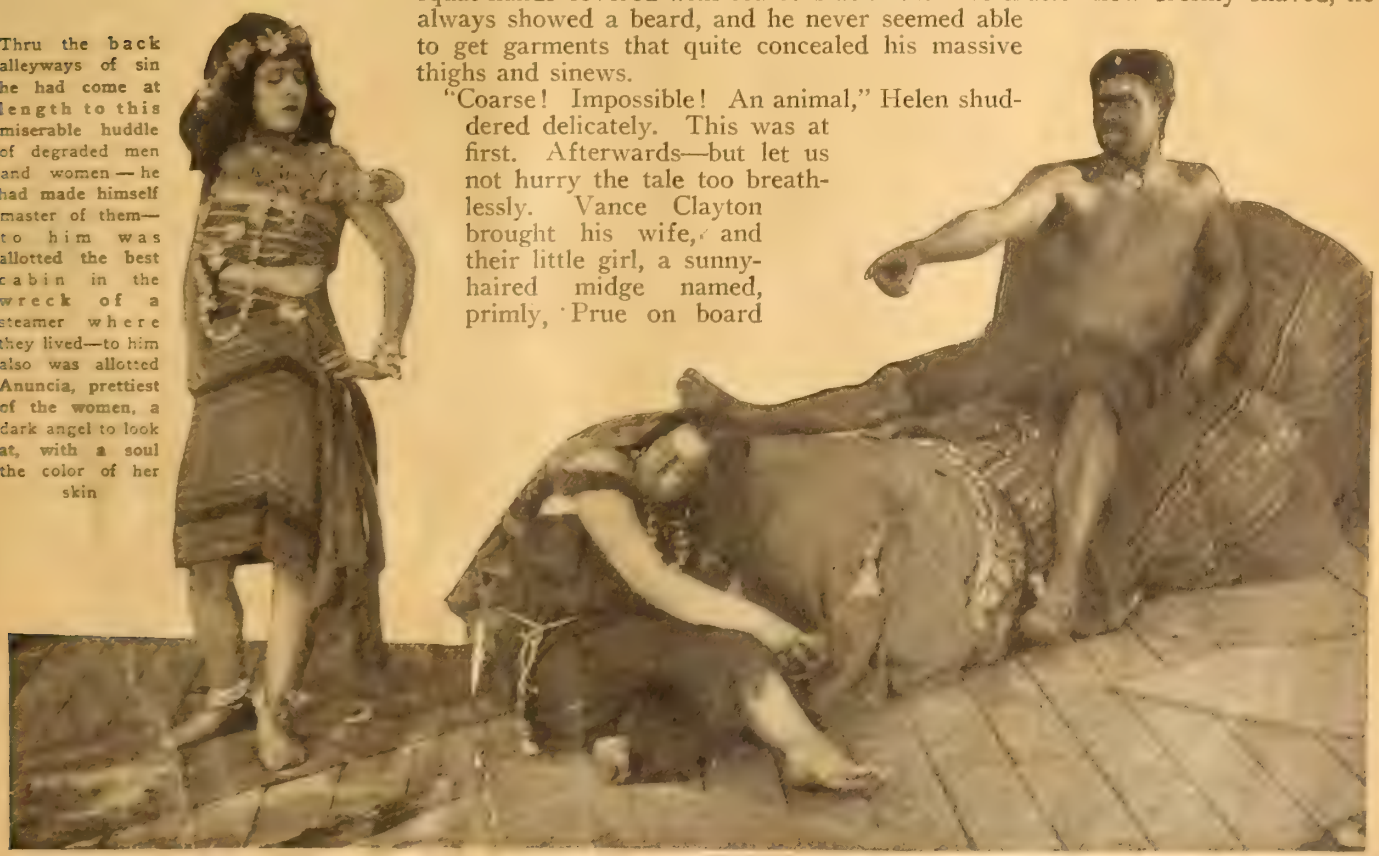
By NORMAN BRUCE

IF all men are made of clay Helen Clayton's composition was a little finer, less coarse grained than that of most humans. She was rare porcelain while another woman would be mere earthenware. She had, to carry on the simile, the fine glaze of breeding that set her apart from vessels of a commoner make.

Captain Yank Barstow, on the contrary, was of the earth, earthy. Six feet and to spare in his stockings, with a broad beam of shoulder and full blood that flowed splendidly under his hairy skin, he was as masculine as the First Man, fresh from the hand of his Maker. He had a deep voice that boomed from some place far within his great chest cavern, and squat hands covered with coarse black fur. No matter how freshly shaved, he always showed a beard, and he never seemed able to get garments that quite concealed his massive thighs and sinews.

"Coarse! Impossible! An animal," Helen shuddered delicately. This was at first. Afterwards—but let us not hurry the tale too breathlessly. Vance Clayton brought his wife, and their little girl, a sunny-haired midge named, primly, Prue on board

Thru the back alleyways of sin he had come at length to this miserable huddle of degraded men and women — he had made himself master of them—to him was allotted the best cabin in the wreck of a steamer where they lived—to him also was allotted Anuncia, prettiest of the women, a dark angel to look at, with a soul the color of her skin



the Yucatan bound thru the gulf, for Mexico, together with a boxed grand piano, and an amazing quantity of other packing cases—all their household goods, as he explained. They were going to live in Mexico—because the doctor had told him that the Northern climate would soon do for him.

"Lungs," Clayton explained with a wan smile, "it's tough on the little girl and the kid, but—well, it cant be helped."

There was rough weather for the first week of the trip and Captain Barstow had his hands full, with the boat and the crew, the one a lumbering and antiquated tub resurrected since the war, the other a sullen job lot of odds and ends of humanity, picked up thru an agency, and containing in the aggregate about all the physical infirmities and moral obliquities in the category. Men with scars, maimed hands, missing eyes, men with dark blotches on their pasts, murder on their souls, men of all countries and no countries, such was the crew of which Barstow was the master. It took just one thing to hold this mass of potential mutiny in subjection, and that was fear, and Captain Barstow knew it.

Consequently when the first bo'swain, winking at the crew, answered him impudently on the third day out Barstow promptly knocked him down, with a bloody gap between his lips where three front teeth had been. Then, standing over the man sobbing with pain he kicked him heartily in the ribs and broke two of them. After which he turned on his heel without a backward glance at the subdued crew and strode away about his business. And from then on the men obeyed him without answer, while in sick bay Dead Light Burke, the bo'swain, mended his ribs and spat out curses between his broken teeth.

His way of joining the colony was direct and simple. It consisted in administering a beating to Baltimore Bucko, erstwhile king of the outcasts, in the presence of his subjects

Here Helen found him, a week later, and learnt his version of the tale. It turned her quite sick and faint with disgust. "He is not only an animal—he is a beast!" she thought with abhorrence, as she watched the Captain across the dining salon, eating heartily. Her fastidious spirit shrank from this frank manifestation of enjoyment of physical appetites. Married for seven years she was yet spiritually a nun looking shrinkingly out upon the coarse, degrading thing called Life from behind shuttered windows. She loved her husband palely, her child passionately—any other emotion she would have considered indelicate and unfeminine, like women who were not—well, *nice*.

But Prue did not share her mother's fastidiousness. To her small six-year-old mind Bartsow was as romantic as the hero of a fairy tale. She was a tiny flame person, all quick, eagerness, violent happiness and griefs, imagination. What there was in common between this small, wild spirit and the great fleshly man was a mystery which her mother could not understand, yet Prue would stand for hours beside the wheel, perfectly content to chatter to Barstow of the thousand pretty nothings that make up a child's world.

After her visit to the sick bay and Dead Light Burke's indictment Helen found her daughter perched up beside the wheel, one tiny hand confidently laid upon the great





shoulder of the Captain while she chanted an original litany anent the sea in fluting soprano.

"I love the ocean!
"It goes to so many places.
"It goes to China and New York and Africa
"And I think it even goes to Heaven over
the edge of the world."

And there was always Anuncia,—Anuncia with her evil warm human beauty—her lure, her nearness . . . But somehow Barstow knew that to turn to Anuncia would be the last step in his degradation . . .

Helen listened with a half-smile, that faded as Captain Barstow turned and looked at her. Her delicate cheeks flamed. There was something in the way he gazed at her that she felt to be an insult, something challenging, appraising—she held her head high. "I have just seen the poor sailor you treated so unspeakably," she told him. "I suppose there is no use appealing to your sense of decency, for if you had one you could not have maimed a fellow creature in that vile way. But I may as well warn you that I shall report the matter to the authorities when we reach Mexico. There surely must be a law that will prevent such brutality."

Captain Barstow set his jaw. It stood out unpleasantly under the dark bristling skin in a ridge like iron. "There is no law upon this ship but *my* law, Madam," he said briefly, "the only way you can fight brutality is by being more brutal than the other fellow."

"There is no authority for such a statement," Helen cried indignantly. "Have you never read the Bible—do you not know that we are commanded to love one another, and to return good for evil?"

Captain Yank Barstow smiled grimly. "I dont know much about Bibles, but I do know a heap about seamen. Fists was made before commandments, ma'am."

She was aware of a baffling personality before her, a granite thing against which argument would beat as feebly as sea spume. She was aware also of something else—something rather splendid and strong and more than a little terrible that frightened her so that she turned away with quickened breath, and for the rest of the voyage avoided him. But her husband struck up a friendship with the Captain. This was not remarkable. Vance Clayton had a facile talent for friendships—he was charming, adaptable, a man to be liked rather than trusted.

Barstow sensed that at once. On the last night before the landing he beckoned Clayton into his cabin and shut the door. "I hope," he said coolly, lighting a cigar and handing the case to his visitor,

THE BEACH-COMBER

Fictionized by permission from the scenario by Harvey Thew, based on the story by J. G. Hawks, produced by Universal Pictures and directed by Rex Ingram. The cast:

Captain Yank Barstow	Elmo Lincoln
Vance Clayton	Harry Van Meter
Helen, his wife	Mabel Ballin
Pru[illegible], their child	Nancy Caswell
De[illegible] Light Burke	Frank Brownlee
Plug[illegible] Duff	Paul Weigel
Second Mate	Dick La Reno
Baltimore Bucko	Noble Johnson
The Islan[illegible] Girl	Beatrice Dominguez



"I came—yes," Yank Barstow said slowly, in his rough, deep voice, "I came, and I'm going to stay."

"that you didn't set great store by that piano of yours?"

Clayton's hand in the act of selecting a cigar, paused, fell. He gaped at Barstow, his face the sickly yellow of tallow. "Why," he tried to speak lightly, "what do you mean?"

"Only that the case got broken yesterday when we struck that hard sea," the Captain said stolidly, "Clayton, I dont believe—I dont really believe that you'll ever have the chance to use that—hm—piano!"

Vance Clayton sprang to his feet and paced up and down the cabin. His voice was sullen. "Well—suppose I am bringing in guns? What are you going to do about it?"

"You can ask the American consul that," said Barstow, filling his great lungs with smoke, "gun-running isn't a healthy pastime, Mr. Clayton, and when it comes to smuggling ammunition to a bunch of greasers to use against your own country—well, there's a shorter and uglier word they call it."

The man before him seemed to crumple up suddenly. He dabbed at Barstow with shameful hands, his voice rose to a shriek. "Dont! My God! you couldn't give me up! Think of my family—think of my baby, and my wife—it would kill her! She doesn't suspect—she thinks I am good!" He was a degraded spectacle, slobbering and pawing the other man, playing upon the admiration he had seen in his gaze for Helen. "Have some mercy on my wife if you wont have on me! Dont give me up!"

"Oh, shut up!" Barstow shook him off, angrily, and went to the port-hole, staring out at the restless silver of the moon on the sea. A man with a woman like that to protect and a child—he grew sick at the thought. Yet he couldn't punish the man without crushing the woman as well. She was all fragile sweetness, all unsullied purity. He turned abruptly. "Get out!" he told the huddled figure on the chair, voice taut with contempt, "I wont hurt you—for *her* sake. I'll take charge of your baggage and carry them back with me, next trip. Now—get out, I tell you! If you try to thank me I'll kick you, you rat."

He did not see the murder in Vance Clayton's eyes, nor

(*Continued on page* 111)

Tea for Three

By LILLIAN MONTANYE

THE time was a golden afternoon in autumn. The place was the Commodore, almost newest of New York's mammoth, perfectly appointed hotels. The girl—and hostess—was Marguerite Courtot, petite, gracious, modishly dressed. The guests, a friend vampirishly attired in a black velvet gown and turban, and—the interviewer.

"I want a table for three, with pink candles and—I hope the orchestra is going to play," confided Marguerite to the waiter, who outdistanced the others in their efforts to reach us.

"Yes'm," he said, leading the way to a cosy corner, and "yes'm, the orchestra will play," he promised, beaming fatuously while he waited for us to decide as to the advisability of cinnamon toast and tea, frivously named ices and assorted cakes.

There came the opening strains of "Poet and Peasant." "Isn't music wonderful!" exclaimed Marguerite. "The only time I feel that I would like to be on the stage is when I hear music like that—just beginning. It must be so wonderfully inspiring to the players back stage when the orchestra begins playing and they know that the audience is out front waiting—just for them. But the desire doesn't last long," she laughed, "and I'm glad, because I want to stick to pictures, now that I'm back."

Marguerite Courtot was lost to the screen for a couple of years for the best reason in the world. She had not time or inclination for anything but war work. She gave her time unreservedly to Red Cross and canteen work, speaking for Liberty Loan and War Saving Stamps, sewing, knitting, writing myriads of letters to the boys overseas. And then, as unobtrusively as she went, she came back and with Guy Empey in "Undercurrents," with David Powell in "Teeth of the Tiger," with Eugene O'Brien in "The Perfect Lover," she has slipped back into popular favor—the same Marguerite, with the same fetching little French air, and as refreshingly modest and natural as in the Kalem days when she dawned, a little star, upon the photoplay firmament.



Marguerite Courtot was lost to the screen for a couple of years for the best reason in the world. She had not time or inclination for anything but war work

Thru my mind flitted memories of the picture beloved by fans of all ages, "The Barefoot Boy." Children loved it because perhaps only that day they had droned from their third reader:

"Blessings on thee, little man, barefoot boy with cheeks of tan."

And there he was! "with his turned-up pantaloons," and they could just imagine his "merry whistled tunes," because schools had evidently not yet been instituted, they thought, enviously, as they saw the carefree youngster visualized on the screen.

Grown-ups loved it because it brought back their own childish, happy days and, as the little figure on the screen splashed and rollicked its way straight into their hearts, they breathed a prayer and a tender recollection: "With my heart I wish thee joy; I was once a barefoot boy."

Curiously, Marguerite began speaking about this very picture. "It's the best thing I ever did," she said, reminiscently, a wistful light in her hazel eyes. "Of course, it appealed to me then, because I was just a child and it didn't seem like work."

"But weren't you only fifteen when you did Zoe in 'The Octoroon'?—And that was an emotional rôle, quite a big one."

"Yes," she admitted, "but acting before the camera was not as hard for me as for the usual beginners, because I had posed for a great many Harrison Fisher pictures. It was a preparation for my motion picture work, altho I did not realize it at the time, but it

cured me of the inevitable self-consciousness, so that the camera had no terrors for me whatever. I had taken a great many dancing lessons, too, and that helps," pausing a moment as the rollicking strains of "I Have My Captain Working for Me Now" were wafted to our corner. "I *adore* to dance, I never tire of it, but not in noisy cabarets and restaurants—I dislike them very much, also subways and crowded streets and New York in general. I live in Jersey, and love it there and dont care who knows it. If I have a hobby, it is my home and mother and sister, and I like to change furniture about and arrange the rooms tastefully and study out color schemes for the bedrooms."

Miss Courtot doesn't think it hurts a star in the least to do serial work; in fact, she is very firm in her championship of this particular kind of picture. A serial keeps a star before the public for weeks and weeks and is the best kind of advertising, she said, frankly, and, as for the pictures, serials are as carefully produced and in some cases they are much higher class than so-called features.





One cant imagine her being wildly enthusiastic or boisterous, but in her half-shy way she is thoroly convincing

"Not since the old Kalem days have I been so happy and contented in my work. Such wonderful people to work for! Mr. Seitz, who produced the picture I just finished, was also the director and played the leading part. He is the busiest man in the profession—but he is ideal to work with and for. You know the studio is in an impossible part of the city—impossible to find a place to eat especially. But Mr. Seitz inaugurated a lunchroom and we have delicious home-cooked meals every day. We work from ten until five and until one on Saturdays—quite different from some 'studios I have met'—but Mr. Seitz is such a

(*Continued on page* 102)

A Dark Star



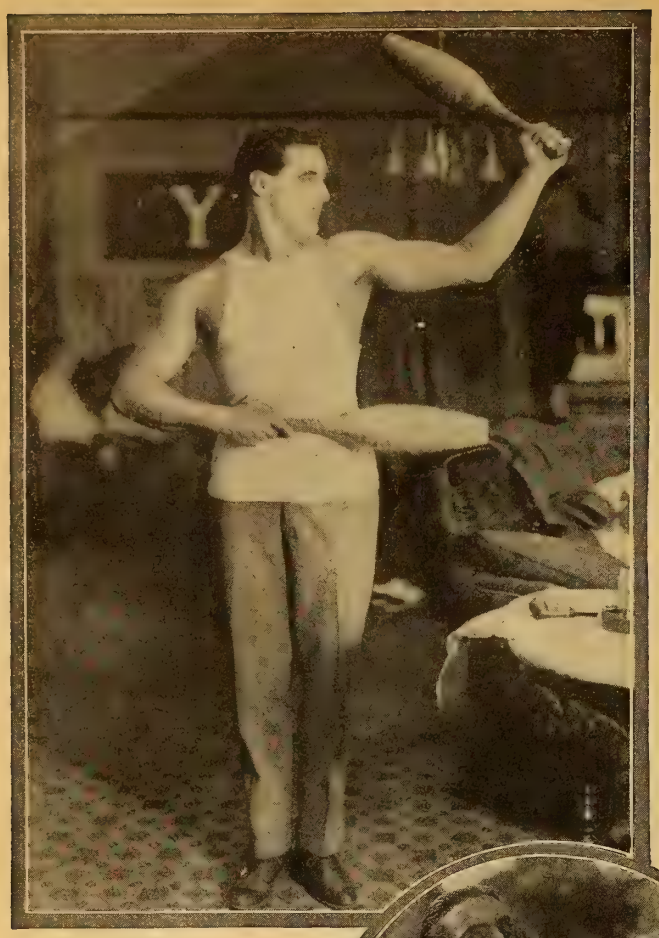
All Photos by Milligan, L. A.

"Sunshine Sammy" is what they call him in Los Angeles. His real name is Frederick Ernest Morrison, but that's such a big name for such a little boy

Sammy is going to play with Harry Pollard in a series of one-reel Rolin comedies. Perhaps you remember him when he acted as a foil for Baby Marie Osborne

Across the

By HAZE







Above, George Walsh in "The Winning Stroke"; center, a scene from "Teeth of the Tiger," and below, Dorothy Dalton in "The Market of Souls"

WE have with us this month no "Broken Blossoms," no "Miracle Man," no great addition to the sum total of our national art, the photoplay. And yet the public have found their month of silversheet offerings precisely as entertaining without the inconvenience of paying double prices. Why must all art be expensive? Did it cost more to produce a "Miracle Man" than a "Market of Souls"? I venture to say that the monetary expenditure was practically even, and yet the one is shown at double prices thruout the country, the other at the usual rate — and the poor public doesn't quite know *why* it should pay exorbitant prices for the one entertainment and not the other, any more than it understands the impossible sums charged for every other pleasure, convenience or necessity. Are the movies also in danger of becoming the playthings of profiteers . . . is it possible that the people's amusement is to become . . . a luxury? I fervently hope not . . . I hope that the artistic advancement of the photoplay will continue to be within the reach of every man's pocketbook.

THE WINNING STROKE—FOX

Here is a Fox program picture which is singularly remindful of "Brown of Harvard." The story concerns a young college athlete who incurs the wrath of the college bad man during a hazing episode. Both men fall in love with the same girl, whereupon the college bad man plans a revenge which plagiarizes Nick Carter. However, in spite of the depth of the plot against him, the athletic hero proves his innocence and is re-entered in the Yale boat race in time to stroke the crew to victory. A college story always possesses an interesting element of entertainment, but this one has been sadly marred by its director. Given a star like George Walsh, young, vigorous, athletic, good to look upon, nay handsome, the director has kept Walsh so far from the camera that we almost lose track of him. Yards of celluloid are expended upon the antics of the villain, the insipid pout of the amateurish actress who portrays the girl both college men love and upon subtitles whose chief cause for existence are to show off some one's ability to make cheap puns. This is a poor policy! For George Walsh is the most fearless stunt man in the business; he is not only pleasing to feminine eyes but to masculine ones as well. It is high time he was given a good director, half-way decent photography and a chance at the camera. A company willing to pay a star's salary shows poor headwork in hampering that star with poor productions.

THE LOTTERY MAN—FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY

Wallace Reid, handsome and debonair as always, is happily set in this play. For not only is Wanda Hawley the girl he wins against all the laws of fate and chance, but the story is such as to give Wally an opportunity to display his inimitable humor. The plot, in brief, concerns the antics of a young man who, in order to refill his empty coffers, allows a newspaper contest to be run, he being bound to marry the girl who draws the lucky coupon. Immediately after the first newspaper notice of the contest appears, Wally meets Wanda and falls desperately in love with her. The rest of the celluloid ribbon is spent in unwinding him from the clutches of many women trying to capture

Silversheet

MPSON NAYLOR

him by purchasing the lucky coupon. The whole is cleverly done and humorously enacted . . . an excellent production.

THE WOLF—VITAGRAPH

An unusual picture, inasmuch as I wanted more of it than its five reels. One reason for this unwonted state of affairs is the beautiful scenery thruout. Staged in the great outdoors of the Northwest, scene after scene of inspiring forest and hill, waterfall and valley is unwound. Here the characters, simple, vigorous folk, fight out their loves, hates and wreak their vengeance. Earle Williams, the perennial Vitagrapher, does some of the best and most animated work of his career. He is ably assisted by gentle Jane Novak and that villainous villain, Robert McKim.

THE MARKET OF SOULS—FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY

Dorothy Dalton proves her complete mastery of screen characterization in this play by chameleoning her orchidaceous self into a demure Pollyanna of the altruistic school, and her performance rings as clear and true as the chimes of St. Peter's. As for the plot, it is one of the best known of the reliable and oft-used fifty-seven varieties. The supporting cast is mediocre, with the exception of the beautifully gowned Dorcas Matthews.





Above, Alice Joyce in "The Winchester Woman"; center, Earle Williams in "The Wolf," and below, Wallace Reid in "The Lottery Man"

THE GIRL FROM OUTSIDE—GOLDWYN

All the spirit of adventure that is Rex Beach's and the perpetual lure of unknown localities are vividly presented in this picturization of Mr. Beach's story of Alaska. Clara Horton, just budding into beautiful womanhood, takes the part of the girl who is the means of reforming five rogues when she is stranded, helpless, in Alaska. Cullen Landis portrays the youngest member of this gang and holds the sympathy of the audience thruout. I felt as did the old Chinaman in the picture when he spoke, by means of subtitles, "Kid, he fliend of mine," and the Kid's picture death was a real bereavement. Greater praise than this hath no screen actor. Hallam Cooley, Sydney Ainsworth and the remainder of the cast are decidedly efficient. Reginald Barker directed and, as usual, his atmosphere is quite perfect. He arouses his audiences' emotions to either pathos or humor with a definitely

(Continued on page 109)





Dialog Imaginary

Jack the Giant Killer and Miss E. Lectric Fan

Miss E. Lectric Fan—If not too indiscreet, may I inquire why they call you Jack the Giant Killer?

Jack the Giant Killer—I presume it is because I have dared to attack giants of various kinds, while others have remained mere sheep of the herd, following the leader and thinking and acting as do the other sheep.

Miss E. Lectric Fan—Do you attack these giants merely for the sake of attacking, or have you a purpose?

Jack the Giant Killer—Always a purpose. It gives me no pleasure to slay a giant—rather pains me; but I believe it my duty to destroy everything that is false, that the good, the beautiful and the true may replace it.

Miss E. Lectric Fan—But you destroy some things which give many people pleasure.

Jack—Yes, people once were pleased to believe in ghosts, witchcraft, etc., but when the beliefs were proven false, their followers were relieved and advanced to more enlightened paths.

Miss F.—Why do you seek to destroy the photodrama?

Jack—I do not—far from it! I simply point out its weaknesses so that it may be a better institution. When we have a horse that balks or a dog that snaps, we do not destroy them, but we correct their faults, and that is just what I strive to do with that powerful giant, the Motion Picture.

Miss F.—Do you think the main fault lies in the acting?

Jack—By no means, but that is often bad enough. Some of your alleged stars are mere sparks, or burnt matches trying to imitate planets.

Miss F.—I do not understand. Please explain. Surely you do not class Fairbanks, one of our greatest stars, in that category?

Jack—Indeed, I do. I would not call a grinning clown a star, even tho he were a clever acrobat.

Miss F.—But he can act!

Jack—Can he? When? Where?

Miss F.—Have you no regard for his pleasing personality?

Jack—Pleasing personalities are pleasant things to have around, but it requires more than that to be a star. My valet has a very pleasing personality, but I would rather attend a funeral than go to a show where he was the star. Besides, the personality of Mr. Fairbanks is not at all pleasing to me, altho I can see that it must be to venturesome boys and silly girls. Also, I concede that there is a class of people who enjoy seeing a man do impossible and daring things.

Miss F.—Have you no admiration for courage, bravery, strength, agility and virility?

Jack—Yes, I am a great admirer of Jack Dempsey, and was once of James J. Corbett, but I would not go out of my way to see either of them on the screen.

Miss F.—Do you see any harm in weaving a story around the courageous deeds of an athlete?

Jack—None whatever. In fact, I believe in it, because it furnishes harmless amusement for thousands.

Miss F.—Then you favor the Fairbanks plays?

Jack—Certainly, for the same reason that I favor the Arbuckle plays. At the same time, I sigh for those who have not progressed enough to enjoy with equal keenness plays of the higher kind, just as I pity those who prefer jazz and ragtime to the symphony orchestra. I pity them because of their limitations. I pity the flea, because all he knows how to enjoy is his belly and his bed.



Miss F.—I suppose you favor such stars as Farrar.

Jack—On the contrary, I can see no excuse for putting Miss Farrar in the pictures.

Miss F.—This is amazing! Is she not a fine actress, and is she not an accomplished woman?

Jack—She may be a good actress, but she certainly is not charming on the screen, and she never quite looks the part she plays.

Miss F.—You could not have seen her Carmen and her Joan!

Jack—I did—both. In neither play did she play the part correctly, altho "Joan the Woman" was almost a great play, and Miss

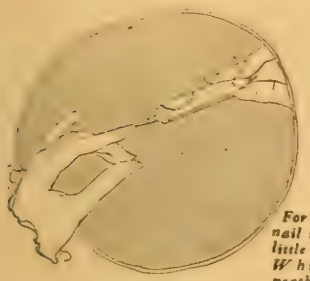
(*Continued on page 93*)

The Art of Keeping the Hands Beautiful

FOUR SIMPLE OPERATIONS EACH WEEK AND THE HANDS ARE ALWAYS PERFECTLY MANICURED

There is no beauty so easy to gain as lovely hands

LOVELY hands are becoming more and more conspicuous. They are more and more regarded as one of the chief charms of a beautiful woman. It is hard to get through a single day now, without being judged by one's hands. Badly groomed hands



For clean, white nail tips, apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails

are more harshly criticized today than ever before. And no wonder. For really lovely nails are so easy to acquire.

Here is all you have to do

Once a week, on some regular day, give fifteen or twenty minutes to this simple manicure. It will keep your nails in perfect condition. Scrub the hands and nails in warm, soapy water. Rinse and dry. Remove any dirt from underneath the nails with an orange stick. Never use a metal instrument for this.

The shape of the nails

Then file the nails to the proper length and shape, preferably oval. It is now considered very poor taste to have the nails either long or pointed.

After cutting, smooth off irregularities and shape the corners of the nails with a flexible steel file. Finish the shaping of the nails with an emery board.

Now for the cuticle. Here is where many women make mistakes. The wrong care of the cuticle causes hangnails and rough places. Never trim it with scissors. This leaves a raw edge, which gives rise to hangnails and often causes a sore or swollen rim of flesh about the nail.

Cutex was prepared to meet the need for a harmless cuticle remover.

The care of the cuticle

In the Cutex package you will find an orange stick and absorbent cotton. Wrap a little cotton around the end of the stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Then carefully work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Wipe off the dead surplus skin, and wash the hands.

Now whiten the nail tips

Apply Cutex Nail White directly from the tube underneath the nails. Spread it under evenly and remove any surplus cream with an orange stick. Cutex Nail White will remove all discolorations from underneath the nails.

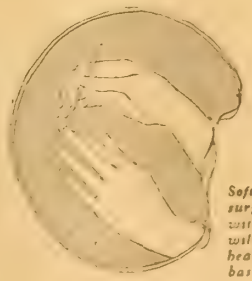
A jewel-like gloss

Cutex Cake Polish rubbed on the palm of the hand and passed over the nails gives them a quick, waterproof polish. If you wish an especially brilliant finish, apply Cutex Paste Polish first, then the Cutex Cake Polish. After washing, restore the polish by rubbing the nails lightly over the palm of the hand.

If your cuticle has become sore and tender from cutting, apply Cutex Cold Cream. Or if your cuticle has the tendency to become dry and harsh, apply cold cream just before going to bed.

Give your nails this Cutex manicure regularly. Do not expect your hands to stay well-groomed with irregular care.

You can get Cutex in any drug or department store in the United States, Canada and England.



Soften and remove surplus cuticle with Cutex. It will leave a thin, beautiful nail base



If you want a brilliant, lasting polish, use Cutex Paste Polish first, then Cutex Cake Polish

A complete manicure set for only 20 cents

Mail this coupon below with 20 cents and we will send you a complete Midget Manicure Set. It contains small sizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail Polish, Pink Paste Polish and Cuticle Comfort, together with orange stick and emery boards. Enough of each to give you at least six manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 802, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.



Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream are each 35 cents. The Cuticle Remover comes also in 65 cent bottles

MAIL THIS COUPON AND TWO DIMES TODAY

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Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

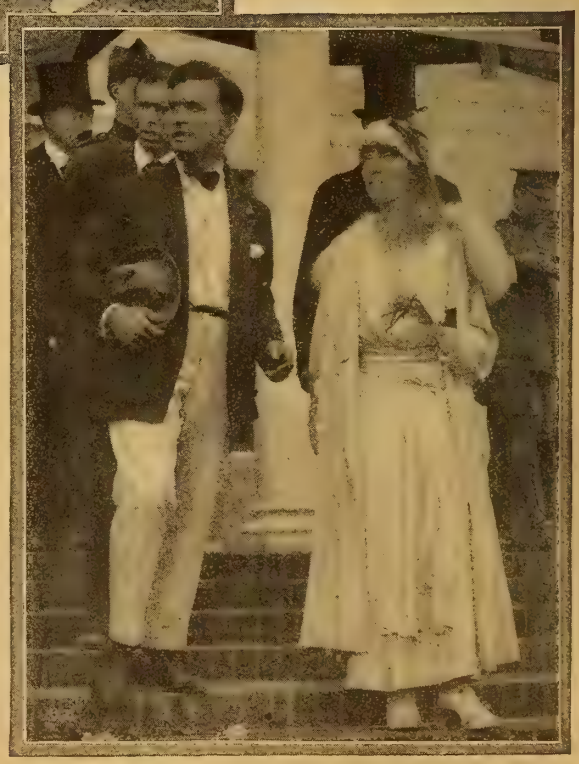
By SALLY ROBERTS



Photo by Milligan, L. A.



Above, Mildred Harris Chaplin and Flight Lieutenant E. E. Harmon before taking a flight in his machine; center, Douglas MacLean and Doris May snapped on the beach, and below, Thomas Ince conducting the Queen of the Belgians about Inceville



An accident to my frock one day took me into ZaSu Pitts' dressing room. It was all the fault of a stupid auto—but ZaSu had a pile-driver needle and No. 100 black thread, so we chatted comfortably while repairing the damage. "I hope this place is clean enough," she murmured, "I just swept it."

"You swept it?" I murmured. "How is that—do starward-bound young ladies usually care for their own rooms?"

"If I didn't sweep it, it wouldn't be swept," answered the lively young person with the deep dimple in her cheeks and the droopy little mouth. Everything was in prim order, a lidless suit-box was utilized as a radiator back of the electric bulb, and the wire which extended across the dressing-table heated an electric iron with a curling iron of ten-cent size plunged beneath it for ready use.

Noting my survey, ZaSu said, "Yes, I press things out in between scenes, hair-ribbons and other trifles, not to mention crushed waists—and my hair is *always* out of curl, so every time I find a minute off, I dash in and use the hot iron. You see, the room keeps warm this way during the day, but when I arrive here in the morning the place is like a refrigerator for the first hour."

Gray walls look uncompromisingly blank in this little den. ZaSu spoke again. "I have 'em gray—they seem to suit me as an environment—sortuva background for my moodiness, I guess. I think of a gray ocean, storm-tossed, a gray and cloudy sky, and a gray eagle soaring in the heights!"

Can you imagine anything more original? Miss Pitts is always full of peculiar inspirations, and writes rhymes that convulse the folks at Brentwood. She can create witticisms while wearing a lachrymose countenance. She is playing opposite Edwin Stevens and Maym Kelso, whom I saw emoting all over the stages on Fountain Street, Hollywood.

"I hate narrow skirts," announced Miss Pitts with her usual emphasis, as I thankfully returned her tools. "Just bought two of the new frocks with wide, short skirts—oh, not short enough to startle anybody, but sorta kiddishly comfortable. They're coming back, didja know that? I hope they begin to wear kilts and box-plaits again."

And we have some more weddings, but that is natural with the coming of October and chrysanthemums. Rodolfo Valentino, the handsome character lead, was introduced to Jean Acker, of the Metro studio, by Miss Pauline Frederick, at a dinner party given by "Polly" in September. The young folks were seen together a great deal, and one fair



The appeal of beauty

WHAT person lives who is not attracted by beauty—beauty of face, beauty of voice, beauty of complexion?

Not all can have beautiful features, nor can all have beautiful voices, but a beautiful complexion depends largely upon the care that is given to it.

Don't neglect those ugly little blemishes, that excessive oiliness, those enlarged pores. Resinol Soap contains just the necessary requisites to aid in overcoming these defects. It is pure, mild and cleansing.

Compounded with the greatest care, it cannot harm the most delicate skin, yet it usually gets right at the root of the compexion trouble, and aids in obtaining the desired beauty of skin.

RESINOL SOAP FOR THE HAIR HELPS TO GIVE IT LUSTER, AND TO PROMOTE THE HEALTH OF THE SCALP.



Resinol Soap

RESINOL SHAVING STICK gives to men a real pleasure in the daily shave.



Above, Peggy Hyland and two members of her stray animal colony on the porch of her Hollywood bungalow, and below, from left to right, Lillian Gish, Mother Gish, Dorothy Gish and Constance Talmadge when they arrived in New York on their trip East



afternoon while riding at Beverly Hills, Mr. Valentino suggested an elopement to Santa Ana, famous Gretna Green of the West. Miss Acker wasn't strong for that, because both had been invited to a big frolic at Maxwell Karger's home that evening, and she didn't care to miss the fun. So after consultation with the studio head, they rushed into Los Angeles via machine, got an "after hours" special license, engaged a minister and were married, to the surprise of the guests assembled, right at Mr. Karger's home. They're living at the Hollywood Hotel temporarily.

Edna Mae Cooper, of Lasky studio, married Karl Brown, the cameraman and experimental photographer, having for her attendants Lois Wilson, maid of honor, and Wanda Hawley, matron of honor. They are to occupy a home on Sunset Boulevard and are spending odd moments selecting furniture. Miss Cooper had a good part in "Old Wives for New"—remember?

Speculation is strong as to the outcome of the venture entered upon by J. Warren Kerrigan. You know, perhaps, that he adopted a Russian—or was it Polish?—lad, who had just arrived after a journey of thousands of miles. Mr. Kerrigan made negotiations thru the French society and the little chap of ten was promptly forwarded. Mrs. Sarah Kerrigan, Jack's mother, having raised about ten of her own youngsters, doesn't mind playing grandmother—even to a boy who cant speak or understand an English phrase. Having been in the *silent* for so long, doubtlessly Jack can do sign language while he plays the *poppa* act.

At the first night's performance of "The Thunderbolt," with Katherine McDonald, while a huge double line extended down Broadway awaiting entrance to the second performance, Miss McDonald alighted from a friend's auto and hurried into Tally's Theaater. She was wearing a wonderful gray fur coat, a blue and silver toque, and was seated in a loge decorated with yellow chrysanthemums. Instead of making a speech or stage

(*Continued on page* 108)

A few simple rules that bring Loveliness

Occasionally you meet girls who are beautiful without effort; but most lovely people are lovely because *they know the rules*. Here are a few simple ones, approved by skin specialists, which every woman would do well to follow.



DO you want to know why your skin is not always clear? Look at the cloth after cleansing your face with a cream prepared especially for cleansing. The dust will make you realize that a dull looking skin is often nothing more or less than a skin not thoroughly cleansed.

The only means of keeping the skin clear of the dust that gets lodged deep within its pores is the cold cream bath. For this, Vanishing Cream will not do, for Vanishing Cream has no oil. At night cleanse the skin with Pond's *Cold* Cream. The formula for this cream was especially worked out to supply just the amount of oil to give it the highest cleansing power.

Free sample tubes—mail this coupon

Pond's Extract Co., 137-D Hudson St., N. Y.

Please send me, free, the items checked:

- Sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream.
- Sample of Pond's Cold Cream.

Instead of the free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:

- A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream.
- A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

WHEN you powder, do it to *last*. Powdering in public is an admission that you are uneasy about your appearance.

The only way to make powder *stay* on is—*not* to put on an excessive amount—but to begin with the right powder base.

Never use a cold cream for a powder base. It is too oily. The right powder base is a greaseless, disappearing cream. Take just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on your finger tips. Rub it lightly into your face. Instantly it disappears, leaving your skin smoother. Now powder as usual. Notice how smoothly the powder goes on—how natural it looks. You will find that it will stay on two or three times as long as ever before. You need never again fear a shiny face.



CHAPPING is a sign of carelessness. So is roughness. You can keep your skin as smooth as rose leaves all winter long. Always, before going out, smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into your face and hands. It softens the skin instantly, so that the cold cannot do it the least harm. It is a good idea to carry a tube of it right in your hand bag so that immediately before and after skating or motoring you can soften your hands and face with it. In this way the delicate texture of the finest skin will never suffer from exposure.



Why your skin needs two creams

ONE without any oil, for daytime and evening needs—Pond's *Vanishing* Cream. It will not reappear in a shine.

One with an oil base, for cleansing and massage—Pond's *Cold* Cream. It has just the amount of oil that the skin needs.

Neither of these creams will encourage the growth of hair on the face.

Get a jar or tube of each cream today at any drug or department store. You will realize for the first time how lovely your skin can be.

Catch the little lines before they grow big

YOU can keep your face free of the wretched little lines that *will* keep starting. Once a week iron out these lines. Massage from the center of the face outwards and upwards with Pond's Cold Cream. If your skin has a tendency to be rough and dry, leave a little of the cream on your face over night. Pond's Cold Cream has just the smoothness and body required for a perfect massage cream.



POND'S
Cold Cream &
Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without any oil



Henry Kolker is producing for Brentwood, a big American society drama in which Betty Blythe and Mahlon Hamilton, known as the Daddy Long Legs of picture fame, are the leads.

Thomas Meighan has signed a long-term contract as a featured player in leading male rôles in Cecil B. De Mille's productions.

Martha Mansfield is playing opposite John Barrymore in the screen version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Mae Murray has signed with International Film Company to appear in Cosmopolitan productions. Robert Z. Leonard will direct her.

Lloyd Bacon, who supports Tom Mix in "The Feud," is a son of Frank Bacon, star of New York's great stage success, "Lightning."

Pearl White entertained thirty children from the Otille orphan asylum at Jamaica, Long Island, at her home recently. As one of the orphans graphically explained, they all, Miss White included, had "a fierce good time."

Zasu Pitts has stolen her way to stardom. Her coming out picture, directed by Claude Mitchell, is "Where There's a Will."

Stella Mayhew, popular stage comedienne, announces the formation of her own company to produce two-reel comedies.

Marguerite Courtot is playing the leading woman in another serial picture, in which George B. Seitz will again appear in the triple rôle of producer, director and star.

Mae Marsh will return to the screen in a series of big special pictures to be released by Robertson-Cole.

Picture fans will welcome the return of **Edith Storey** to the screen after a two years' absence. Her first starring vehicle is called "The Golden Hope."

Sessue Hayakawa will be seen in an unusual rôle in his latest picture, "The Illustrious Prince." In this story from the pen of Phillips Oppenheim, the Japanese star portrays a heavy dramatic part.

Emma Dunn, who scored a phenomenal success in the stage production of "Old Lady 31," has been engaged to play the rôle she originated on the stage in the film version to be produced by Metro.



Photo by Moffett

ANNE LUTHER

Benny Leonard, lightweight champion of the world, has cast his hat in the pictorial ring and will appear in a fifteen-serial episode. The serial will be produced by Ascher Enterprises.

Cissy Fitzgerald, the noted comedienne, is starring in a series of two-reel comedies, released by United Pictures.

Kathleen Kerrigan, noted Shakespearean actress and sister of J. Warren Kerrigan, will appear in a picturization "The Walk-Offs," starring May Allison.

As the result of an essay contest conducted by Captain Bruce Bairnsfeather, celebrated cartoonist, humorist, and editor of "Fragments," published in England, **Douglas Fairbanks** was chosen as the most popular screen personage in the United Kingdom.

Edith Taliaferro has taken advantage of a woman's privilege and changed her mind. She vowed she would not appear again in a photoplay, but picture fans are to have the pleasure of seeing her in the romantic drama, "Who's Your Brother?"

Pearl Doles Bell, a Brooklyn woman of considerable literary attainment, has received a tidy sum from Fox Film Corporation for a circus story, "Her Elephant Man," in which Shirley Mason will be starred.

Little **Eva Novak,** who graduated from the ticket office of a theater to the screen, is playing opposite Tom Mix in "The Feud."

Charles Ray, directed by Jerry Storm and supported by Winifred Westover, is making another of his characteristic productions called, "Watch Out, William."

Edward Jose, who recently formed his own company, has been for the present released from that agreement, to direct Anita Stewart in her next First National Picture. The production will be made on the coast.

The National Juvenile Motion Picture League has given the Fox production of "Evangeline" unqualified indorsement as a screen entertainment for Young America. The League says this picture is not only suitable, but is one every child should see.

Sessue Hayakawa, Edith Storey, also **Carter De Haven,** are working the old Griffith studios in Hollywood, Cal.

Zena Keefe, who played opposite Owen Moore, in "Piccadilly Jim," is now playing opposite Eugene O'Brien, in "His Wife's Money."

Seena Owen is in the East and at work on "The Woman Hater," Owen Moore's next Selznick production.

Doris Keane has signed a contract with D. W. Griffith and will give to the screen in "Romance" the charming figure of the Italian opera singer that has, thru her efforts, become almost a classic on the stage.

When the Prince of Wales visited New York recently, he was entertained by William Fox, president of Fox Film Corporation, in the famous old Academy of Music, where his grandfather, the late Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, was féted by the City of New York in 1860. The Prince laughed at and applauded the pictures, taking a keen interest in pictures of himself which were screened in a special showing made by Fox News.

Florence Turner is Sessue Hayakawa's leading woman in the picture just being started by the Japanese star.

Ray Smallwood, who was promoted to directorship only a few months ago, has made such rapid strides, that he has already been chosen to direct Metro's biggest star, Nazimova.

Fatty Arbuckle has deserted the coast temporarily and will make a production or two in the East. In fact, he says that if he likes New York, he may stay for good and all.

Eva Tanguay, who doesn't care, is to be starred in a series of stories written especially for her. It is said that the first of the series for the cyclonic comedienne will be appropriately titled, "I Dont Care."

William Faversham's first screen production will be "The Man Who Lost Himself." George Baker who directed Nazimova in "Revelation," will direct and Hedda Hopper plays a leading part.

Louis B. Mayor has purchased from William Selig, the fifteen-episode serial now under way, featuring **Juanita Hansen,** and will put it out under his own name, after which Miss Hansen will settle in New York to be featured in serials by Pathé.

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LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Marguerite Snow, otherwise known as Mrs. James Cruze and a star of considerable magnitude a few years ago, has returned to the screen in a picture for Universal.

Nazimova will enact the rôle of a temple dancer in a screen version of "Stronger Than Death," one of I. A. R. Wylie's novels of life in India. The story was adapted to the screen by Charles Brayant and directed by him and Herbert Blache.

Wesley Barry, the boy actor, is now in the same class with Nazimova and other of the stars. A song entitled "Freckles" and dedicated to the lad, has just been turned out by Leo Feist.

An actor has sued Douglas Fairbanks for $100,000, because he alleges that the athletic actor mussed him up in play, or something. Anyhow, you are really not in style nowadays unless you have been sued for something.

Patsey De Forest, best remembered for her work in Vitagraph "Big V" comedies and her splendid portrayals in O. Henry stories, is among recent Los Angeles arrivals and giving her attention to several flattering screen offers.

J. Rufus Wallingford, famous in story and on the stage, and his almost equally well-known side partner, "Blackie" Daw, are to make their appearance on the screen in a Vitagraph series of pictures, showing new and recent exploits of the two famous characters, based on hitherto unpublished stories written by George Randolph Chester.

For the first time on any screen, **William Wallace Reid, Jr.,** son of his dad, will make his appearance in "The Bear Trap," a continuation of the adventure of Toodles Walden et al. who appeared in "The Roaring Road." William Wallace, Jr., who is two and a half years of age, is to play Toodles, Jr.

Thomas Meighan's first starring vehicle for Famous Players-Lasky Corporation will, in all probability, be Edward Peple's "The Prince Chap," which Mr. Meighan himself selected.

Myrtle Stedman, who portrayed the rôle of Cherry Malotte in "The Silver Horde," is now at work with Louise Glaum in C. Gardner Sullivan's "Sex."

James L. Crane changes his nationality every time he makes a new picture. In "The Misleading Widow" he was an American officer, in "Sadie Love" he was an Italian prince, and in "Wanted—A Husband" he will be seen as an Englishman.

A Japanese temple seventy feet high and a typical street of Nippon were constructed on the grounds of the Metro studios in Hollywood, Cal., for the production of "The Willow Tree," the Cohan and Harris fantasy, in which Viola Dana is starred.

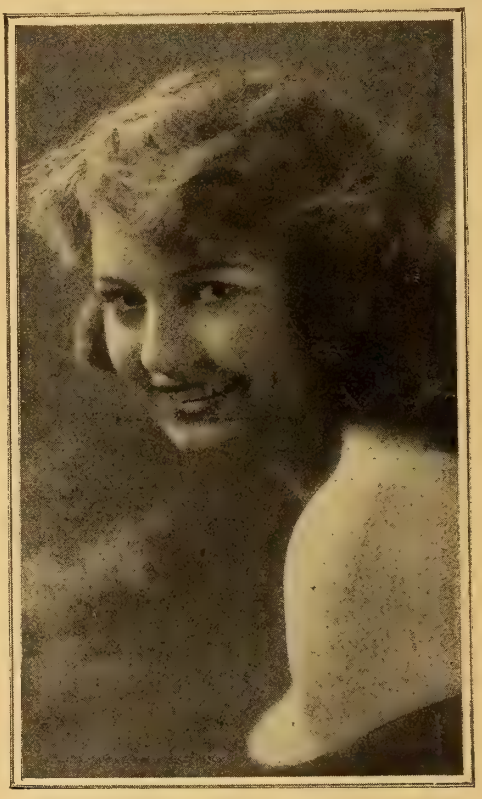
Dustin Farnum has a new speed boat, the "Miss Los Angeles." During the filming of "The Corsican Brothers," "Dusty" managed to get a bit of time off and won six out of eight prizes offered in a motor boat racing contest in Los Angeles harbor.

Leah Baird, starring in Artco-Hodkinson Specials, has achieved the distinction of having the newly reconstructed studios at Cliffside, N. J., named after her.

Following the completion of "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," **Jack Pickford** will begin work in "A Double-Dyed Deceiver," an O. Henry story, which supplies an abundance of dramatic action centering around a character ideally suited to the age and personality of Pickford.

Frankie Lee, prominent in the year's sensation, "The Miracle Man," will appear with Mary Miles Minter in her second Realart production, "Judy of Rogue's Harbor."

Taylor Holmes, the comedian, will produce his own pictures. Mr. Holmes has acquired the screen rights to three stage farce-comedy successes, namely: "Nothing but the Truth," "The Very Idea" and "Nothing but Lies."



DORIS KENYON

Benny Alexander, the wonderful child actor of "Hearts of the World" and in "The Turn of the Road," is appearing in an important juvenile rôle in "The Triflers," a comedy-drama of modern life produced by Universal.

Barbara Castleton protests against the announcement that she has a "part" in Gertrude Atherton's "Tower of Ivory," for in the woman she is playing there are four distinct characterizations to be made—a factory girl, a dancing girl, a pampered pet, and a grand opera singer.

Jack Gilbert has a prominent part in Mary Pickford's third picture for First National, "Heart of the Hills."

Herbert Rawlinson is engaged in filming twenty two-reel features which are based on stories from Chief Flynn of the United States Secret Service, scenarioized by Wilson Minzer and produced by Oliver Films.

Frances Marian, noted scenario writer, was married recently to Lieutenant Frederick Thompson, whom she met while in France, altho she had known him previously in the States.

Motion pictures played a big part in New York's Red Cross Christmas Seal campaign this year. Selznick contributed an electric sign; slides giving facts in the fight on tuberculosis were distributed by Famous Players-Lasky, and Pathé included a Christmas Seal picture in its review.

Every star has her following of "fans," but not every one receives the genuine article. In "The Third Generation," Betty Blythe will use a fan, a rare creation of peacock plumage with inlaid holder. It came from a South American fan to whom she had sent a signed portrait. Accompanying it was a peacock feather head-dress.

Lloyd Hughes has been promoted to the star class, having signed a contract with Thomas H. Ince, covering a period of five years.

Elsie Ferguson will reappear on the dramatic stage this year. Miss Ferguson will make her reappearance under the Charles Frohman management, and it may be noted that it was under the direction of the late Charles Frohman, in association with Klaw & Erlanger, that Miss Ferguson, in "Outcast," won the greatest triumph of her stage career.

Leatrice Joy is leading woman for Bert Lytell in the picturization of Sir Gilbert Parker's celebrated novel "The Right of Way."

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The Answer Man



This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. **If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.**

WE'RE back once more again, but if the printers' strike keeps up you might be reading the February issue on the Fourth of July. Please dont be cross with me if your answers do not appear this time. Some day we hope to be straightened out.

LUCYLE J. B.—Yours was very interesting. So you like Dorothy Gish's type of comedy. Lillian, Dorothy and Mrs. Gish were in to see us, and they dined at our Bohemian Lunch Room. Lovely people, those Gishes.

MARIE B.—The Prince of Wales' first name is Albert Edward. The Puritans who wore short hair were termed Roundheads. William Hart in "John Petticoats," in which he wears a full dress. Quite classy, too.

IDA NEIL.—*Vous verrons.* No, Eugene O'Brien did not play in "Panthea" opposite Norma Talmadge. Earle Foxe and Rogers Lytton did. No, I prefer you to write in English. I dont mind the French or Spanish, the only trouble is that I cant read it.

SOUTHERN GAL.—Douglas Fairbanks in the United Artists Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York, but that is only where the pictures are released to the exhibitor. His last, at this writing, "When the Clouds Roll By." But if you smile with your eyes, I can tell whether you are sincere, but not with the lips. Yes to Nazimova. Write again.

A FRESHMAN.—Well, it might take a lot of courage for a freshman to write me, but wait until you get to be a soph and then you'll be too proud. You think I am one grand mystery. Let it be ever thus!

CONSTANT READER.—I'm glad of that, but please sign your name next time. She is the same old Blanche Sweet.

NOTE.—Glad to hear of your spirit. When a man gets perfectly contented, he and a clam are first cousins. We'll sell it to you for 25c.

ELIZABETH.—No indeed, the thousands of letters I receive are finally packed away in storage, except a few which are torn up. No, I never married. When I was thirty-five I fell in love with a little girl five years of age. Had I married her I would have been seven times as old as she. If I had lived five years with her she would have been ten and I forty—four times as old as she. Had I lived with her twenty years longer she would have been thirty and I sixty—I would have been only twice as old as she. By now she would be nearly fifty and I would not be nearly twice as old as she and in fifty or sixty years she might catch up to me entirely. Sorry now I didn't try it.

GAY GROUP.—Are you really serious when you ask such questions as "Has William Farnum false teeth?" and "Has Constance Talmadge three warts on her chin?" Richard Barthelmess is 24. You say that Bill Hart is a son-of-a-gun with a horse-pistol. If a son-of-a-gun he probably uses a Colt.

G.O.D.—Join one of the correspondence clubs.

HERBERT WORSHIPPER.—You tell me that Dickens was the greatest writer, because while Warren wrote "Now and Then," and Bulwer wrote "Night and Morning," Dickens wrote "All the Year Round." Marvelous! So you are gone on H. E. Herbert.

FORD STERLING.—You boys must have a gay old time. You say you like actresses, because they all look like pictures. Yes, lots of them look like hand painted portraits. Hobart Henley directed Mrs. Sidney Drew in "The Gay Old Dog."

ETHEL N.P.O.—Search me! I haven't any late information on what the companies want in the line of scenarios. They are at present scouring libraries for plots, and a great many stage plays are being done.

ALICE M.—Dancing was invented by the Cretans in 1534 B. C., who dwelt on the Island of Crete in the Mediterranean Sea. Chester Barnett and Betty Hilburn in "Girl of the Sea." Evelyn Greeley in "Me and Captain Kidd."

CLEOPATSY.—You certainly pick out some hifalutin names for yourself. Kate Price with Fox. Fay Tincher is in Los Angeles. You believe that I have a wife and that she keeps a cat and a parrot and that her hair is dyed. No, 'tis false!

MISS CURIOSITY SHOP.—*We are in anima vili.* My child, tears and sorrow and losses are a part of what must be experienced in this present state of life. Norma Talmadge in "The Virtuous Vamp." Virginia is known as the mother of presidents, having produced seven.

RICHARD M.—Hello, Dick. I suppose she will. Yes, Alma Rubens. Bob Walker in "The Cossack's Whip." Wasn't at all disappointed to hear from you. Oh, yes, I do all my work by lamplight, even as Demosthenes.

TESSIE N.—Thank you for the drawing. Mighty clever. Bobby Connelly, I believe, is living in Brooklyn, and Anita Stewart is married. Afraid you have the wrong meaning there. Argus-eyed means crafty, watchful. Argus had a hundred eyes; the jealous Juno put him on detective duty over Io.

HOPING FOR THE BEST.—I'm with you. Shake! I am sorry, but I have no ins and outs of Buster Keaton.

JUST SEVENTEEN.—Yes, a lot of the players are East now, Mary Pickford, Earle Williams, Constance and Norma Talmadge, Dorothy and Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess, etc. You ask why I dont get on a newspaper and get a regular salary. Nonsense! Nine dollars a week's 'nuff for any unmarried man who has plenty of generous friends.

KATHERINE L.—The expression, "Tune the old cow died of," is a song of a man having nothing with which to feed his cow, sings to her of the grass which is to grow. The expression is also used for a worn-out, tiresome tune. Priscilla Dean married Eddie Rickenbacker and Bert Lytell is not married.

A SCRIBE.—No, I am not Bob Wagner, whoever he may be. *Hoc age.* You write a very clever letter.

(*Continued on page 90*)

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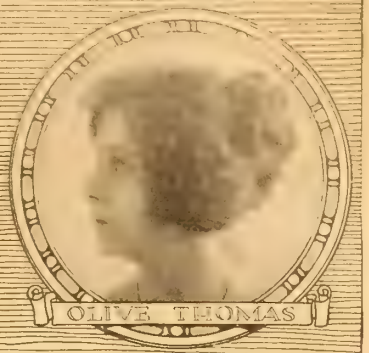
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The Answer Man

WALLY REID FAN.—Alma Hanlon and Leo Delaney had the leads in "Pride and the Devils." Ruth Roland is about 23 years. Oh, I dont mind the cold weather, my whiskers are as good as any white fox scarf. But I say, the automobile is the rich man's wine and the poor man's chaser.

MARJORIE A.—You want to know about Earle Williams' pets. I should imagine his wife is his best. You say, "Tell me about Charlie Chaplin." Well, that gives me plenty of latitude, so I'll say a lot. He's it!

MERRIL LE V.—Douglas Fairbanks is in Los Angeles now.

MARIE B.—You say that blacksmiths are the most wicked of persons because they forge and steel daily. Say, when you are going to spring anything like this, give me notice, please—it is a terrible shock on my system. Yes, I think it is wrong. Run in again.

AN ITALIAN STAR.—I would advise, by all means, that you read Dr. Henry Van Dyke's "Little Rivers" and "Fisherman's Luck," also read Patent Office record of an invention of a stretchable-rubber-fish; warranted to fit any fish story. You refer to Marguerite Snow.

IRIS I.—You are wrong when you surmise that I attend masquerade balls. I dont. You say that I ought to attend, because I wont have to wear a mask. Kind madam, I thank you. I really dont know to whom to refer you, perhaps you mean Eugene O'Brien.

R. L. W.—My dear friend: I appreciate you alright, but your terminal facilities are sadly in need of repair. If you cant express your sentiments send them by freight. Sessue Hayakawa is 30 years of age, also W. J. Kerrigan.

M. E. GISBORNE.—Have mailed the letters you sent me to the various players, but I do wish you would enclose sufficient stamps, hereafter. Also, please do your own licking.

A. W. B.—You are right about the Moore boys. They are in New York now. Mary Moore was their sister. Irving Cummings, you mean. Marin Sais is back in pictures. James Kirkwood is directing. Billy Quirk doesn't seem to be playing, just now. Yours was a peach.

CRICHTON.—Elsie Ferguson has no children.

OMAR.—Send along another copy. That's good stuff. You say that my wit and humor is clever, but all of it is not original. It is a wise joke that knows its own father. You refer to Mae Marsh in "Spotlight Sadie."

DINTY.—No, I dont mind doing a good turn for anyone, as long as it is appreciated. Gratitude is the music of the heart, when its chords are swept by the breezes of kindness. Marshall Neilan was Jimmie and Mahlon Hamilton was Jarvis.

WEST VIRGINIA.—It was at Fort Sumter, where the first sounds of the cannon's thunder were heard in the Civil War. I remember well. Enid Bennett and Niles Welch in "Stepping Out." I dont know from where. Your stuff was great. Write me again.

BETTY JAMES.—Hello, Betsy. Well, it's like this, I am too honest to steal, too proud to beg, so I get trusted. It takes me just two months to save up to buy one shoe. Madge Kennedy in "Strictly Confidential."

PICKLED OLIVE.—You say you find real pleasure in writing to me. I am glad I can afford you that little pleasure. Yes, to the Alice Brady question. You're right, most pretty men are married. Poor dears. Gladys Brockwell in "Thieves."

NORMA TALMADGE ADMIRER.—I am surprised at you. You say, "I am a constant reader of the Motion Picture Magazine, but it is only about three months since I started to read your department. I just hate to admit the fact, that I've always left it out, until one day I didn't have anything on hand to read, so I took up that month's issue and turned to your department, saying to myself, that I would see what you have to say, when lo and behold. I found it so interesting that I read it all and just craved for some more." Now, just think of all you have missed. Norma is married, Constance and Natalie are not.

MOONEY.—Olive Thomas was Tessa and Robert Ellis was Billy in "The Spite Bride" (Selznick). Maude Adams has never been in pictures. Her real name was Maude Kisdadden.

TILDY WINKS.—Why dont you write to me?

GLORIA C.—There's no telling.

LORENA M.—I certainly did laugh, when I read yours. Bluebird was a wife-killing tyrant in a nursery story. So you have got me wrong. Anna Little, Tom Forman, Wanda Hawley and Robert Warwick in "Told in the Hills."

JUNE ROSE.—But dont you know that in teaching others, you learn yourself? I think you ought to be more brief and explicit. Simplicity is an exact medium, between too little and too much. Please dont ask me, if you should marry such and such a chap I am not a fortune teller, and from the looks of my bank account, not even a fortune hunter.

ROMANTIC RITA.—Every time I read your letters, they make me think I need quinine. Jack Pickford is playing for Goldwyn. Mary has no children. Well, some players make up for the street—Madame Petrova uses make-up on the street, whereas Lillian Gish does not.

PINK CHINK.—Diet and exercise, my child. Obesity is simply Nature's unnatural padding, and while some look on it as comedy, many who are thus afflicted look on it as tragedy. What was the name of the film, please? Richard Barthelmess was born in New York City, 1895. He has dark hair and brown eyes. I dont think Douglas Fairbanks ever played in the same picture with George Walsh.

LUNA TICK.—You say you have never written me before, and are going to make up for lost time, now. That's right. Miss Tick, lay on. Oh, yes, I know Blanche McGarity, Virginia Brown and Anetha Getwell, very well. I saw all the beauties, when they were here.

J. M. L., CHICAGO.—Your theory about the mosquito is that he has humanity stung, going and coming. Aren't you a trifle late with this alleged joke? You want more information about Carlyle Blackwell, do you? Cleopatra's needles were not erected by her, neither do they commemorate any event in her history. They were set up by Rameses the Great.

MARY L.—You ask, if it would be wise for you to enter the movies. It might be otherwise. Why, Kitty Gordon was born in England. This doesn't appear on my card index, but if you will try hot sharp vinegar, it will remove paint from window glass. You're welcome. Any little thing like that you want to know, I'm right there.

EARLE WILLIAMS ADMIRER.—Yes, he is East. There is an Egyptian obelisk in Central Park, New York, that was dedicated to the sun god, as most Egyptian gods were identified with the sun. Kenneth Harlan played in "The Trembling Hour."

LOS TERREMOTOS.—You bet, I'm always glad to hear from the Spanish girls. Quarantine signifies 40 days. It was once applied to the period which persons coming from infected countries were obliged to wait on board ship before they were allowed to land. J. W. Johnston played in "Twin Pawns" with Mae Murray.

RUTH, THE GLAD GIRL.—Yes, Harry Poland is married to Marguerite Fisher, and they are happily married. But dont search these columns for jokes. I dont believe in them. Besides, the chestnut season has passed. Mark Twain says that there are only thirteen original jokes, and I used them up long ago.

SPOONER.—Yours was some letter, but dont break a lady's heart just for practice. Some people are good because it comes high to be otherwise. You refer to Mabel Normand as being pigeon-toed.

ANNA R.—Certainly, I take baths and I believe in them. Everybody should take a bath, at least once a year, oftener if convenient. There is no danger, whatever. Some people fear baths because, since we are made of dust, they are afraid they will turn to mud. Paul Panzer played with Edith Taliaferro in "Who's Your Brother?"

(*Continued on page 92*)



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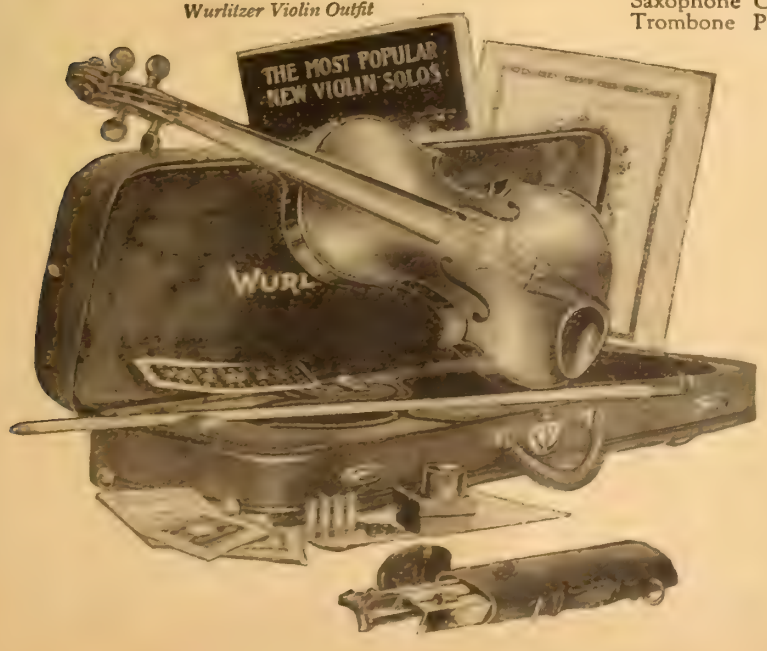
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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 90)

Mrs. M. N. S.—I'll tell you about Harrison Ford later.

Sylvia R.—Your letter was good enough to print, too—you say, "I am just a recent subscriber to the Motion Picture Magazine, but after I had received my first copy I vowed to be a subscriber for life, that is, if my finances hold out and if the market reports for my dad's corn crop are always as good as they are this year." Here's hoping for the corn crop! Walt Whitman played in "When Bearcat Went Dry." And believe me, Bearcat wasn't the only place that went dry.

A. T. B.—Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis, and he has played for Selig, Vitagraph, Universal, D. W. Griffith and now with Paramount. He also plays the violin, and he weighs 185, stands 6 feet, has brown hair and blue eyes.

Raffles, Wheeling.—No, I have never been there. You say, Wheeling is too slow to catch a cold in winter. Your letter was very pathetic. I want to hear from you often.

Grey Eyes.—No, you are not too young to write. I write mostly at night. A number of the greatest writers and poets had eccentric habits, but I have none. LaSage, author of "Gil Blas," could work only when the sun was shining; while Eugene Sue and Alfred de Musset closed their shutters in daylight, to write by candlelight, and make night of day. Bryant Washburn in "Why Smith Left Home."

Little Pollo.—You want to see Billie Burke and Wallace Reid play together. "Carpe Diem Fugit Hora" means use the day, time flies; and "Vita Brevis Ars Longa" means life is short, art is long. Nigel Barrie played in "Widow by Proxy." Stop, you're teasing me—I'm too old, and besides, I'm not that kind *of* a chap.

Charlotte C.—*It's* a pleasure, I assure you. Elliott Dexter was born in Houston, Texas. Married to Marie Doro at present. You should put a brake on your temper. A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, makes beauty attractive, knowledge delightful and wit good-natured.

Arthur P.—You want Thomas Edison's picture on our front cover. We did use his picture on our very first cover, January, 1911. June Elvidge and Earle Metcalf in "A Woman of Lies" (World). No, Earle Metcalf has never been over to see us, but we are living in hopes.

Dollie B.—Well, Diogenes and Seneca were two of the greatest philosophers. One lived in a palace and the other in a tub, while I live in a hall room. You think that Wallace Reid is such a sissy and so conceited. Say not so! And you think that Niles Welch and Mahlon Hamilton are perfectly wonderful when it comes to looks. Miriam Cooper with Fox.

Etta G.; Billy; Mildred S.; Fern W.; May A. C.; and Marguerite O'D.—Yours have been answered up above. So turn your orbs skyward and you'll find what you want.

Omar.—No, Art Acord is not dead. I am indeed glad to be a Scroller. Charles Ray in "Crooked Straight." You're right; with coal and sugar so high, what is one going to do for fuel?

Gwendolyn.—How's my little Hawaiian maid? You like Ruth Roland, very much, and you think Peggy O'Dare is beautiful. No, Corinne Griffith is no relation to David Wark Griffith. In name only. Thanks, send it along.

The Gal From Cal.—Said he with rising eyelids,—said he, said he; oh, what did he say, anyway? You say, "Your spicy answers remind one of jolly youth, with the wit of yesterday, so, Answer Man, bushy-haired or bald, you surely are a shining light, and to us movie fans a delight!" Hooray! Darrell Foss, married. Well? David Powell is with Paramount. Didn't you like him in "The Counterfeiter"?

Elsie and Elise.—Well, there's a first time for everything, even writing to me. Lots of women love to act "kittenish," but they are in mortal dread of a mouse. Not so insignificant, Ireland, with about 4,500,000 people, and not all green. You want more about the Talmadge girls. It shall be did—both you and they are entitled to it.

E. F., Brooklyn.—Thank you. You say I am as wise as the Creator. No, child, not quite. I have a large wart on my left shoulder. Had it been seven inches to the right, I could use it for a collar-button. Does this prove your contention? So you like Conway Tearle. All the girls do.

Melvin.—Rachel! Rachel! Take in the children, here comes the board of health! How you frighten me. You want to know what movie actress has been divorced the most times, and how many. And you want to know if she is satisfied, now. You say, you cant think of any more to ask me, but if I think of any, just answer them for you. Nope, cant think of any. Consult Beatrice Fairfax, Melvin.

Polly Pepper.—Pauline Stark is playing in "Soldiers of Fortune" and Sessue Hayakawa in "The Illustrious Prince." 'Course, *I* have teeth, and to prove it I sometimes show them—when I read silly questions. How do you 'spose I drink buttermilk? So you are from Dixie. I wish I wuz in Dixie, I do, I do. Little Doris Kenyon was born Sept. 5, 1897, in Syracuse. She has brown hair, grey eyes, and lives in New York.

Inquisitive Willie.—Well, Willie, what 'tis? Eugene O'Brien was born in Colorado in 1884—that makes him around 36. He has played with Elsie Janis, Ethel Barrymore, Margaret Illington, Ann Murdock, Fritzi Scheff, and he is now playing with Selznick. He has brown hair, blue eyes, weighs 160. Anything more? Mae Allison is not married. I cant say whether Jack Holt removes his mustache nights, on retiring. Much thanks.

Doris, N. Y.—But some of the most beautiful plants are parasites. Why should one root for a living? No, child, all my letters are welcomely received, and also add that Maryland was the first State to mine soft coal. The production between the years 1807–1820 amounted to 3,000 tons, but it will be less than that now, if they dont get busy.

Shinny, Waukegan.—Antonio Moreno retired? I should say not. He is actively engaged in California, but not married. How do you like his cover picture? Some Spaniard! Screen fright? No, you mean stage-fright. The shimmie to do with the solar system? No, the muscular system.

Nazimovite.—Your pronunciation is correct. William Scott was born in 1893. He was with Maude Adams, Thomas Jefferson and Effie Shannon. He has light complexion and weighs 168, 5 feet 11.

(*Continued on page* 104)

Richard Barthelmess—An Impression

(Continued from page 57)

built. Rung by rung he has mounted the ladder of achievement, making each part given him a trifle more sincere, more likeable, until with his portrayal of the Chink, in "Broken Blossoms," he gave the shadow world a really great characterization.

I do not know, nor can I guess, how much pep and push and fighting spirit he would have if fate were against him. Would he be hardy enough to fight adversity? I cannot say. But I do know, that with success, he is modest, shy, gentlemanly, unspoiled, sensitive to criticism, and whole-heartedly enjoying life.

"I never go after a part if I think I am going to be refused," said Barthelmess. "It would shake whatever confidence I have in myself too much. For instance, one of my ambitions is to be a writer, but I dont like to venture sending out my ideas, I know if they were returned I should never write again."

And so you see how sensitive he is.

"Sure I'd like to be married," he went on," that is, if I were really in love. A fellow gets lonesome you know. But what *girl* would want to sew on my buttons for life? I have yet to find her."

Across the dining-room from us sat Ethel Barrymore's three beautiful children with their nurse. Barthelmess called my attention to them.

"Aren't they attractive youngsters?" he asked. "That's what I would like, a son. I think it would be great to have a little chap to cart around with one and watch develop. I'd like to adopt a boy and bring him up, all by myself."

Mr. Barthelmess started to toy with his omelet, which is a sure sign that it is time for an interviewer to vanish. Also, one or two popular stars started paging "Dick." The brown eyes glowed with renewed interest in life, while Mr. Barthelmess bade me farewell.

"We're off for a wonderful spin in the country. You'll forgive me, wont you, but it does seem silly for a man to talk of his art, his favorite color. Tell 'em I love baseball, football, prize fights, the theater, motoring—and tell them I am tickled to death to be in New York for a while—having the time of my life. So long!"

Dialog Imaginary

(Continued from page 78)

Farrar looked better in it than I have ever seen her look. However, she was not the Joan of history, and she lacks charm. Her acting is theatrical—not natural, and she has not what I call a screen presence.

Miss F.—If she has not, be good enough to tell me who has!

Jack—I can name a dozen—Nazimova, for example. There's a woman who always plays true to type. She is never Nazimova, but always and only the character she is portraying. She may lack beauty, but she has about everything else. How different than Petrova, who is always Petrova.

Miss F.—Then you do not admire Madame Petrova?

Jack—Oh, yes, greatly, but not on the screen. Perhaps it is because she was never handled right. In fact, it is said that nobody can handle her. Nevertheless, she is one of our greatest actresses.

Miss F.—Might I ask your opinion of the Talmadges?

Jack—Yes, you may ask, but I must answer later. Pardon me, I'm late now—I am going to a prize-fight. Au revoir!

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Kathlyn of the Golden West

(*Continued from page 59*)

"that 'The Spoilers' is still being shown and making money. It proves the necessity of a good story."

"What are you doing now?"

"Nothing at this special time—I have done five pictures this last year and will soon start on another with Mr. De Mille. I cant tell you anything about it save the fact that it will be a stupendous thing like 'Joan the Woman.' I have done 'Her Kingdom of Dreams' with Anita Stewart and 'A Girl Named Mary,' with Marguerite Clark. And I want to say right here that she is a dear little thing. She's one girl who is tailor-made when it comes to business. She is never known to keep a director waiting. If the rest of us have to be on hand in make-up at 7 p. m. Miss Clark is there also.

"I've just finished a fine part in 'The Tree of Knowledge,'—it's a heavy, the second time I have played a rôle of this sort, but it is real,—true,—about a resourceful woman and it allows one's imagination full play."

"The year before last you were not seen much on the screen?" . . . We gently led the star of "The Perils of Kathlyn" back to the silversheet when the talk again drifted. She would so much rather talk about her hobby—it being animals—not an unnatural hobby either when one remembers her old Selig pictures with the lions and jaguars . . .

"I was very ill," she told me, "and for several months I was compelled to rest and recuperate, which made a trip with Mr. Eyton to New York possible. Then he was ill with the flu, and just when I was recovering I had to take full charge of his sickroom, for it was impossible to get a nurse during that epidemic, as you'll remember. The very fact that I had to nurse one so ill helped me to get well—I ceased to have time to be depressed and nervous over my own state."

It doesn't take one long to know Kathlyn Williams as self-sufficient. She belittles domesticity in no way, yet she feels that a person satisfied to do nothing but make the social rounds, with no thought of things outside of her clubs, is more or less stagnant, and even tho the screen work is not a necessity to her, she will always find time for a characterization now and then, perhaps in later years less frequently than at present.

She is essentially not the type to talk --she is a doer. Her life contains many interests, varied interests. She detests notoriety and only lends her name to an enterprise if it will assist in bringing in funds for a good purpose.

She is sweet, gracious—and big—a typical Girl o' the Golden West, with a heart stretching to cover every living thing with a benevolent purpose.

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A woman's hopes are woven of sunbeams; a shadow annihilates them.

She is grace itself. That is what woman ought to be. She ought to produce the effect of exquisite music.

Plainness has its peculiar temptations quite as much as beauty.

Each woman creates in her own likeness the love-tokens that are offered her.

We must not always ask for beauty when a good God has seen fit to make an excellent young woman without it.

It is surely better to pardon too much than to condemn too much.

The best part of a woman's love is worship.

Remember, very slight things make epochs in married life.



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"See that man at the Receiving Teller's window? That's Billy King, Manager for Browning Company. Every month he comes in and deposits $500. I've been watching Billy for a long time—take almost as much interest in him as I do in my own boy.

"Three years ago he started at Browning's at $15 a week. Married, had one child, couldn't save a cent. One day he came in here desperate—wanted to borrow a hundred dollars—wife was sick.

"I said, 'Billy, I'm going to give you something worth more than a loan—some good advice—and if you'll follow it I'll let you have the hundred, too. You don't want to work for $15 a week all your life, do you?' Of course he didn't. 'Well,' I said, 'there's a way to climb out of your job to something better. Take up a course with the International Correspondence Schools in the work you want to advance in, and put in some of your evenings getting special training. The Schools will do wonders for you—I know, we've got several I. C. S. boys right here in the bank.'

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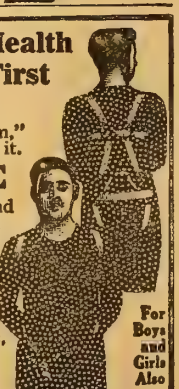
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For Boys and Girls Also

America and the Foreign Photoplay

(*Continued from page 39*)

money, began jumping from one contract to another, the producers began to suffer. A manufacturer would contract with an exhibitor to show John Jones' pictures. Jones would jump to another producer and the first manufacturer would discover that he couldn't dispose of his pictures minus Jones. So the producer has decided to own his own theaters and control his output.

"Metro is basing on the idea that a picture should be sixty per cent star and forty per cent special production. No producer can say, 'To h—— with the star.' The personal star interest is more or less vital. The producer cannot get enough stories of sufficient bigness to stand production minus the personality of a favorite. We all know that a popular star can swing a weak story. That's why the star will always be.

"While the star will not be ninety or one hundred per cent essential as he or she has been, he will always hold a position of from fifty to sixty per cent importance—of that I am sure. As I said before, Metro is based upon that idea.

"Steadily less pictures are going to be produced in this country. Why make 104 pictures a year when three big successes will bring greater proceeds? Why fool with pictures that bring in $50,000 when you can produce one that will bring in a million a year? It will always be necessary to make enough pictures to cover overhead expenses and keep distribution offices open. But production will steadily become less and less.

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Love is the art of heart and the heart of art.—Bailey.

Love is ever the golden ladder whereby the heart ascends to heaven.—Geibel.

There are some passions so sweet that they excuse all the follies they provoke.—Rocherbrune.

Love! Love! when thou gettest hold of us, we may safely say, Adieu, prudence.—Fontaine.

All true love is grounded on esteem.—Buckingham.

He alone knows what love is who loves without hope.—Schiller.

Love without desire is a delusion; it does not exist in nature.—Lenclos.

Cupid and Hymen were both born without a conscience.—Graves.

A short absence quickens love; a long absence kills it.—Mirabeau.

Love is Nature's Monte Cristo—"The world is mine!"

It is passion that does and undoes everything.—Fontenelle.

Love is like the moon,—when it does not increase, it decreases.—Segur.

Love makes obedience lighter than liberty.—Alger.

Love is the piety of the affections.—Parker.

Let no man think that he is loved by any man when he loves no man.—Epictetus.

Our happiness in this world depends on the affections we are enabled to inspire.—Praslin.

Whoever has loved knows all that life contains of sorrow and of joy.—Sand.

In love we are all [illegible]like.—Gay.

The Camaraderie of Edith

(Continued from page 53)

town. But in her case the girls would readily see "what the boys saw in her."

"I'm going to take two or three weeks between my pictures to shop," she was saying, "for I love pretty clothes, do better work when I have them and feel sure the public likes them too. I'm so glad I may wear them as the young society wife in my first picture, 'The Blue Pearl,' which is taken from the stage success of last season."

If one may judge the young wife's clothes by the black velvet frock generously embroidered in old blue floss which she was wearing, they'll be inspirations—it was the most beautiful thing!

"I do hope the public will like me—the movie public, I mean, for I like the movies so that I want to remain in them. So many folks of the footlights have failed to equal their success on the screen. And isn't it strange the way the camera sees you—I photograph quite dark."

That's going to be the pity of it—the silversheet wont give us Edith Hallor's beautiful burnished locks or her pink and white skin. But it will give us her laughing eyes, her spirit of girlishness which fears mice and feels "sort of creepy alone in the dark"—and, above all else, her spirit of camaraderie! I dont think Edith need worry about success . . . I think the success of Edith is going to take care of itself.

To Corsica With "Dusty"

(Continued from page 34)

a living fountain as he spouted a spray of water six feet into the air.

With a quick turn of the wheel, Mr. Farnum sent the *Ding* swerving on its side, as he swung to the right, successfully missing the whale by a safe margin. He was fully 40 feet long and had we struck him the long tail might have caused damage. Anyway, we were glad to give him the right of way.

Hardly had this excitement subsided than we found ourselves entering the Crescent Bay of Avalon. With the picturesque mountains as a back curtain, white houses clinging to the sides, piers and boats filling the foreground, and the whole scene flooded with the gorgeous glow from the sun, which was setting behind the Island, it was indeed a picture.

"I assure you," said Mr. Farnum, "Catalina has made a native son of me, for I think it the most wonderful spot in the world. Last summer, while on a little trip to New York, I received a letter telling me there was a great run of tuna off Catalina. I closed my eyes for a moment and I could see the quiet waters of the bay and feel the salt breeze, and gee! but I was homesick. It was hot in my room, at the Lambs' Club, and the air coming in at the windows from the crowded pavement below was stifling. What do you suppose I did? I stepped to the phone, made reservations, and in a few hours I was heading it back to California and . . . Catalina!"

Early the next morning we climbed along the rugged coast to the spot selected for several scenes by Mr. Farnum in his role of Lucien, the brother who stayed at home in "The Corsican Brothers." Later, in the fragrant gardens of a fine old residence near where we were filmed

With the crashing of the breakers against the cliff, the deep blue sky overhead the quaint costumes of the actors, I was swept into the very atmosphere of that far away Island—with its romance and love-tales, its loyalty and vendetta!



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When the Lights Are Low

and all within is snug and cozy despite the howling wind and drifting snow without—when sparkling eyes reflect the firelight's glow, and the lilt of melody tingles through our veins—then do we know the sweet thrill of real companionship, when soul meets soul on that blessed plane of mutual understanding to which music opens the way.

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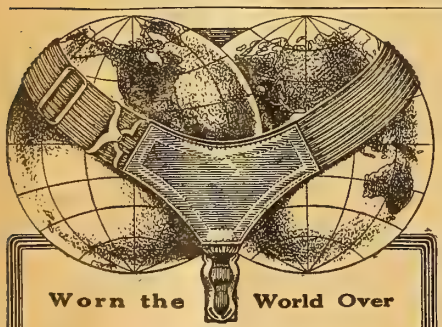
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Wild Press Agents I Have Known

By Ethel Rosemon

I have known them all. How, I ask you, how could I have escaped them? During fifteen years as editor of *The Stars That Nightly Shine,* America's Foremost Picture Magazine, I have shot at every member of the species on the hoof or on the wing. They have lamped me and vamped me, wined me and dined me until I can call each of their ghosts by its first name.

There is the *vamp* in her natural born, uncultivated—not to say wild—state. She is "doing"—verily, she is "doing"—Totty Twaddles of the Angels' Delight Company, formerly Lizzie O'Brien of the Ribbons. On my busiest morning she shimmies in with a brand new photograph of Totty at her Bath. Now if she would leave Totty's photograph and exit L2 I could forgive Totty for taking a bath, but rule five of "How to Be a Successful Press Agent" reads

"Editors are human; vamp 'em, vamp 'em, vamp 'em."

For what other reason did Heaven or the blond clerk at Liker and Riggett's give her those aeroplane eyelashes? By the time she has exited smilingly she has consumed the two best hours of my precious day, the sweetness of my disposition and the oxygen of my air and left me—Totty at her Bath and 1,080 feet of Mary Garden.

Then, oh, then, shades of greaseless doughnuts and boneless shad, there is the *human meal ticket.* I am on a diet, but what cares he, she or it? If I eat Myrtie Muddle's bread and salt I shall be constrained to put Myrtie's picture in the Gallery. My diet says "No Bread." I do not like salt and I do not wish to disfigure my Gallery—I do not. *But* other press agents—and perchance my wife—might like to get my office on the phone during the day, so to assure the absence of "Line's busy"—if such a thing can be done in this generation of operatorless telephones and telephoneless operators—I must dine when I would not, I must wine—verily, Prohibition hath its advantages.

And last there is the honest-to-goodness ex-newspaper tribe, God bless 'em, God bless 'em, God bless 'em. They know how to write a story and, sacred footprints of the wandering Æneas, they know a story when they see it—and when they dont see it, they can make it up. Their sense of the eternal fitness of things tells them that snow pictures R in season from December to March, bathing from July to September. They know there is not a landlord from the Bronx to the Battery or on any point of the Shuttle, who will permit a tenant, be he moving picture star or Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies, to raise chickens, cows, or even pigs in his three-room and bath, elevator service, steam heat and hot water until 10 p. m.—maybe. They are sure that Lottie Lightfoot cannot be the Belle of the Exhibitors' Ball in Los Angeles and the Screen Ball in New York on the same evening, and they readily recognize the uselessness of trying to persuade me to convince the public that she can. They realize that if Susan Saintly is the mother of the child-wonder, Sunny Saintly, and if everyone knows that Sunny is Susan's daughter, it is not in good taste to send me a story:

"The fair Susan is devoted to her art. She has never lamped the male whose board bill she would pay. Her motto is

(*Continued on page* 136)

That Stonehouse Youngster

(Continued from page 37)

deciding that I was not particularly dignified or ancient, I imagine, she laughed and laughed at the manner in which she had been caught.

"You just cant be gardener, housekeeper, cook and movie star all at once," she managed to gasp between spasms—"while working on 'The Master Mystery,' the Houdini serial and 'The Masked Rider,' I was away from home and had no servant problem, but now that I'm working here in California with Hale Hamilton at Metro I often run home between scenes.

She loves to laugh—you see that in the roguish twinkle in her eyes—but almost in a moment they can become unfathomable depths—deep pools that seem to know the wisdom of the world. Ruth Stonehouse does her share of thinking too—she is not all the elfin spirit—perhaps that's what makes her so interesting, so fascinating—she is a study of highlights and shadows, but the shadows are like summer showers and quickly disperse in the sunshine of her smile.

"Essanay was the first motion picture concern with whom you worked, was it not?" I asked.

"Yes—it was at Essanay that I received my introduction to 'Scandal Alley,' she laughed. "The family moved from the Montana ranch to Chicago, when I was a young girl just in my teens. I loved dancing and planned to continue on to New York and accept a vaudeville engagement when a friend, whose father was an official at the Essanay, suggested the movies. And so I journeyed to the studios every day and perched myself on one of the trunks in the corridor of the dressing-room building where I would sit and wait for some kind-hearted director to call me for a bit as a maid. In reality I was about as important at those Essanay studios as a groom at a wedding, but finally they decided to put on a circus picture and behold—my ability to do stunts at last came to my assistance—well, the public liked me and I was made a star. I think a star's salary then was about fifty dollars a week."

"Are you going to return to New York?" I asked.

"Oh yes, I'm saving for another trip now—I need a young mint in New York. The wonderful shops tempt me so that I really suffer. The last time I was there I stood before a beaded bag in one shop so long, trying to ease my conscience about paying the price they asked, that when I left the counter a woman followed me. I'm sure she was a detective. I lost her at a bargain table rush, however,—my only fear was she'd tap me on the arm before I reached that table—I knew I could lose her there. Of course nothing would have happened, but it would have been sure to get into the papers and all the time I was dodging her I could see the headlines. Well, anyhow, the next day I walked into that shop and purchased that bag just like such extravagance was an ordinary occurrence."

Somehow, Ruth reminds you of the days when you used to play "Tap on the Back," "Relive" and all the other games. She's the kind of girl who would be responsible for every noisy game invented but who would adopt every homeless cat and dog for miles around; and who would hear the "bully" however large and terrifying he might be, who teased the younger children.

And the "Mrs. Neveryoung" of the block would be sure to call her "That Stonehouse Youngster."

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An Erstwhile Vampire

(Continued from page 60)

tional rôles—I want to do something vital, —*something worth while.*"

It was a cry—a plea—the expressed yearning of a long pent up feeling, and the big brown eyes smoldered with Ambition's fires.

Frankie's such an earnest soul. Life has not robbed her of her belief in good things, of her spontaneous interest, of her naturalness, of her keen sense of humor. She "sees clearly,"—not in the clairvoyant sense—rather she is a connoisseur of life without the sophistication or worldliness which might be expected.

She told me her story simply.

"Father died shortly after his failure in business and mother felt that both Alice and I would be successful in public life, for we'd shown theatrical tendencies since early childhood. At first I joined a local stock company in Pennsylvania and I shall never cease to be thankful for the excellent training I received there. Then I was with the Lubin Company and with the Vitagraph too, for a time—what screen player hasn't been with ye old Vitagraph?" she smiled questionably, "and then I did the baby vampire in 'Upstairs and Down.'"

As she talked she had been endeavoring to touch the floor with the tip of her foot, modishly encased in a black velvet slipper.

"Do you know?" she asked, turning her big brown eyes with their curved lashes in my direction—"I do believe I'm growing, for I remember well when I couldn't hope to touch the floor, if I sat well back in this particular lounge—perhaps if I could grow the baby vampire would die a natural death."

I asked her if her sister, Alice, looked like her, for I had never seen her on the screen, and she naïvely told me that she didn't—not a bit.

"Alice is very pretty, with blonde hair and big blue eyes," she said; "she's making a serial in New England and mother is going to join her tomorrow, for she's never been away from home alone. Of course, I have to stay here, for we are working in the Jersey studios, and then too, I'll keep the apartment open for my brother."

She hesitated.

"Our other brother is in Siberia," and mingled with the wistful note in her voice, there was a ring of pride which seemed to say that the Manns had answered "Here!" when the roll was called. "He enlisted without our knowledge when he was only seventeen."

Frankie is now working in a serial with the romantic name of "The Isle of Jewels"; she's quite pleased with it, for she plays the rôle of a minister's daughter and could anything be more opposite vampiring?

"Today I did a harem scene and I wear the most original costume ever. No," protestingly, "it's not one of those dollar's worth of chiffon and a string of beads sort of thing, but it's original just the same."

I mentally decided that a harem costume not "a dollar's worth of chiffon and string of beads sort of thing," would be decidedly original, but said nothing.

"Mr. Beck, Leah Baird's husband, is producing this serial," she explained. "Leah's my best pal. She's beautiful, dont you think so?"

I admitted that I did and asked if she, like her pal, would play in Beck feature productions upon the completion of "The Isle of Jewels."

"I'm hoping for feature productions, after this," she admitted. "I'm hoping for —oh, just scores of things," and the brown eyes were soft and dreamy.

"What do you like to do best?"—I found myself asking this inadvertently.

"If I tell, you'll think I'm a 'mousy,' unambitious person," she laughed.

I promised I wouldn't, for a few minutes before she had expressed a desire to do stage and screen work at the same time, and one willing to even consider such a busy existence could never be thought of as lacking ambition.

"Well," she said resignedly, "I cant think of anything which gives me more *real*," she emphasized the "real", "pleasure than fussing about the house. Just at present I'm having my room done over and each night I'm anxious to see just how much they have accomplished during the day. It will be such a treat to have a rose and ivory bower sort of room, where I can rest in 'negligéeish' things after I come home from the studio. I like cabarets, theaters, dancers and gay things too, but I dont think they could ever come before home with me, for I was lucky enough to be born into a happy family with a mother who is a real pal."

She admitted she didn't think herself a great star—that she drove to the studios in the company's car every day and often traveled in the crowded subway—not thru any primary desire of studying people, but because she did not possess a car of her own.

It is quite likely that Frankie's hopes will come true, that her air-castles will take material form—but I mistake much if ever she loses her clear perspective, if she ever fails to "see clearly"—there is much of the woman in the girl—I think she will always, subconsciously perhaps, place the home hearthstone above the worldly joys which success will bring her. She will unerringly seek the pure gold of life and thrust aside the dross.

Piccadilly Jim

(Continued from page 65)

hair was the first sable wing of a young night. Jim could have wrung his hands, his meddlesome hands.

"You know," she said, very softly, and not at all in anger, but only as if she had been unfairly hurt, "I never liked boys who . . . who played in the mud . . . I . . . not when there are all the stars to see . . . so much higher up . . . "

Jimmy put in two weeks of what might be termed intensive living in the Pett domicile. London, he was ready to admit, in twenty-four hours, had nothing on this. He experienced a series of shockers, second in rank to nothing he had ever known.

The first came when the "butler" opened the door to admit him and that functionary was none other than his own respected father. It was, his parent rather inadequately explained, partly in the nature of a lark, greatly to keep an eye on Jim and also, not to speak flippantly, to escape from London and the ducal aspirations of the erstwhile glove dispenser. Briefly, it was Mr. Crocker's sense of humor taking the form of a lark.

The second shock was upon meeting, at one of the Pett teas, Lord Wisebeach, an old London crony, and finding in this person no resemblance to the harmless actual Wisebeach. That the impostor had a game to play was obvious, and that the young inventor was chief pawn was equally obvious. The instruments of the

(*Continued on page* 102)



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MENTHOL COUGH DROPS
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Piccadilly Jim

(*Continued from page* 100)

game were Mrs. Pett's vanities, easily administered to.

Clever manipulation was going, decided Jimmy, to be rather necessary. Ann, who had not spoken to him since the day of his disclosure, was not to be counted on save as a fellow kidnapper. The two immediate things to be done were to dispose of Ogden and show up the pseudo Lord Wisebeach. Jimmy made good.

With the help of Skinner (the masquerading Crocker) and Ann and Jerry, secretly subsidized into this new service, and with the willing cooperation of Ogden upon condition that they divvy up the ransom with him, the kidnapping was effectively consummated.

Upon, or during the maternal excitement ensuing that same night, Jimmy, on the balcony, lay in wait for what he felt certain would be "Lord Wisebeach's" striking hour.

It was. Into the dim light of the living hall the so-called Lord came stealthily and made, as stealthily and with really amazing professional savoir faire, to the safe wherein reposed the formula for the high explosive.

Detectives planted outside were given the signal. Lights were flashed on and the thin disguise of lordship fell from the trimly clad shoulders shown suddenly crooked.

In the midst of much general hysteria much was made clear. The arrival of Mrs. Crocker facilitated some matters. Skinner became the potential candidate for a peerage. Piccadilly Jim was taken to the bosom of the entire family and unanimously voted a hero, unjustly maligned by several unjust presses, not to say persons.

The hungry eyes of Piccadilly Jim sought the sea-grey eyes of Ann, standing, remotely, in a corner, explaining to her aunt and to various persons the true state of the abduction of Ogden.

"Everywhere," said Jim, distinctly; "there are persons who . . . sling mud . . ."

An hour later, on the huge couch before the leaping of quick flames, Jim drew the girl with the red flecked lips to him. His eyes, saddened, stared ahead of him and seeing this the girl lifted her hand and stroked, very gently, the face above hers.

"What you said," she whispered gently, "was true . . . about persons slinging mud . . . you know . . . I . . . how could I . . . at . . . you . . . ?"

"You were right, dear heart," Jim said, "I did . . . you know . . . and then, one day, I crossed the seas and saw . . . the stars . . . and felt the waters rushing over me . . . washing the mud . . . away . . ."

The young arms about him tightened, held him, and Jim leaned over and kist two stars . . . her eyes . . .

"Tea for Three"

(*Continued from page* 74)

human dynamo, accomplishes so much himself—and does so much for all of us that we are on our mettle to do our best.

"We have finished our picture and I have a two weeks' rest before beginning the next one. Please dont judge my last picture 'Bound and Gagged' by its name; it sounds like a regular ten-reel thriller—but the name is erroneous. No one is bound and no one is gagged. The story is about a young man who goes adven-

(*Continued on page* 136)

Pegeen

(*Continued from page 44*)

aint been happy in so long . . . Let him *die* happy, God, let him *die* happy . . ." Then, after a little, with an attempt at the Happy Valley smile, "I'm goin' ter help yer, God. I aint goin' ter leave him . . . ," and still later, "it aint bein' so awful hard ter go, God."

The heat of the flames was scorching the leather of her shoes when Dan O'Neill gave a deep sigh and shuddered stiffly away from her. "Find little Pegeen, darlin'," he whispered thru his difficult lips; "an' make her happy . . . like you an' me . . . like you an' me . . ."

Something hot and black rushed over Pegeen as she laid the old man down and saw, with a sob, how the flames with which he had "lighted the sky" lighted his own wrecked face to a late glory, and then thru the roaring of the black hot waters she heard John's voice calling . . . her name . . .

Something greater than herself impelled her in the direction of that voice. His need, perhaps . . . where was he . . . what had they done to him? She stumbled, in the direction of the insistent voice . . . there was a sharp, knife-like intake of the night air, a shout from many throats . . . strong arms about her . . . and a profound oblivion.

It was a week later. Jimmie Gates came over in the morning as he had been wont to do. And yet it wasn't as he had been wont to do, either. Something tremendous had occurred. Little Pegeen had been down into the Valley of the Shadow. There had been shadows all around and about her.

Jimmie cleared his throat and fumbled his hat to a shred.

"I tild 'em yer were in . . . in there . . . ," he said, at last.

Then something very amazing occurred. Pegeen gave him her same old smile, the smile that had made the hearts of Happy Valley glad. She wasn't changed. She wasn't different. She didn't act like Valley folks acted after funerals and such. She was still Pegeen. The Pegeen he knew and all of them . . . He could talk to her about . . . even about *it*. She wouldn't be queerish.

It all made Jimmie gulp more than ever. "I . . . it's better somehow, Pegeen," he said, at length. He had *got* to say something.

Pegeen stared into the mists of the mountains. Her child's mouth was womanly-wise and very tender.

"I reckon it is, Jimmie," she agreed. "Dad's . . . found her. He . . . he lighted the sky . . . till he found her. And Ezra, dear old Ezra, he's happier, too, I guess . . . gone. Folks'll be kind ter him now, I know . . . I know . . ."

"An' Nora, too," said Jimmie, feeling himself on safer ground, speaking of the living, "Nora an' John's all hunky dory."

Pegeen nodded again. "It's the way I wanted it ter be," she said. "John happy. That's the best of it, Jimmie."

Jimmie took a step closer to her. "I'm doin' real well, Pegeen," he said, with something of desperation, "farm's comin' good this year. An' Pegeen . . . I . . . Pegeen . . . I . . . *I* . . ."

Pegeen turned to him and put her hand on his. In mind she stood again on that mountain top . . . with John . . . and knew the immemorial pain of the gift sent back to the giver . . .

"It's the way *I* want it ter be, Jimmie," she whispered again, "you an' me, Jimmie . . . it's the way I want . . ."



Food Up 85%

So statistics show at this writing, compared with pre-war cost. That's the average on common foods.

On this account, about 9 in 10 are underfed. So states a Chicago Board of Health authority.

That is, most men don't get what men must have — 3,000 calories of nutriment per day. So the facts here stated are of paramount importance.

One Cent Per Dish

Buys the Supreme Food—Quaker Oats

Quaker Oats is prepared from the greatest food that grows.

It is almost a complete food — nearly the ideal food. In energy units it yields 1810 calories per pound, while round steak yields 890.

Yet Quaker Oats costs one cent per big dish. A whole dish costs you no more than a bite of meat.

Saves You 88%

Foods are compared by calories, the energy measure of food value. A man must have at least 3,000 calories per day, a boy at least 2,000.

At this writing, some necessary foods cost as follows on this basis:

Cost Per 1000 Calories

Quaker Oats	5½c
Average Meats	45c
Eggs about	70c
Average Fish	50c
Vegetables	11c to 75c

So Quaker Oats, per 1,000 calories, costs you 88 per cent less than meats, eggs and fish on the average.

Let Quaker Oats cut down your breakfast cost. Serve the costlier foods at dinner.

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When you buy oats get Quaker Oats for their exquisite flavor. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. Don't miss the extra flavor when it costs no extra price.

15c and 35c per Package

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You are Judged by Your Appearance

The world sizes you up by your own opinion of yourself—as expressed in your looks, your actions, and the force of your ambition. Look at the photographs of any of the world's business leaders. Note that clean-cut, sharp, alert look in each one's eyes, the firm tilt to the head and chin, the square set of the shoulders. It's the strong, virile man, the man of tireless energy, that gets to the top.

You can't be alert, you can't have full control of your faculties, you can't have that inexhaustible supply of vitality and energy that mean success in life unless you have PERFECT HEALTH. Your physical condition is the root of your whole life. Build up your body and muscular strength and you build up your mind and vitality and insure success.



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There is a Short-cut to Health

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"Muscular Development"

It tells the secret. Handsomely illustrated with 30 full page photographs of myself and some of the world's best athletes whom I have trained. Also contains full particulars of my splendid offer to you. The valuable book and special offer will be sent on receipt of only 10c, stamps or coin, to cover cost of wrapping and mailing.

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Dept. 308, 203 Broadway, N. Y. City.

Dear Sir:—I enclose herewith 10c for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

Name.....

Address .....

City..... State.....

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 90)

NAZIMOVITE.—You think Nazimova is the most wonderful of all actresses. She isn't telling her age these days. You think I am merely an encyclopedia with automatic attachment for writing and a push-button for a sense of humor. *Fiat lux. Merci!*

A. B. C.—Sorry. Dustin Farnum, Franklyn Farnum and William Farnum are all in Los Angeles.

RED FEATHER.—You may be right, my Indian maid, but Bill Nye says that the ancient Greeks regarded taxidermy as the original skin game of that period. Walla-walla! June Elvidge in "The Poison Pen." Clara Horton is with Goldwyn in "Girl From Outside." Virginia Brown was the first of the Fame and Fortune Contest winners to get a contract. Universal got her and her salary averages over $300 a week.

MILDRED C., RAVENNA, O.—Hardly think you met Richard Barthelmess this summer. He is under contract with Griffith. I met him down at Roslyn, when they were doing the Fame and Fortune Play. Yes, he did a wonderful piece of acting in "Broken Blossoms." You're a little late for December, but I'll do better next time. Come in again, some time.

H. T. H.—But you must broaden out. Dont be narrow. And the man who sticks to the cowpath may be able to drink milk, but he never wears diamonds. Ruth Roland is playing in "The Adventures of Ruth," released thru Pathé. Her bungalow is now called Roland Gables. Yes, Ruth will send you her picture. She is so generous that she would send you her fur coat if you asked it and needed it.

PEGGY LOW.—Well, no, I dont write all the time. Few and far between are those moments of grace and power that we call inspiration. The best we can do is to watch and wait for them—and to work while we wait. With the price of squirrel so high, this season, I made good use of my whiskers as a neckpiece, and with the skirts getting shorter, I manage to walk more in the open. Conway Tearle never married Ethel Barrymore, and Geraldine Farrar is married to Lou-Tellegen.

BESSIE M.—I sent the diamond ring to little Richard Bushman, as you suggested.

KATHRYN H.—Child, if I could tell you and others how to become an actress, and charge a small fee, I would be worth a fortune.

AN OLD NAVY NURSE.—Welcome! No, Marguerite Clark has no children. Dorothy Gish is playing in comedies at Mamaroneck, N. Y. Give the boys my best wishes, and tell them to look me up.

NORMA T.—See you later.

MORWELL H.—You say, you are not married, and that the only thing running around your house is the fence. Shake, only there's no fence around mine. Some pretty clever stuff in yours. You consider it much better to be averse to vice than vice versa! I'll agree with you, that the beauty of a bank note agrees upon its figure. You say, "I am very indebted to your generosity. I'll repeat what I've often told you before that you are a very dear old man—and quite an eminent authority in the world of letters." I've spent a pleasant half-hour reading yours. Write some more.

CHERRY.—A dentist may be one who puts a dent in your pocket-book, but is a painful necessity. Surely, I cook my own dinner nearly every night—always when I'm not invited out. They raised my rent so high that I wouldn't give up my room for the world. Priscilla Dean on a cover soon.

W. C. J.—Thanks for yours. Guess I haven't gotten that far, but misinterpreted symptoms of genius cause many young men to lose their jobs. Thanks for the pressed flowers. Flowers were the sweetest things God ever created and forgot to put a soul into.

A. L. S.—What do you mean? A woman! None of that stuff now. Will Rogers and Peggy Wood in "Almost a Husband" (Goldwyn). Why, the Roman Catholic religion is professed by nearly the entire population of Belgium.

ROMEO.—No, Balboa, Lubin, Thanhouser and Biograph are not producing. Bert Lytell has brown hair, hazel eyes, weighs 155, stands 5 feet 10½ and is in Hollywood, Cal. Good for you. Seems to me, instead of having a law limiting a man's wealth, it would be better to have a law limiting his poverty. In either cases I would escape. There is no limit to my possibilities in acquiring wealth, because out of my $9 a week, I can save a large fortune if they give me time.

JUANITA G.—Why dont you be more careful? If your children eat too much of the varnish off their toys, do not worry, because they may acquire an interior polish. Sweet spirits of nitre, hear my prayer — I'm getting weak. Muriel Ostriche is with World. I'm always here, waiting for you.

MARION D.—Here is the verse you wanted to put in your scrap book.

LIST OF THE PRESIDENTS

"George Washington leads them,
The great and the true.
John Adams succeeds him,
And Jefferson, too.
Now Madison follows,
And fifth comes Monroe.
Next John Quincy Adams,
And Jackson below.
The term of Van Buren
To Harrison's leads;
Tyler, Polk and then Taylor,
Then Fillmore succeeds.
Now Pierce and Buchanan,
Next Lincoln in turn
Is followed by Johnson;
Then Grant we discern.
Hayes, Garfield and Arthur,
And Cleveland we score,
Then Harrison, followed
By Cleveland once more.
McKinley we honor,
And Roosevelt's name,
Oh! who will be foremost
To follow their fame?"

J. ENWOREATH.—My, but you are personal! Ralph Ince is going to direct Eugene O'Brien. Yes, Cleo Madison is on the stage.

SORROW.—You may be right, but a woman loves a man more intensely if she knows that her love is making another woman suffer. Harry Ham in "The Antics of Ann."

CORRINE J.—Why, Kathlyn Williams and Wheeler Oakman in "The Ne'er Do Well." Henry Walthall and Mae Marsh in "The Birth of a Nation." Harry Carter in "The Gray Ghost."

PEGGY.—About eighteen?

ANITA.—Oh, my Ford car is doing nicely, thank you. I had it out for a walk the other evening. Oh, I can eat anything, from brass tacks to cherry-stones. Never trouble your stomach unless it troubles you, and it wont trouble you if you dont trouble it. Gladys Brockwell is with Fox.

(*Continued on page* 115)



Helen Ferguson

in "The Gamblers"

Helen's costume is unusual, perhaps; but then, the occasion is unusual. The villain is about ready to let the cat out of the bag, and little Helen in her nightie thinks she knows which way it will jump. He's some villain if he holds to his purpose after looking at her.

Vitagraph Picture



New York City, N. Y.

Sept. 24, 1919

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Naturally I am very friendly to Ingram's Milkweed Cream, for it is a real friend to me. I can't speak too highly of the tonic effect it has on my skin; in fact, I attribute my healthy complexion to its daily use. I am never without it.

Helen Ferguson

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A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that [illegible]. Furthermore a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

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"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately heightening the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Delightfully perfumed. Solid cake. Three perfect shades,—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

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If your complexion is naturally rough, or lacks that exquisite texture so greatly to be desired, give it a few touches of

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EASY PAYMENTS if desired at a small advance over our Special Factory-to-Rider cash prices.

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ORIGINATORS OF STEINERS ART EMBROIDERY

As the Army Moved Overseas

(*Continued from page* 68)

ships and camps around New York were filled with boys from every state in the Union. Transports were being made ready. Hard training was an actuality. Some of the boys were excited and happy. Others were lonely, homesick. Many had never seen the sights of the big city and every one of them was filled with a gladsome desire to touch up the old town with a bit of bright red color.

One damp chilly night Miss Justice noticed three sailor boys huddled together under a hotel awning and upon questioning them found that they had no place to sleep—that the War Camp Community Hotels, the National War Council, the "Y's," every place they could afford to stay, were filled. She invited them home with her, made them comfortable for the night and asked them to come again. They came and brought others—and that was the beginning. They came to Miss Justice in increasing numbers, until finally she gave up all her work, and fitted up the entire house of eighteen rooms for the comfort and convenience of boys on camp leave. She gave up her dining-room, she and her mother eating at restaurants. They placed beds in every corner, often giving up their own rooms and sleeping on chairs in the library.

For over eighteen months the house was never locked to the boys, for a key hung in the vestibule where every uniformed man could find it day and night. Every night the house was filled to overflowing with boys—often forty or fifty—who slept in comfortable beds between clean sheets. At five in the morning Miss Justice went the rounds awakening them for their early start to camp and, if any boy had an ache in his heart, the pleasant taste of home made him forget it and he was ready for work again, fit and whole.

I sat in the big library with Miss Justice where lies the historic register inscribed with the names, addresses and rank of the nearly three thousand boys who remained in this home at least once over night, some several times, some on their last leave before going across. These boys included not only men from every now historic division from the United States, but Blue Devils, Belgians, Alsatians, New Zealanders, Canadians and English. Many of them did not come back—but those who did came from the hospitals and detaining camps to see their friend and tell of their great adventures. Two Lieutenants were stopping in the house that night, also four doughboys who had come back that day bringing with them a German police-puppy. Many times during the evening we were interrupted by the ringing of the bell and the entrance of a big soldier who had called to say good-bye, to ask for a room for the night or seeking advice or help about the work he was trying to get.

"It was a never-to-be-forgotten experience," said Miss Justice," "this invasion of our home by these fine, splendid boys. It gave our big old-fashioned house something of the atmosphere of the dug-out and the trenches. It gave us a close but military association with the class of boys and men whom Uncle Sam was sending to the other side. And there was never a doubt but what every man would make good.

"The sailor boys were the life and fun of the place," smiled Miss Justice. "They often asked for the use of the laundry



My Hair Was Quite Gray

"It was falling out, getting brittle and stringy. My scalp was filled with dandruff and itched almost constantly.

"A few applications of Kolor-Bak produced a wonderful improvement. The itching stopped instantly. There was no more dandruff. And—marvel of marvels—it is now restored to its original color—not a gray hair shows anywhere!"

Kolor-Bak is not a dye or stain. It is colorless, stainless, harmless and restores original color to gray hair simply by putting hair and scalp in a healthy condition.

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Crooked Spines Made Straight

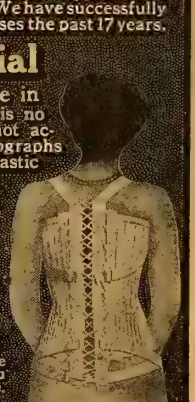
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An old lady, 72 years of age, who suffered for many years and was absolutely helpless, found relief. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance 3 weeks. We have successfully treated more than 30,000 cases the past 17 years.

30 Days' Trial

We will prove its value in your own case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photographs show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets.

Every sufferer with a weakened or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate thoroughly. Price within reach of all.



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If you will describe the case it will aid us in giving you definite information at once.

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299 Odd Fellows Temple, Jamestown, N.Y.

tubs and it was no unusual sight, especially Sunday mornings, to see a dozen white sailor caps hung in the back yard. They had a way too of washing out their wool blouses, and in the winter they would of course be frozen stiff to the lines and must be ironed dry in order to get the boys back to the ships.

"The doughboys had the greatest admiration for the sailors as some of them were expert gunners of the great transports bearing the boys overseas. But, the admiration was mutual and justly so; for the modern doughboy is just himself, a creation set apart. He is big in frame and heart, especially if from the middle and far west, and he is shy, sensitive, his friendship and appreciation—real. For many months the motto of this house placed where all may see has been:

"'If you ever come face to face with an ordinary doughboy who has been over the top—even if but once—take off your hat to him for God knows you are standing in the presence of a man.'

"Yes, we had officers—plenty of them. We had seven hundred and fifty commissioned officers directed to us by General Shanks of the Port of Embarkation. The house was full of their baggage for weeks while they were waiting orders for overseas, and we had many other officers. But the common (if such a word can be used in connection with them) soldier and sailor boys come first. I have many friends among the officers, but the doughboys and sailors are my heroes!

Everything is growing quiet now—but life is fuller, richer, because of precious memories. There were the warm handclasps, the brave smiling eyes of the boys who went away. There are the boys who came back and appeared on my front door step with crutches, canes, bandages, but smiling, happy, because they were home. The boys who came to show their Croix de Guerre, service medals and campaign bars. The never-to-be-forgotten evening when seven marines from the famous Second Division came in a body to tell of their glorious experiences. There is the trunkful of letters from the boys at the front and the letters from the mothers of boys who were killed in action and whom I saw just before they went to France. There are the many mementoes sent and brought to me, including this antique cross and chain of great value which was given me by the famous young Italian aviator, Captain Sylvio Resnati, a short time before he was killed at Garden City. And best of all there is the assurance of friendship and loyalty of all these boys from the ranch, desert, plain and city. I call them my big patrol!

"Yes, I expect to take up play writing again almost at once. That is if I can be allowed to work out my ideas in my own way," she said whimsically. "What I mean is, the producers have gotten into a way of expecting a writer to stop with a plot or outline of a scenario and filling in the continuity to suit themselves. Every play I have written so far has been original. I have never even scenarioized one of my own magazine stories. I have written stories of the great Northwest of human beings as God made them, of the stirring, broad life of great cities—just naturally, and without much effort—but now, I am quite overwhelmed with fresh ideas and feel I shall never be able to use half of them. I have letters from many producers asking for plays—but we shall see.

"Anyhow, I feel that I have lost nothing by laying down my pen for these months of active service. But I have gained, oh, yes, infinitely."

How About Your Complexion? Is it Clear, Colorful, Fresh?



Facial massage is wonderful for removing wrinkles, crow's feet, blackheads and other blemishes. Try it now!



Let the pores of your scalp breathe! Stimulate the blood. Give the young hair a chance—and watch the results.



Try electric massage for headaches, nervousness, fatigue, insomnia, stiff muscles and for rheumatic pains.

Do you long for a lovely, youthful, blemish-free skin—thick, wavy, beautiful hair, and a well-rounded, graceful figure that fairly *radiates* health? These charms are the birthright of every woman. Every girl yearns to be attractive. Then why not do what scores of other women are doing? Enhance your beauty; bring out your loveliness *at home*—in the privacy of your own boudoir—with electric massage, the great, natural health and beauty builder.

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The "Star" keeps these women in the very pink of condition. It will do the same for you! Get a "Star" today. At all leading drug, department and electrical-goods stores—or direct from us upon receipt of $5 and your local dealer's name and address. Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Dept. 215, Torrington, Conn.

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Remove Hair
the Common-sense Way

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Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

(*Continued from page* 82)

appearance, the star remained quietly seated, while a spot-light from the camera loft played on her for ten minutes, giving every one an opportunity to stare at her. Really, the scheme blocked traffic, for those leaving after the first performance held the aisles and every one else stood up and faced to the rear to see the beautiful girl, while the orchestra played "K-K-K-K-K-Katie, Beautiful Katie."

Speaking of Katherine McDonald, she has bought fourteen scrumptious frocks for "Japonette," and as few girls wear their pretties as fetchingly as Miss McDonald, doubtlessly she will look more beautiful even than in "The Woman Thou Gavest Me."

Do you know that Baby Marie Osborne's salary is one thousand a week? She is past seven now, and still enough of a baby to hold her own in pictures.

According to St. John

(*Continued from page* 46)

answers in monosyllables; he rarely smiles off-stage, and yet he can put more excitement, facial changes and grins into his countenance when a camera is watching him than one would believe possible.

Altho Al is a listener rather than a talker, he has a first-rate singing voice. This, however, is a deep baritone secret. Some of these days, he says, he will yield to a desire to have it plowed, harrowed and planted—I mean placed—and then he will be ready to synchronize gymnastic feats and vocal explosions, thus making the silent drama a thing of the past.

It takes time to be a conjuror of mirth for the silversheet. There is probably no more difficult form of story-telling than that upon which Al St. John has now entered. He is determined to succeed in legitimate, acrobatic tales of the romantic West. He's a horseman, a wrestler, a gentleman and a scholar, but proudest of all to be a mountebank.

As for Santa Ana, she's becoming chesty and beginning to brag in a motherly way and no wonder.

WIT AND WISDOM
From Bernard Shaw

The philanthropist is a parasite on misery.

Necessity is ever ironical towards Folly.

The effect of deterrents depends much less on their severity than on their certainty.

What the world calls originality is only an unaccustomed method of tickling it.

You have learnt something. That always feels at first as if you had lost something.

It is only the big men who can be treated as children.

Compassion is the fellow-feeling of the unsound.

When a man wants to murder a tiger he calls it sport: when the tiger wants to murder him he calls it ferocity. The distinction between Crime and Justice is no greater.

Honor is worth its danger and its cost, and life is worthless without honor.

It is only the man who has no message who is too fastidious to beat the drum at the door of his own booth.

Men are wise in proportion, not to their experience, but to their capacity for experience.

We must either breed political capacity, or be ruined by democracy.

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Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 77.)

master touch. Here are no half measures, one laughs or . . . one cries.

THAT WINCHESTER WOMAN—VITAGRAPH

A picture totally lacking in suspense from start to finish cannot hope to attract or satisfy. From the moment Alice Joyce steps into the country town we sense the whole tale. The thrills that the plot might have afforded have been carefully pruned by the obvious direction. Miss Joyce herself is as usual beautiful, and a bit warmer than is her wont. Percy Marmont plays opposite her.

FAIR AND WARMER—METRO-SCREEN CLASSICS

When Metro announced their new policy of making only super-productions and followed this by purchasing the picture rights to several famous stage successes, everyone applauded. "Fair and Warmer" is one of these expensive productions. Unfortunately, the reason for this stage success was its clever and excruciatingly funny dialog. I say unfortunately because even with the aid of clever subtitles, a silent show must have action. This is the one accessory that Metro's "Fair and Warmer" lacks. The plum in the pudding is the star, May Allison. Miss Allison plays the part of the wide-eyed baby-doll wife who determines to teach her mystic-shrine going husband a lesson by hitting the high spots, in a manner that leaves nothing to be desired. She is as ingenious as Madge Kennedy herself, who starred in the stage version, and in every close-up Miss Allison proves her right to be called the screen's most beautiful blond. Eugene Palette assists her with a splendid bit of comedy work . . . taking the part of her neighbor's abused husband who also determines to be revenged upon his wife. Both innocents get themselves into a fine stew which time and the scenario get them out of.

L'APACHE—FAMOUS-PLAYERS LASKY

This is distinctly a Dalton play. It is Dorothy Dalton from start to finish and all over the screen. Don't misunderstand me I mean this in no disparaging sense, simply that Miss Dalton takes a dual rôle, [illegible] wife and an [illegible] girl supposed to be studying in Paris. The drama is [illegible], turgid and presents the horribly sensual side of life. But it leaves one convinced of one fact, the great power Dorothy Dalton possesses of projecting real, vivid, flesh and blood emotion across the silversheet. The settings are luxurious, nay extravagant . . . as is the way with practically all Ince pictures, but I found the supporting cast again inferior, the grimaces of the man who portrayed the Apache being especially unpleasant to me. Making faces no longer registers as emotion.

HER KINGDOM OF DREAMS—FIRST NATIONAL

A picture which will be justly famous for its all-star cast, which, headed by the really returned Anita Stewart, contains also beautiful Anna Nilsson, handsome Mahlon Hamilton, our favorite Kathlyn Williams, Thomas Santschi, Robert McKim, Edwin Stevens, Thomas Holding, Thomas Jefferson and James Neill. A list to conjure with indeed!

PUTTING ONE OVER—FOX

It just [illegible] that I ran into this George Walsh picture, an older release than "The Winning Stroke," and after my previous remarks concerning that piece I consider it only fair that I report on this. The same director who did "The Winning Stroke" turned out a melodrama in "Put-

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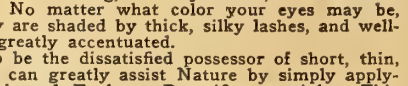
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ting One Over," that will please, thrill and entertain the most critical audience. Settings, actors, subtitles are all first class. George Walsh is at last excellently lighted and photographed and registers every phase required of him easily and naturally. Not only that, but he is so well tailored that even I sat up and took notice.

LOMBARDI LTD.—SCREEN CLASSIC

Taken from the stage play, "Lombardi Ltd." has been made into a superior optic drama. Perhaps it lacks the element of suspense, but it has charm. Bert Lytell is gesticulatively inclined as Lombardi, an Italian designer of women's gowns whose heart is too big for his own good. Yet Mr. Lytell's performance elicits one's entire sympathy, a rare and difficult achievement. Alice Lake is very human and appealing as Nora, Lombardi's faithful assistant, while Juanita Hansen illuminates the scene with her blond beauty, once plump, but now quite fragile.

In front of the entrance to Bessie Barriscale's dressing-room stood pretty Bessie herself and a curly-headed bit of a girl, Gloria Joy, star of Mission Productions. They were headed for the "chuck wagon" as the eat shop at Brunton studios is affectionately called. The two stars entered the chuck wagon and mounted the high stools.

"Whatchu gonna have, Miss Barriscale?" inquired the Golden Poppy Baby.

"What's the matter with apple pie, and cheese and milk and alligator pear salad?" answered Bessie.

"Shoot the pie and milk and cut the salad," rejoined Gloria in movie language; "Mother wont let me."

Then the two stars talked shop.

"Are you going to stick to pictures after you grow up?" asked Bessie.

"No, Miss Barriscale; I think I shall get married."

"Have you picked out the lucky man yet?"

"Oh, yes; one of them."

"What, you're not going to be married twice, are you?"

"Yes, indeed; that's what the fortune-teller told me."

"Well; who is the man you know you're going to marry?"

"My director, Mr. Sherwood Macdonald."

"Fine. It's nice to have one's director in the family. Is he to be number one or number two?"

"Number two. You see, Miss Barriscale, I want to keep him so he's got to be number two."

TIME TO GET UP!

William B. Davidson, who has been leading man to many of the screen's feminine celebrities, was inspired to write the following parody, while away on location at Lake Champlain where Virginia Pearson's forthcoming production, "Impossible Catherine," was filmed.

Mr. Davidson says it is the result of rising anywhere from four to six in order to get the proper lighting effect.

Here it is:

"Oh, how I hate to make up in the morning,
Oh, how I hate to get out of bed!
But the hardest blow of all
Is to hear the assistant bawl,
'You got to get up, you got to make up,
You got to make up this morning!'
Some day I'm going to kill the director,
Some day you're going to find him dead;
I'll give him a punch in the upper lip
And mutilate his manuscript,
And spend the rest of my life in bed."

The Beach-Comber

(*Continued from page 72*)

guess that when he stood without the door he first wiped his craven forehead, then shook his fist toward the room he had just left, very evilly. He did not even suspect—Captain Barstow was a very simple man in some ways—that Clayton had any hand in what followed. You can tell a good deal about a man by the limitations to the evil he is able to discern in another and Yank Barstow laid the search party that met his ship to Fate alone. When the guns were discovered and he was questioned, he replied surlily that they could go to hell, but he would not give them any information.

Naturally they arrested him. A Mexican official's dignity is a delicate thing and easily offended. Yank Barstow made matters worse by treating the whole investigation contemptuously and sneering visibly at the opera bouffe costumes worn by the court attendants. He was genuinely surprised when he learned thru an interpreter that he stood convicted of smuggling guns to the rebels, and was convicted to jail for ten years.

"The blankety-blank fools!" swore Barstow, and sent a message to Vance Clayton begging him to come before the authorities and explain. Evidently the message never reached its goal, for that afternoon a squad of café-au-lait policemen in red uniforms with gold buttons and barefooted paraded him solemnly thru the streets of the Mexican town La Creuz and ceremoniously installed him in jail. They did not understand why the Señor after a single glance about him burst into a roar of laughter.

"Think they can keep a full-size man in this match-box!" Barstow jeered. "Why I could push the whole thing down. But there is no hurry. If I spoil their jail they may stick me in front of a firing squad."

So for a week he politely remained locked behind bars which he could have wrenched out with a single twist of his steel-muscled wrist. Then he began to weary of idleness. Besides, there was the matter of his ship. There was no telling what that derelict crew might have done—he must go back to it at once. That night he calmly set his shoulders against the locked door of his cell and walked out, stepping over his sleeping guard on the way.

He made his way thru the murmurous night with its white-costumed señoritas and sounds of mandolins to the beach, only to find it deserted. His ship was gone! The American consul, drowsing over the composition of a report in his office, looked up to see a grim-faced man with a week's stub of beard standing before him, demanding profanely what the hell he had done with his ship. When he was finally able to place him as Yank Barstow, he showed signs of great agitation. It appeared that the company which owned the *Yucatan* had cabled an order for the deposition of the disgraced captain, and moreover that there were papers demanding his extradition to the States to stand trial for aiding and abetting an enemy.

Yank Barstow listened, silent but with smouldering eyes. At the end, still silent, he swung on his heel. "Where—are you going?" faltered the consul; he was only a boy, and the situation was beyond his experience which had heretofore been limited to signing passports and writing screeds about the sugar crop and the drainage situation.

"I reckon," ex-Captain Barstow said



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grimly, "I reckon, bub, I'm going straight to hell!" The night swallowed his great figure. The consul stared down vacantly at his unfinished report.

The next morning at precisely ten of the clock, Yank Barstow joined the colony of beach-combers, those unclean creatures whom society has spewed out to live off the offal of the sea, beyond the reach of the law, or below the notice of it. His way of joining the colony was direct and simple. It consisted in administering a beating to Baltimore Bucko, erstwhile king of the outcasts, in the presence of his subjects.

Baltimore Bucko was a mulatto of incredible ferocity and dishonor. Thru the back alleyways of sin he had come at length to this miserable huddle of degraded men and women, and by right of a certain supremacy of intelligence, combined with impudent assurance he had made himself master of them. To him was allotted the best cabin in the crazy wreck of a steamer where the beach-combers lived. To him also was allotted Anuncia, prettiest of the women, a dark angel to look at, with a soul the color of her skin.

Baltimore chose to take upon himself airs of royalty, a king of rags and tatters, chief of a dirty crew of scarecrows. The blood of some ancient savage king flowed, soiled, thru his veins. Having conquered this colony he looked about him for recruits that would swell the ranks of his subjects and fatten his treasury with the squalid fruits of their toil. These he procured in many ways. It became known that the beach-combers offered a haven of refuge for those wanted by the law, that here could be found food of a kind, shelter and companionship, no matter how vile. And here came the disgraced, the hunted, the indolent. These, Baltimore Bucko received pompously and made use of according to their sex and capabilities.

He had no mind to resign his pleasant perquisites to an intruder. Whatever his sins, Bucko was brave and, moreover, strong enough to stand up five bloody moments under Yank Barstow's gruelling punishment, at the end of which time he saw that the game was up. He was bleeding from a score of wounds, his nose was broken, his head swimming from a cruel jolt on the jaw-point. He fell upon his hands and knees and crawled whimpering to Barstow's feet.

At the same moment, a slim woman-figure, naked save for a single dingy garment, twisted about her lithe brown limbs, flashed from the gaping crowd and flung herself upon the conqueror. In fluid Mexican, Anuncia declared her new allegiance. Yank Barstow unwound the slim, warm arms and flung her roughly aside with a sudden nauseous vision of another woman standing before him with the delicate scorn and repugnance on her pure face.

He knew a smattering of their tongue and spoke to the miserable crew which he had inherited by right of might. He left them no illusions. He used words that were not pretty. He was bitter with the lash of self-scorn stinging his fallen soul, he was bestial—but he knew as he swung upon his heel that so long as he wished it he was the master of these defiled bodies, these maimed and debased souls. He knew, too, that the path upon which he was setting his feet led always lower and lower to the nethermost of things, and knowing laughed aloud for that it meant so little to him now.

In the days that followed he was able to look from the crazy porthole of his wrecked cabin across the bay to where the white little Mexican city squatted in the sun. Only a few pitiful yards of blue sunlit water between—yet a gulf impassable. On the one side Vance Clayton and his scornful wife—it was distinctly unfair that she should be so beautiful, and should persist in haunting his sleep—and his little Prue—and on the other side, the beach-combers, waiting all day to pounce upon the sudden salvage of the sea.

News came of them—scraps blown apparently by the wind. Clayton was prospering as a merchant, while Helen had a mission class for small peons in the consulate where they stayed. The king of the beach-combers was after all no more than a man, and very much less than an angel. The thought of her remoteness, her nun-like seclusion from the roughness and rudeness of the world, her cold, white purity which—he knew—might be turned into flame by a man, if a man might be permitted to love her, these things dwelt with him overmuch for comfortable bearing. He dreamed of touching her—even of kissing her—and awoke to his lot with the ever-recurring horror of a soul who dreams of Heaven and wakes to hell.

And there was always Anuncia,—Anuncia with her evil, warm, human beauty, her lure, her nearness. Somehow Barstow knew that to turn to Anuncia would be the last step in his degradation, yet he was very close to turning on that day when Prue appeared in the door of his cabin. The man looked down at the small, dainty figure incredulously, and rose with a cry—it had come then! He was mad—he was imagining impossible things, and yet the vision was so real—her round soft little cheeks looked so warm, her eyes danced in the old elfin way. Then, seeing his amazement, the child broke the spell with a ringing laugh.

"I s'prised you most to pieces, didn't I?" she cried. "I runned away, and I guess I'm pretty losted, but now it's all right, 'cause I've founded you!"

"One hour!" Yank Barstow said aloud, almost as tho he were pleading with someone, "that isn't much to ask out of Life—just one hour—or a half hour!"

And so he stole his half hour of Prue, and they squatted on the rough floor of the cabin and made a wondrous boat out of paper and chatted of many things. Then, rising, Yank Barstow held out his hand. "Come, Prue, we must go and find the others," he said, heavily; "your—your mother will be frightened. You must promise never, never to run away again."

Over the beringleted head of the child Helen Clayton and Yank Barstow looked once more into each other's eyes, steadily for a long silent moment. And in her clear glance he read no more scorn, only illimitable pity for his forlornity. The pity of an angel looking out of Heaven at one of the lost ones below.

That night Anuncia tried to kill Barstow for refusing to love her or possess her, and failing, wept herself tempestuously to sleep without his threshold.

It was a week later that a terrified man sprang from a rowboat and staggered across the beach to the stranded ship. Barstow, answering his frantic pounding, recognized the young consul who had sentenced him to exile a year ago. The boy's face was frozen into a mask of horror, his stiff lips could hardly articulate:

"The Zapatistas! They are in the town—they are looting and burning—and they've already attacked the consulate—God! You know what they'll do to a white woman—and they hate the gringos——"

Yank Barstow took the little man by the collar and shook him thoroly. "Now be-

(*Continued on page* 114)



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medium brown_____ light brown_____

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The Beach-Comber

(*Continued from page* 112)

gin at the beginning!" he commanded, his mouth a gash in his grim face. At the end of the telling he stepped to the door and raised a shout that brought his tatterdemalion crew from their holes and crannies, gaping at him, sodden with sleep. To them spoke Yank Barstow from his soul to their souls.

What he said the tremulous man who listened could not repeat afterward, except to say that it was as tho his words awoke in the miserable wretches who listened something sleeping—their manhood, perhaps. You could see it, he said, in the new look of them, the way they carried their shoulders, the way they stepped . . .

It was an impossible thing that Yank Barstow did with his crew of derelicts. How, pray, can a handful of such, unarmed save for absurd weapons of bars and clubs, picked up on the way, deal with a squad of revolutionists, foaming with success, armed to the teeth with smuggled rifles? Impossible, I have said. But that is what he did. The barred doors of the consulate were crashing open when Barstow and his beach-combers arrived. They fought in the halls, with the women watching whitely from the stairs, they fought and they won. And among the still bodies writhen upon the shambles of a floor lay, with his heart punctured by a bullet from one of his ill-bought rifles, Vance Clayton, a victim to his own treachery.

When Yank Barstow saw Helen, she was stooping over her husband's body with a look that was sadder than tears, for it was the look of one who could not grieve over grief. Long since she had discovered what manner of man she had married. Life had at last come close to her sanctuary and dragged her forth and laid ungentle hands upon her, but the face that she lifted to the man who loved it was as beautiful as ever, as fine, as pure of line, tho the eyes were sad.

"You came," she said, quietly, as tho between them there was no need of explanation or commonplaces. "I think I knew that you would come."

A bloody bandage wound about Yank Barstow's forehead, concealed a gash, his shirt was torn from his great hairy chest and a furrow ran across it where a bullet had scored the flesh. His clothes were ragged and defiled, the garments of that scum of humanity, the beach-comber, yet somehow he had never looked more a man. It came to her as she looked up into the worn, rugged face with the strong beard piercing the skin that the flesh was not, as she had thought delicately, a shameful thing, but very splendid, the work of God quite as much as the soul. It came to her, too, as they looked at each other silently, and little Prue ran to her side and clutched at her skirt, that there were depths of Life that she had never sounded, strange potentialities, fulfillments——

"I came—yes," Yank Barstow said slowly, in his rough, deep voice. "I came, and I'm going to stay."

They said no more then, but both of them knew that there would be a time when they could speak of other things, as surely as the winter shall be followed by the spring.

FUN ON THE FILM.

Every good comedy we see reminds us that even the silent drama has its screams.

"Clothes dont make the man," but sometimes they make the actor.

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The Answer Man

(Continued from page 104)

BLUE MOON.—Very sympathetic, aren't you? See above.

PEA AND BEE.—Antonio Moreno will continue with Vitagraph for two years more. You ask if I know the famous grace of Oliver Cromwell; I do, and here it is: "Some have meat, but cannot eat, and some can eat, but have no meat, and so, the Lord be praised." In other words, whatever comes, praise the Lord, for it might have been worse. A la Pollyanna! Yes?

KENBULA.—It was Kipling who said, "The female of the species is more deadly than the male." Violet Wilkey was Minnie. Thanks for the card. You must be the one on the right. You know joy-riders breed funerals.

THE OFFICIAL FAN.—Thanks for the fee. "The Ghost" in May, 1914; "The Compact," in January, 1913; "In the Days of the War," in May, 1913; and "A Nation's Peril," in August, 1912. All can be had for 15 cents, except the last, and that is 25 cents. Never ran any of the other plays mentioned. You're welcome.

JUST MARION.—Thanks for the Duffy malt whiskey. Is this a treat or a treatment? Cost nearly as much as a ton of coal. No, I've never been to Los Angeles. So you dont want to be scolded. Oh, but I am only a shadow—have no fear.

JIJJIE.—I know you well. Oh, yes, diamonds are a good investment. The staurolite is found in Virginia and North Carolina. It is not very expensive. The name is from the Greek "stauros," a cross, sometimes called the "fairy stone." Never saw one.

MUM G.—I try to keep my mind going all the time. A great mind may change its objects, but it cannot relinquish them; it must have something to pursue; variety is its relaxation, and amusement its repose. Write to me when you are lonesome. No, I couldn't get lonesome with books and music.

JERRY.—Have you and Tom dissolved partnership? Harold Shaw is playing for the London Film Co. His wife, Edna Flugrath, is also playing. She is a sister of Viola Dana and Shirley Mason. Remember when they were all playing for Edison?

SADIE M.—Come on, I'll be glad to see you. Oh, I dont mind them. It is easier for some people to make a complaint than it is to make a living. Want of reason offends me; want of faith hurts me. Run in again.

J. AND N.—Guy Empey is in New York taking pictures. Send on the questions. Why, I am as economical as a moth, I eat nothing but holes—doughnuts mostly. Sometimes I do my own cooking. Come in and try my omelettes.

NATALIE.—Why, I always give my seat to a lady in a car—why shouldn't I? That's the most I could give her anyway. No man is ever true to any woman in thought and deed, unless his love for her is utterly hopeless Rodney La Roche in "Would You Believe It?"

HERBERT B.—But if the Broadway theater managers put as much effort and money into the details of their shows as do the moving picture directors, for a program of five reels, there would be fewer failures. It is about 10,851 miles from New York to Panama via Magellan. There is a London Film Company in London. There is no exact age to begin scenario writing, but the writers usually end in discouragement.

Surprises

You Can Serve With Bubble Grains



Some morning serve Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs in this way:

After crisping, douse with melted butter. Then add your cream and sugar.

It will taste like a dish of confections. And men enjoy it just as much as children.



Add Puffed Rice to your fruit dish—any fruit. Fruit tastes best with some flimsy crust. That's why we have pies, tarts, and shortcakes.

These fragile, nut-like bubbles add that crust. After a test you will never omit them.



For supper, float Puffed Wheat in milk. These are whole-wheat bubbles toasted. They are four times as porous as bread.

Children need whole wheat. They need the minerals in the outer coats. Served in this way they will revel in it.



After school surprise the children with these tidbits:

Douse Corn Puffs or Puffed Rice with melted butter. Let them eat like popcorn. Children can eat these grain dainties to their hearts' content—they so easily digest.

Scatter Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs like nut-meats on ice cream. A famous restaurant in Chicago first suggested this.

Puffed Rice is also used like nut-meats in home candy making—to make the candy porous, light and nutty.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Corn Puffs**

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

All steam exploded—puffed to eight times normal size. Every food cell blasted by Prof. Anderson's process, so digestion is easy and complete.

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Like Pancakes Made With Nuts

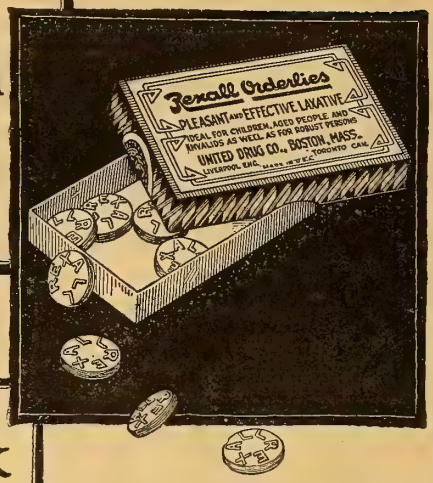
Now we make a pancake flour containing ground Puffed Rice. It makes the pancakes fluffy and gives a nut-like flavor. The flour is self-raising, so you simply add milk or water. You never tasted pancakes such as folks make with Puffed Rice Pancake Flour.

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Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct Ill-Shaped Noses without cost if not satisfactory.

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RACHEL V.—Thanks for the verse, little one. Sight is a good thing, but insight is better.

BETTY OF MELROSE.—So you would like to be my hairdresser. I dont require one, for my head is nude. You must be looking for a soft spot—I mean an easy job. Constance Talmadge is with her own company released thru First National.

CORNELLE.—Alice Brady was married to James L. Crane, son of the famous writer, Dr. Crane, on Tuesday, May 20th. You should tell us what you want and what you dont like. We dont try to please all, but the greatest number.

OVERTON S.—Louise Huff was born in Columbus, Ga., November 14, 1895. She has violet eyes, curly blond hair, and stands 5 feet, weighs 106. Yes, married. Picture in June CLASSIC.

E. H.—Send 13 International Coupons for a pack of stage playing cards. That is, you people in Australia. Yes, talk is cheap, but call me up some time and see.

TAM O' SHANTER.—Welcome to my sanctum. George Cheseboro in "The Show Down." Come on to New York. It has been reckoned that New York has at least 200,000 visitors a day, so one more wont make any difference.

VIOLET M.—No, there is no law to prevent the re-election of a President a third time. All he has to do is to get the nomination and then get elected. De Wolf Hopper played in "Floradora." George M. Cohan was born in Providence, R. I., July 4th, 1878.

MARJORIE.—That's not the way to do, you shouldn't fret over the opportunities you didn't recognize. Matrimony has demonstrated that the girl who is shaped like a fashion picture magazine may have a disposition like a truck-horse. Watch yourselves. Never too busy.

RUBY.—Hello, Ruby! Thank you for the cigars which I appreciate very much, altho I usually smoke a pipe. I get a great deal of comfort out of my dear, old, rotten pipe. A friend of mine gets even more benefit than I do. Every time he smokes, his mother-in-law leaves the room. So you want more about Carmel Myers.

LITTLE PAL.—Fannie Ward, Sarah Bernhardt and Lillian Russell, who seem to have the ageless brightness of the stars in the sky, are fascinating proofs of the theory that action, change of thoughts and of scene and mental concentration keep one young-looking and attractive. Marguerite Snow is back with Metro. She will play opposite Hale Hamilton. You refer to Mae Gaston.

PERENNIAL MARY ADMIRER.—Yes, one good turn deserves applause. As I understand it, the word "sirloin" is of French origin. Yes, Jean Sothern.

JOHN H. C.—Why, Francis Bushman is 34 years old, and Beverly Bayne is 24 years old. Yes, Mr. Bushman did raise prize dogs. Ambition is like love, impatient--both of delays and rivals.

LELAND G. P.—Price of radium—what's that got to do with the signing of peace? Well, in 1913, radium bromide, purchasable in exceedingly small quantities, brought $2,000,000 per ounce. Haven't had occasion to buy any since. You ask which is prettier, Dorothy Gish or Olive Thomas. I know, but I wont tell.

INQUISITIVE 14.—Arthur James is with Fox, publicity department. You ask the object in keeping me a mystery. That's what I'd like to know. I'm living in hopes, but hope is the bridge over the stream of disappointment.

W. W. M.—The girl on page 67 of May MAGAZINE, dressed as an athlete, is Mary Thurman.

Faces Made Young



The secret of a youthful face will be sent to any woman whose appearance shows that time or illness or any other cause is stealing from her the charm of girlhood beauty. It will show how without cosmetics, creams, massage, masks, plasters, straps, vibrators, "beauty" treatments or other artificial means, she can remove the traces of age from her countenance. Every woman, young or middle aged, who has a single facial defect should know about the remarkable

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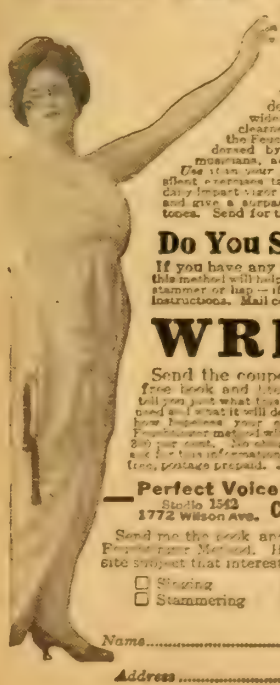
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KYRIE.—Yes, I understand you perfectly. Of course I cannot discuss the subject here. Let me hear more from you. Good luck to you.

NEW ORLEANS JAZZ.—Well, I am not sure that it is a good idea to think twice before speaking, because you might get out of the habit of talking. Kenneth Harlan was never chatted in CLASSIC.

KAISERCURE.—I am so glad that I have made of you a third Solomon—I being the second. Your letter, however, suggests that you are a second Bill Nye. I might have expected more serious things from a soldier from overseas, instead of a bunch of jokes, but I'm delighted to know that your military achievements and dangers have sharpened your wits and that you can look so lightly on the passing show. I am always glad to hear from the "saviours of civilization," especially when they are as good-humored as you are. I read every letter that comes, even tho I dont always answer. I write "as the spirit moves." Some letters dont seem to give me the inspiration. Others make me burst forth into a flood of eloquence—or nonsense—and I write anything that comes in my head.

DOUGHBOY.—Guess I must be all wrong. Sorry.

NELLIE.—Very few companies allow visitors. You'll have to take a chance.

EUNICE.—Glad to see you back. You say you dot and dash all day. In other words, talk with your fingers. I approve of it for some women. Pearl White played in "The Black Secret" serial before she left Pathé.

MARGUERITE M. L., N. J.—No, indeed, this department is not a bluff. Your questions will be answered when I come to your letter. If you wish to get a quicker answer, just enclose a stamp or small fee for immediate reply.

ALICE B. M.—Haven't heard of Sessue Hayakawa having any children. Anybody who calls me a woman can go where the woodbine twineth.

PETRONILLA.—Most players have a secretary to answer their mail. They'd never find time to act if they didn't. It's all right if you know how to use it. Learning collects materials—wisdom applies them to some use. You see, you get both here.

WASHBURN ADMIRER.—Thanks for the fee. First off, Bryant Washburn is 6 feet tall, and Warren Kerrigan is 6 feet 1 inch. No, no, bananas dont grow on trees, they grow on bushes from an underground root. No, I didn't take a vacation this year, but I'm going to Florida very soon. You see I've been saving my pennies for a real swell time.

SONIS G.—No you dont. You send a one cent stamp and ask for a list of manufacturers. Why put me to the trouble of supplying and addressing the envelope and licking the stamp?

C. RAY.—Have a little patience, son. Neglecting to pay your bills is debtrimental to reputation, so I pay mine in advance—when they wont trust me. Muriel Ostriche is coming out in "Dream Girl," a musical comedy.

MARIE 17.—Thanks for the gum. Every chew will be a thought of you. Shirley Mason has been cast for "Jim" in "Treasure Island."

MRS. WM. W. P.—How do you do! Just as glad to hear from the married ones as I am the single. Adds variety and difference in viewpoint, too. Cleo Madison is playing in "The Radium" in California. Your story reminds me of the item that Cæsar thrice refused a crown, because he thought the Romans owed him a deal more than five shillings. Write again.



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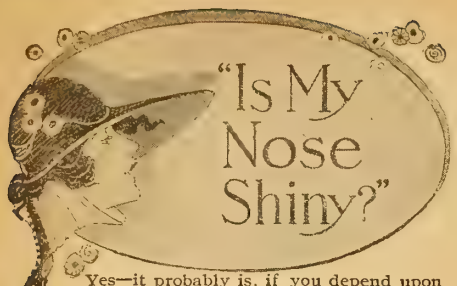
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NORA P.—No, indeed. I have no wife. Never expect to get married. What would I do with a wife? (And what would she do with me?) I wouldn't live forever, I wouldn't if I could; but I needn't fret about it, for I couldn't if I would. William Taylor is directing Mary Miles Minter and Frances Marion is writing the scenarios.

L. C. H.—Why ask me who the best looking girl is on the screen. Ask me! Why dont you join one of the corresponding clubs? Those were fragrant thoughts of yours expressed in flowery language. Selah!

A HARD NUT.—Wait until I get a cracker. I dont mean soda. You say "You are the cleverest piece of work I have ever come in contact with." Heave ho, my lads, heave ho! Earle Williams in "The Fortune Hunter."

JESS.—George Larkin and Ann Luther are playing in "The Lurking Peril," a serial in fifteen episodes. It was written by George Larkin himself. They are at the Mirror Studio, Glendale, L. I. Sure thing, real lions, ye gods and little fishes!

MISS BELLE L.—I dont want to discourage you, but La Rochefoucauld said, "True love is like ghosts, which everybody talks about and few have seen." I have seen neither and I doubt if you have. Yours was great. Run in again some time.

HOPEFUL.—A five-part scenario ought to bring from $1,000 to $5,000, and it would cost anywhere from $25,000 to $100,000 to produce.

WALTER MCGRAIL FAN.—Yes, I'm the same gink what writes the Classic inquiries, but not the Shadowland ones. Last I heard of Walter McGrail, he was with Selznick. You refer to Warner Richmond in "Sporting Life." Kind of you to say that.

WINIFRED L. D.—Your chance will come. The road to glory would cease to be arduous, if it were trite and trodden; and great minds must always be ready not only to take opportunities, but to make them. Whoa there, Winifred! Address Marjorie Wilson, Los Angeles, Cal.

MORWELL HODGES.—All the way from Australia. Thanks indeed for the picture. Very good likeness. Edmund Lowe with Dorothy Dalton in "Vive la France." Call me grandpa, Rip Van Winkle or anything you like, but dont call me a woman. Just now we are not having mint juleps here. Not since July 1st. The temperance laws forbid it.

W. O. A., SINGAPORE.—And you too from across the pond! Gee, but my family of readers is growing expansive. No, all features are not charged for at the same rates. There are several men giving female impersonations in vaudeville, and I cannot give you their heights and ages. Just a branch of Universal. You say the dress circle prices are $2.00, reserved seats $1.50, and first class $1.00 for movies. Ours are much cheaper. The Strand and Rialto charge 60 cents for orchestra seats.

YVETTA.—So you have a new hat with burnt orange on it. Quite fashionable. That's one fruit I've never tasted. Yes, he is connected in the office. June Elvidge in "His Father's Wife." Nell Shipman in "Back to God's Country."

MISS BILLY.—What's wrong with you? Harold Lockwood did play in "Tess of the Storm Country." It was a Famous Players production.

SIBYLLA B.—Kipling says, "The truest of loves must pass," and so it is, nothing is permanent on this earth, not even peace. You will see an interview with Richard Barthelmess soon.



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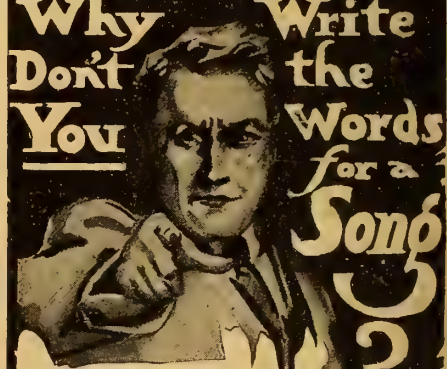
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K. K.—You ask permission to pour into my aged ears your woes! Pour away. Bored to death? I should say not. Yes, it seems that Otis Skinner is going to play in "Kismet" after all. They all come our way sooner or later. Bessie Barriscale in "Her Purchase Price." Ben Wilson and Neva Gerber in "The Trail of the Octopus." You wont fall asleep watching this one.

IWANNA NO.—What? No, Frances Starr is not in pictures. What zone do you hail from? The torrid, temperate, frigid, or postal? You sound like the torrid. I think you made a mistake and put your foot on the accelerator instead of the break.

VENUS AT THE SINK.—You say, "Yours for better results." Tell us what you want. Ralph Ince is directing Olive Thomas, in "The Girl from Out Yonder," taken at Marblehead, Mass. Run in again—you're good to look at.

SATELLITES.—You think I am a man—that a woman wouldn't concede to being 78. That's the soundest logic I've heard yet. So Pauline Frederick gets you, does she? You think it is her sincerity and amazing eyes. Will Rogers in "Almost a Husband." Mabel Julienne Scott has gone West with Lasky-Famous Players.

OLGA, 17.—Forward, march! To the front, Olga! So you have just gotten over having ptomaine poisoning. I'm sorry. Not that you have gotten over it, but that you ever got into it—why did you? So you like Elsie Ferguson, and "Checkers" and Crane. You must go to see Crane Wilbur on Broadway now, in a speaking play.

JULIA A. M.—You think I am simple. Thanks, you pay me a compliment and dont know it, for as Emerson says, "Nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed, to be simple is to be great." Nance O'Neil and Emily Stevens aren't doing anything just now.

MORWELL HODGES, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.—Just read your letter again. Wish I had time to answer at length. The only word I know of which contains all the vowels in regular order is *facetiously*. Yes, I have the same, kind, generous, benevolent, philosophic look in real life as the drawing at the head of this department gives me, but as for this department being conducted by "a grandpa with long whiskers, who works for a pittance, drinks nothing but buttermilk, is afraid of the weaker sex, and is a clever and learned person," why, yes, certainly, all but the grandpa.

KATHLEEN L.—A stamp is not sufficient, you must send a stamped, addressed envelope. It takes more of my time to address envelopes than it does to answer questions. Besides, I haven't enough saliva to go round. Yes, there are two Jack Holts. Theda Bara is not married. Was that a knock or a boost? Knock and it shall be opened unto you.

ELIZABETH D.—You're all wrong about Mabel Normand.

ELECTRIC FAN.—Rather chilly weather for you to be out. So you liked Harold Goodwin in "Puppy Love," and think he is a second Jack Pickford. I went into this Answer Man business eight years ago without a cent in my pocket and I've got it yet!

MONTANA GIRL.—Squelched again. Dont shoot. I'll come down. You say, "Come down from that high perch of yours—you must be up high or you wouldn't know so much about the stars." Pass the aspirin, please. Ralph Graves was the handsome hero in "Sporting Life." Watch out, slander is usually a civil action, but sometimes it is criminal.

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really *can* and simply *haven't found it out?* Well, come to think of it, most anybody can *tell* a story. Why can't most anybody *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of To-morrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. *Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as he did the greatest writer?* Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the Imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!

"Of all the correspondence I have read on this subject, I find yours the most helpful to aspiring writers."—Hazel Simpson Naylor, Literary Editor Motion Picture Magazine.

"With this at home before him, the earnest novice should be able to build stories or photoplays that will find a ready market. The best training of its kind I have encountered in 24 years of newspaper and literary work."—H. Perry Weller, Managing Editor The Binghamton Press.

"Mr. Irving certainly has made story and play writing amazingly simple and clear, just as you say. I have read various courses and one copy of which have reached me especially fine."—Alfred Harte, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

"When I first saw your ad I was working on a story for $10 a week. Nothing has worked with me harder. I submitted my efforts to many leading writers, but they, while encouraging, could not help me. I used the Home Study Method of Writing. When the lessons arrived I found I could write a story often more than I could in a week. I had completed two stories, one of which sold for $125, and the other for $150, and I am certain each one took me less than half the time it would have taken me before."—Helen Klaiber, Atlantic City, N. J.

But two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy bricks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "knack of it." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

The trouble is, people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. The greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People never learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they *really learn to write* from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you'd be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't *I* learn to write?" *Who says you can't?*



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Marguerite Clark	Francis X. Bushman	Alice Joyce
Douglas Fairbanks	Earle Williams	Vivian Martin
Charlie Chaplin	William Farnum	Pauline Frederick
William S. Hart	Charles Ray	Billie Burke
Wallace Reid	Norma Talmadge	Madge Kennedy
Pearl White	Constance Talmadge	Elsie Ferguson
Anita Stewart	Mary Miles Minter	Tom Moore

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MADAME BERTHE, Specialist, Dept. 20, 12 West 40th St., New York City, N.Y.

TWINS.—How are the two of you? Yes, Milton Sills in "The Reason Why." Fay Lambert and Mrs. P. Haswil in "Daddy Long Legs." Our Fame and Fortune contest resulted in a photoplay, "A Dream of Fair Women," which will soon be released.

NORWOOD H. S.—Yes, I went to college. Rah, rah, rah! I once was a real rah rah boy, and am yet. You want an interview with Harrison Ford. It shall be done.

C. RAY, MARION, ILL.—Verdict for plaintiff—you win. So you think it takes me six months to answer. Say not so, m' dear. You say you wrote to Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Bessie Love and Marian Davies for photos, enclosing quarters, but have received nothing. Give them time! They probably needed the money and spent it foolishly. Some pay day they will economize and set aside enough to send you what you bought and paid for. Consider the high cost of living! How can you expect a star to get along on five or ten thousand dollars a week without aid from the fans? Every quarter helps! Yes, some players get paid for allowing their pictures to be used on cigarets, creams, etc., and some are glad to get on for nothing.

BETTY W.—See interview with Antonio Moreno in December issue. Ruth Roland is now the Serial Queen. Pearl, Pearl, where art thou?

RICHMOND.—You ask me the meaning of "Elevated to unqualified Stardom." It means that there is no question that she is a real star—that she has won that title. When you wish to complain about not having received your magazine please write it on a separate sheet of paper, because it has to go to another department. Robert Warwick in "In Mizzoura."

MRS. C.—Oh, I see—any one wishing to join the Bushman Club please get in touch with Mrs. Elizabeth Crawford. 372 11th Ave., S.W., Roanoke, Va. Not dead, but sleepeth! Mary Miles Minter in "Anne of Green Gables."

W. B. B.—Have forwarded all the letters you sent me.

BOB.—Yours was too good—I must quote it. "My wife and I went to the movies last night. While there we witnessed, in one of the love scenes, a long lingering, juicy red-hot, right-off-the-griddle kiss. My wife turned to me and said, 'You uster kiss that way, Bob.' Now it was dark and I could not see her face, but I have wondered ever since whether her expression was one of relief or regret. What would you think?" Send your wife in to see me.

MARGARET W.—You must have gotten up on the wrong side of the bed this morning. You think Mary Pickford is too thin; Harrison Ford needs a haircut; that I lived in Chicago; and that I am color blind. Virginia Pearson played in "Impossible Catherine." Mae Murray in "The Twin Pawns."

MR. & MRS. W. R. LE.—Write Earle Williams, Vitagraph Co., Hollywood, Cal. Poor, dear Earle!

PERRIS PH.—Your letter is sure Greek to me. Consult the Sage in Shadowland on Venizelos the Greek. The Yale Bowl will seat about 60,000 persons. Some might call it a bowl of nuts. Earle Williams in "The Fortune Hunter." You know saying you have graduated from this or that photoplay school doesn't get you anywhere.

S. L. C., CHARLESTON.—The only place you can buy photographs of the players is direct from the players. Write them and enclose a quarter.

WANDERING GLOOGOOS.—Well, well, well. Norma Talmadge was on the October cover of Shadowland. No, Mary Fuller is not with us this evening. Doris Pawn has her own company now. It beats all how they do it. E. K. Lincoln and Ruby de Remer in "The Crucible." Nell Shipman, yes, she is in "Back to God's Country."

DREAM GIRL.—*Nous verrons.* But civility is the first asset of the job-seeker and the job-holder. Equipoise, respectful bearing, a sunshine smile, and the job is safe. Let me hear. You like Naximova, but you dont care for her husband. She does, so that settles it. You like Charlie Ray, but you are tired of his Rube parts. And you think I have flirty eyes for a hardened old bachelor. Oh-h-h la, la. *Je vous remercie.*

QUESTION MARK.—That you on the wire again, Gladys? I will ask the editor if he is in or out. No, I dont ride a bicycle, my whiskers might get caught in the chain. Tom Mix is playing in "The Speed Maniac." I fear that the once famous "Broncho Billy" has joined the Has Beens.

MISS ANSWERETTE.—How do you do? You refer to Sir George Mackenzie, who filled the distinguished post of King's advocate in Scotland, and has the reputation of being among the first Scotsmen who wrote the English language with purity. Yes, Tallulah Bankhead did play in pictures, but she is on the stage now.

THU JAYS.—Good for you, but the guy who is really wise doesn't care a hang whether you admire his wisdom or not. He should worry! Yes, H. B. Warner was fairly good in "For a Woman's Honor," but few men sacrifice so much for a woman's love. They look for the next one. Something seems to be wrong with your transmission—not your ignition.

ARTIE GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.—I am glad to hear you say that you like American films better than the English ones. But I am sorry to hear you say that the sun never sets on the British Empire. We have such magnificent sunsets over here. Edith Storey is playing in "Pillars of Pillow Pillow."

[illegible] Your letter was mighty welcome [illegible] Texas. You bet I love every one of my readers, and the only time I hate to write me happy. Lucille Lee Stewart has signed up with William Russell for "Eastward, Ho," Fox.

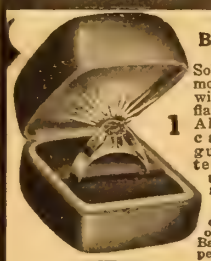
SOMEBODY.—Ah, but you must give me your name. I mean just what I say. Harold Lockwood played opposite Mary Pickford in "Tess of the Storm Country." I've answered this question about 9,476 times. Confound it, I may be wrong in lots of things, but I'm right here. Madlaine Traverse in "Snares of Paris."

GIRL SCOUT OF AMERICA.—Salute! About a thousand feet to a reel. Figure it out. Edna Goodrich came from Logansport, Ind., and Otis Skinner from Cambridge, Mass. It takes much time to distribute the magazines all over the country so that they will be on sale on the same day everywhere. It takes nearly two weeks to reach the coast.

CRAWFORD KENT LOVER.—You want me to coax or terrify the editor into putting a picture of Crauford Kent into the gallery. I have found that he is easily coaxed but never terrified, so I'll try kissing. Belle Bennett is married. Yes, Mrs. Sidney Drew is getting quite stout. She followed "Eat and Grow Thin." I've been following it, but the more I eat, the larger I get.

DELLA F.—Yours has been indefinitely postponed.

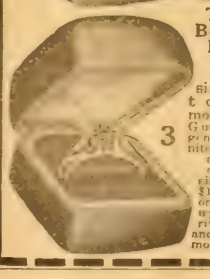




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LILLIAN O.—Sorry I cannot help you. I would like to write cleverly, but I would rather do a good thing than say one. I may write a clever thing once in a while, but this trying to be clever all the time is as tiresome as walking on tiptoe. And so, I'll just write. He he, ha ha, and likewise ho ho!

SOUTHERN GAL.—Ah, ha, my charm! You want me to shave off my whiskers, and I will look ten years younger. Say not so. No, I put them up on kid curlers at night. A great man undertakes a great many things because it is great; a fool because he considers it easy. Dont be foolish. A fool and his money are soon spotted in New York.

THU JAYS.—Who let you in again? Restlessness, hey? You say you absorb, but reveal nothing. I'll say that was some dream you had up in the air all night. Maybe you'll invent an aeroplane. You say that author must have been paid by the letter instead of by the word. Genius has nothing to do with greatness, but character has everything to do with it.

MAID O' THE BUSH.—Thanks for the drawing of myself. It is an exact likeness, only not so good looking as I am. Keep up the good work, you have possibilities. William Shay in that Fox. It's a little long, but the translation of the inscription which is chiseled upon the house which Elizabeth Barrett Browning occupied in Florence was as follows: "Here wrote and died Elizabeth."

PEGGY W.—Come on here, jazz up a bit. Yes, some of the stars are prettier off the screen than on. You want a picture of Dorothy Gish in a bathing suit. We'll have to page our Classic Editor. Dont mind the paper you use at all.

ADA S.—Well, I hope you are right. You know there's a whole lot of difference between a great man of wealth and a man of great wealth. The last kind are getting very common. There is a demand for movie actresses, but the supply is unlimited. You want to know if the Talmadge girls are nice when not acting. They're always nice.

R. B. B.—What has become of King Baggot, that's what you would like to know. Well, he's still in harness, but only a truck horse, where once he was a thoroughbred. Yes, Bull Montana. Edwin August was in California last. He's another. They need managers. No, to the darkie question. You're getting into the heavy stuff now, Nebular Hypothesis has to do with the Heavens.

A BOOKLET.—But you should think before you speak. The sweetest, the most clinging affection is often shaken by the slightest breath of unkindness, as the delicate rings and tendrils of the vine are agitated by the faintest air that blows in summer. Ernest Truex is playing in "The Night of the Dub."

GODDARD W. S.—Some protest you write about the directors making the college boys look like cads, and a just one. I dont blame you. Certain directors ought to learn something about the thing they are directing. You say "The Winning Stroke," which was supposed to be of a Yale boy, was taken showing Reunion Hall and Nassau Hall, Princeton. Silly mistakes of this kind happen too often. I once saw an old picture of Norma Talmadge playing tennis with a man who wore patent leather boots with heels! Your letter was mighty interesting.



You Write the Words for a Song and I'll write the Music!

YOU, yes, you, write the words for a song and submit to me. If I find the subject or idea suitable for use in a song, will agree to give your poem a musical setting and have the **complete song printed** according to the plan of the

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You Can Succeed—make no mistake about that! You may be interested in knowing that I received my musical education at the Moscow Royal Conservatory of Music, Moscow, Russia, and later became the royal court pianist. I have appeared in concerts in all the leading cities of Europe and this country. Among my greatest song successes are:—"If I were a Rose," of which a million copies have been sold, and the national hymn, "America, My Country."

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Suite 9, American Theatre Building

H. E.—*Garden Sass.* My boy, there's no hope. I haven't a funny bone in my body, not even a funny-bone, but I have a wish-bone. I understand that the 28th division of Pennsylvania lost 3,890 men killed. Other losses were in proportion. Constance Talmadge is playing in "At the Barn."

Melvin C.—You want me to ask Wallace Reid to act out the story "The Patrol of the Sundance Trail." Specially requested, hey? Nay, nay, Melvin, things aren't being done that way any more. Wallace MacDonald will play opposite Anita Stewart in "The Fighting Shepherdess."

Mary S.—What are you waiting for then? You know Opportunity no longer knocks—she presses a button nowadays and you ought to do the rest. Knocking is a lost word anyway. Come, crank up! You say Constance Talmadge reminds you of "A dark green racer" or "A kiss in the dark." Some comparisons.

Bobbie S.—The picture will be forthcoming soon. So you are opposed to aeroplane races. I think this is carrying race prejudice too far. They may be dangerous, but look at the good they do. Yes, Max Linder is going to produce in the West.

Puck.—No, I dont mind the winds; I still seem to be holding my weight down. Of course, I get over to Broadway. I very often go to the Rivoli, Rialto, Strand and Capitol. Most of the players answer letters, but remember they have to work all day and then rest all night.

Lightning.—As I find it, Mammoth Cave was discovered by a hunter in 1809, and is annually visited by 5,000 people. It is in Kentucky, 85 miles southwest of Louisville, and is the largest cave known, extending below the surface of the earth 10 miles. Better send that poem to Pearl White instead of to us. Francis McDonald in "Pretty Smooth." Mrs. L. Case Russell is writing and producing Canadian Northwest pictures.

Douglas S. H.—Thanks for the pass, old chap.

Movie Fans.—I'm ready, fire away. Neva Gerber can be reached in Los Angeles, Cal. Bert Lytell, Metro, Los Angeles, Cal. Neva Gerber is 24 years of age. Why, it was Kipling who wrote a poem entitled "Greatheart" in memory of Roosevelt, and there is a novel of the same name, by Daniel Henderson.

Billy P.—I laugh only twice a year, spring and fall. But I laughed unexpectedly and out-of-season when I read your letter. Herbert Prior wasn't cast. You say you have six collie puppies, and you have named them Pete, Repeat, Kate, Duplicate, Max and Climax. I hope they will all remember their names.

J. H. T.—Well, there are several large theaters abroad. In Scotland there is the Savoy that is larger and more elegant than our New York theaters, and they have a tea room attached. Have never been in the Graumens. No, I didn't care for "Broken Butterfly."

Barbara C.—Yes, indeed, I liked David Copperfield. No, not so good. Nazimova is 5 feet 4, Marguerite Clark 4 feet 10. So, big sister is allowed all the things little sister cant have. Just you wait.

Phyllis H.—Dont be scared. Come right ahead. You want to know all about Lillian Gish. Faith, but I cant write her biography here, child. Dont believe all you read in the patent medicine ads. Gullibility and credulity are the able lieutenants of General Quack. Juanita Hansen, she has her own company too.

Jones N. Z.—Kipling says, "A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke." I smoke any brand, thanks.



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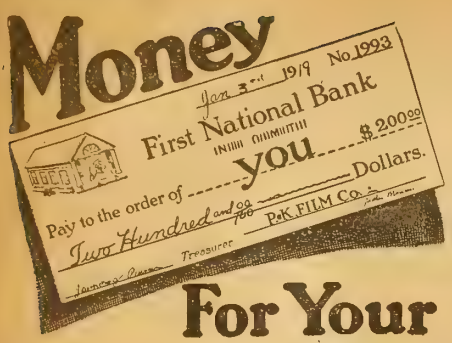
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Single Grip E.Z., 40c and 60c
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THE THOS P TAYLOR CO., Bridgeport, Conn. Dept. M B

S. A., BROOKLINE.—Haven't heard of Eric Von Stroheim's matrimonial troubles.

OLGA F.—You must join one of the clubs.

MISS ANSWERETTE.—Will answer yours by mail.

KIWI, WELLINGTON.—I agree with you that something ought to be done to stop the many silly, thoughtless people who talk or read the titles aloud in the picture theaters. The other night I sat alongside a couple of spooners and heard her say to him, "I believe that man in front of us is trying to hear what we say," whereupon the man in front said, "You do me an injustice, my dear young lady, I am trying not to hear." You're all wrong. See the ads in back of the book.

DORRIS, N. Z.—You say now that men have finished fighting for home and hearth, but they soon will be fighting to get away from it. Doris, Doris, I will have to take you on my knee. Rita Jolivet is not playing now. Yes, the flies used to delight in landing on my bald pate. I love to make the dear little creatures happy by furnishing them with a nice commodious skating rink.

URA PET.—Ruth Stonehouse can be reached at Hollywood, Cal. Corinne Griffith in "The Climbers." They advertise 48 costumes to bewilder the feminine eye, but it only takes one to bewilder the male eye. You think Ruth Clifford has no modesty. Say not so.

EDNA C.—Always room for you—if there are not too many others. So you're mad. You want more news about Victor Sutherland, Sidney Mason, Stanley Walpole, and others. I'll do my best, but these fellows dont seem to keep me informed about their whereabouts and doings.

DICK W.—You ask me how I know that Adam was born about 6.35 P.M. I admit that I have no proof, but he was born a little before Eve. (Now isn't that brilliant?) Of course, Bill Hart is alive. Let's see—what's the address? Vitagraph are reissuing "Sins of the Mothers" with Anita Stewart.

HYPATHIA.—So you are studying the moon. Well, I am sure I dont know whether the moon is inhabited or not. Never been there. However, I know that there is a man in the moon and it goes without saying that there must be a woman, too, or he wouldn't be there. How many more there are I dont know. Antonio Grisanti, Ubaldo Stefani and Signora Eugenie Tettori in "The Last Days of Pompeii."

OMAR KHAYYAM.—A bottle of wine and thou? Oh, yes, I remember the happy days, Omar, but 7,000 years from now we'll never know the difference. You say the brother of the crippled girl in the "Miracle Man" played the leading part in "The Garden of Allah" years ago. I dont keep track of stage plays, you know.

FRENCHY.—You want a list of the married players. Some list. Louise Glaum is to play in "Sex." Irene Castle is playing in "Miss Antique" at Fort Lee.

TOOKABURRA.—From Brisbane. You call me an "Old Bewhiskered Enigma," yet I kiss your feet. You want to know if the Americans are altering their hours. Very much so, from 48 a week to 44, and gradually they will cut that down to 24, and finally to 0, and then we will work for them. You say Charles Ray's acting is so natural and delightfully entertaining. Well, you want to see him in "The Egg Crate Wallop." It's about the best thing I've seen this year. And it was ever thus, he's a sure bet. You refer to Seena Owen. Howard Hickman was John in "The Wolf Woman."

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MICKEY.—My dear, society is composed of two great classes, those who have more dinners than appetite, and those who have more appetite than dinners. At present, I belong to the latter. Katherine MacDonald in "The American Beauty."

LESSIE L. O.—Yes, Mary Pickford's hair is curly. Deep breathing is very necessary to the success of a star, or of anybody in fact, as it gives health and helps to keep the figure trim, gives mental poise and quieted nerves. Try it and see.

T. J. G. & R. E. W.—Is this a corporation? If so, I take some stock in you. Thinking of taking a walk? The distance between New York and Liverpool is 3,050 miles. You want me to suggest to Griffith the play "Harvester" with William Hart, Ann Little and Lillian Gish. You dont want much for your money,—an all-star cast costs too much. You go on describing a picture, and at the end say, "What was the name of the picture?" Sounds like a puzzle. You know I dont see all the pictures produced, and from your description nobody here recognizes it. Come in again, girls.

MARION C.—Ruth Roland has naturally curly hair, and she is about 5 feet 4, and one of the dandiest girls I ever met.

BOBB MCNUTT.—Come, you, cool down. Any full-sized man ought to own a big lot of temper, and, like all his valuable possessions, he ought to keep it and not lose any. Marjorie Daw and Jane Novak at 1725 Allesandro St., Los Angeles, Cal. Bessie Love in "Pegeen" from the novel.

JACOB S.—You want to know why the keyboard on a typewriter is not in a b c form. You'll have to take that up with Mr. Underwood or Mr. Remington. You think I ought to get five times my salary, or $47.50 per week. I think the same as you.

BETTY OF MELROSE.—Pretty stuff—that you write.

HENRY W. T.—Henry, dont you know that the man whose pantaloons bag most at the knees isn't necessarily the man who prays most. So 'tis with everything. Yes, Mary Pickford won her suit and will be in Los Angeles when you read this, working on "Pollyanna." She won her suit, but she lost considerable weight doing so. Only 98 lbs. now. She also won everybody in this office, including myself. Were she not married I'd propose to her.

EVELYN B.—Thanks for the two bits, Evelyn. You want an interview with John Barrymore. Some think that he is our greatest stage actor. Ruth Clifford and Jack Sherrill in "The Invisible Ray," a serial produced by the Frohman Amusement, Inc.

J. B., NEW ZEALAND.—Must be nice and warm down there. Billie Burke, Paramount Co., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York. Pearl White is not married. Yes, you're starting rather young, but dont forget that Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis" at 18; that Charlotte Bronte wrote "Jane Eyre" at 22; Victor Hugo issued his first volumes of poems when he was 20; and Bulwer Lytton wrote "The Last Days of Pompeii" at 29.

THE SPECTATOR.—Oh, you're welcome. No, I dont know the name of that decoration. The War Department will tell you immediately. Neither can I tell you which house in Mass. will show a Hart picture. How stupid I am! Let me hear from you again, nevertheless. There may be something I know that you dont.

DOT.—Watch for the Corinne Griffith interview by Adele Fletcher. Cant say that I cared for "Broken Butterfly." Lewis Cody was good, but somehow it wasn't pleasing.



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DIGGER, N. Z.—You say you New Zealanders have a very good opinion of we Americans. Well, we want you to have, for we deserve it. The principal meaning of the French word "matinée" is morning time or forenoon. How it came to be applied to afternoon performances is not known. Some 25 years ago, concerts became very popular in Paris, and were given at 11 A. M., therefore called matinée musicals.

MISS TOPSY.—Why, Mabel Taliaferro was on the stage this past winter.

MAGGIE C.—I'm so sorry I cannot help you. You bet I'm always here. Punctuality is the soul of business. Realart Pictures Corporation at 110 W. 42d St., New York. Oh, no, not as witty as all that. They say little wit in the head makes much work for the feet.

FILMO.—That's a queer sort of question you ask me,—if I use a night cap on retiring. What kind do you mean, dry goods or wet goods? S. Rankin Drew opposite Anita Stewart in "The Girl Phillipa."

BABE.—So you're from Nevada. Has the smallest population of any state in the union. Yep! Sure, take a course in make-up. Alice Brady has signed up with Realart. James Young is directing Elsie Janis for Selznick.

JEANNE W.—"Are all the movie stars as pretty in real life as they are on the screen?" Well, that's quite a sticker. I know at least two who are prettier off the screen than on, and I know many of the other kind. Ruby de Remer in "Pals First."

JAZZ BABY.—Lloyd Hughes was Ronald in "The Haunted Bedroom." No, I dont carry my wit in the cornfield attached to my chin.

DOT.—Thanks for the picture. Looks just like you. Sure thing, everybody ought to be a subscriber to our three magazines. The Peace Conference was held in Versailles, ten miles southwest of Paris. In that city Benjamin Franklin signed preliminaries between the United States and Great Britain.

PHILOSOPHER.—Thanks for all the kind words and the booklet. Florence Lawrence is married and has settled down. After reading your interesting letter, I want to say that I can never forgive you for not coming to see me when you were so near. We're all reading the booklet on "Crimes of the Bolsheviki," and hope we wont get arrested.

705.—Glad to hear from you in Germany. You say Sherman was right, Warzell. Ha! You cant understand why in pictures the German cross is as large as a saucer when in reality it is a little larger than a silver dollar. No, none were awarded after 1914. Best o' luck to you, old chappie.

CORA B.—Viola Dana is a widow.

THE NUT.—But he who owes nothing fears nothing, so mind your P's and Q's. Jack Pickford is married to Olive Thomas. No, Norma Talmadge has no brother. Yes, and "Plutarch's Lives," "Pilgrim's Progress" and "The Maid's Tragedy," are all in Dr. Eliot's Five-foot Bookshelf.

CALIFORNIA MAID.—Sometimes Dorothy Gish wears a wig. Most players do in character scenes. Yes, Florence La Badie and H. E. Herbert in "The Man Without a Country." Send the chocolates on, and there wont be any trouble or any left.

NUTSEY & BOOB.—How de do! Yes, it is true I drink buttermilk intemperately, but I also indulge in Postum, which is my greatest vice. Simpleton is no name for it; idiot is better. Allan Dwan directing Marion Davies now.

The February CLASSIC

THE CLASSIC will celebrate Valentine month with its most beautiful issue. There will be more rotogravure pages than ever before—and the pictures will eclipse even THE CLASSIC standard.

Frederick James Smith has interviewed **Gloria Swanson,** the luxurious. It is a chat full of humor.

Shirley Mason — just now the boy hero of "Treasure Island" — is presented in a vivid interview and pictures.

Tom Moore has been chatted by Harriette Underhill. It is one of the breeziest little tales THE CLASSIC ever carried.

Maurice Tourneur, the famous director, will talk of the things dearest his heart.

The fictionized photoplays — always the best on the screen — will include Mae Murray's "On With the Dance," and Eugene O'Brien's "The Broken Melody."

Motion Picture Classic
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FREE—PLOT—FREE!

By W. E. Mair

Youth determines to go to city to make good.
Bids simple, sweet maiden tearful farewell.
Youth goes to city.
Meets cabaret girl.
Cabaret girl makes good.
Youth returns to farm via freight.
Father makes good for youth in city.
Youth repentantly seeks for simple, sweet maiden.
Cant find even trace of tearful farewell.
Simple, sweet maiden has become cabaret girl in city.
Youth goes back to city.
Finds s. s. m. sadly in need of coaching.
Teaches her tricks of cabareting from experience.
S. s. m. meets rich "daddy" of first cabaret girl.
Gets him away from f. c. g. on strength of song with promissory note in it. Nothing horribler happens.
Youth and s. s. m. sell the pearl necklace, move to suburbs and start delicatessen store.
(Marry, of course: it wouldn't be delicatessen not to.)
Both make good.
First cabaret girl, wandering disconsolately in suburbs, buys cinnamon-roll of their clerk.
Cinnamon-roll recalls fond memories of Iowa.
F. c. g. goes back to Oskaloosa and mother.
Marries the ticket agent at the Rock Island station, swears off traveling men, and sends couple in suburbs beautiful cinnamon-roll done in wax, to put in guest room with picture of Sir Galahad and Home Journal.
Everybody happy . . .

(*Passed by a bored editor.*)

BOOK REVIEWS

Just Me, by Pearl White. The autobiography of the star. Published by the George H. Doran Company, New York.

The publishers announce Miss White's "Just Me" as the story of a "square" actress. "Most biographies resort at some point to camouflage," they state, "but with invincible honesty and courageous gaiety Pearl White tells the story of her life in a breezy vernacular which is decidedly refreshing." Be that as it may, Miss White's story is apparently published just as it was written. It is quaint, human, but above all, honest. One critic goodhumoredly said that Miss White's style was after the manner of movie subtitles. For instance, Miss White comments upon her parents' selection of a Missouri village as a home by saying, "Just why they chose that place I know not."

Miss White tells a fascinating story, from the old childhood days at Greenridge, Mo., to her first experiences "wildcatting" with cheap theatrical road companies. Her adventures up to the time she entered motion pictures are both humorous and picturesque as she relates them. Then came her first hit "The Perils of Pauline."

Miss White says she wrote "Just Me" because she wanted "to be a regular human being to the people of America." Her book will give readers a very good idea of the happy-go-lucky and kindly, the adventurous and yet home-longing, Pearl of the films. It is well worth reading.

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To prove what I say, you can take any course on trial—singing or any instrument you prefer—and judge entirely by your own progress. If for any reason you are not satisfied with the course or with what you learn from it, then it won't cost you a single penny. I guarantee satisfaction. On the other hand, if you are pleased with the course, the total cost amounts to only a few cents a lesson, with your music and everything also included. When learning to play or sing is so easy, why continue to confine your enjoyment of music to mere listening? Why not at least let me send you my free book that tells you all about my methods? I know you will find this book absorbingly interesting, simply because it shows you how easy it is to turn your wish to play or sing into an actual fact. Just now I am making a special short-time offer that cuts the cost per lesson in two—send your name now, before this special offer is withdrawn. No obligation—simply use the coupon or send your name and address in a letter or on a postcard. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

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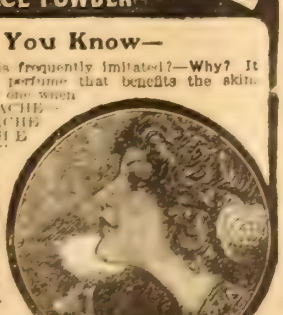
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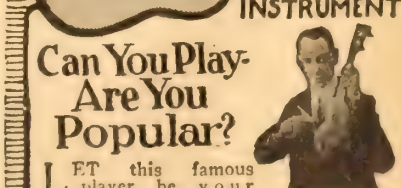
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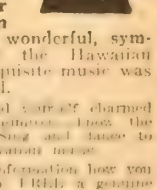
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WHAT THE OLD POETS THOUGHT OF THE MOVIES

Compiled by V. MANNING

The best in this kind are but shadows.—*Shakespeare.*

MARY PICKFORD—

But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love forever.—*Burns.*
There's a woman like a dewdrop,
She's so purer than the purest.
—*Browning.*

MARGUERITE CLARK—

Joy comes, grief goes—we know not how.—*Lowell.*
A rosebud set with little wilful thorns.—*Tennyson.*

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS—

Ye are wondrous strong.—*Byron.*

CHARLIE CHAPLIN—

You hear that boy laughing?—you think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man who knows him laughs loudest of all.—*Holmes.*
And I did laugh sans intermission
One hour by his dial.—*Shakespeare.*

WILLIAM HART—

The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.
—*Bayard Taylor.*

NORMA TALMADGE—

Thou wert a beautiful thought.—*Byron.*

DOROTHY GISH—

Joy rises in one, like a summer's morn.—*Coleridge.*

LILLIAN GISH—

A lovely being, scarcely formed or moulded—
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.—*Byron.*

MAY ALLISON—

What potent blood hath modest May!—*Emerson.*

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE—

Laugh and be fat.—*John Taylor.*

EUGENE O'BRIEN—

O love! O fire! once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul thru
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.
—*Tennyson.*

RICHARD BARTHELMESS—

He wears the rose
Of youth upon him.—*Shakespeare.*

ANITA STEWART—

A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.—*Tennyson.*

NAZIMOVA—

O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful,
Wonderful! and yet again wonderful,
And after that out of all hoping.
—*Shakespeare.*

Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight too her dusky hair.
—*Wordsworth.*

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Is it RICHARD BARTHELMESS or WILLIAM S. HART?

Concerning this matter there is great difference of opinion. Every fan, in fact, has his own idol. The Wall street broker swears by MARY PICKFORD; his wife thinks TOM MIX is the best actor the cinema has produced; the office boy has a "crush" on THEDA BARA and the stenographer collects photographs of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

What do **you** think? If you had a vote would you give it to NAZIMOVA or to LILLIAN GISH? Would you vote for a man or a woman or for little BEN ALEXANDER?

Shadowland, Motion Picture Magazine, and **Motion Picture Classic**—the three great magazines of the Motion Picture world—have decided to refer this question to their readers by taking a popular, world-wide vote. In regard to matters concerning the stage and theater their audience is the most intelligent and discerning; the most wide-awake and well-informed in the world today. If any picture patrons can pick out the leading star, it will be those who read **Shadowland, the Magazine** and **Classic.**

The coupons will show you how to enter your own name and the name of your favorite player. But you may vote on an ordinary sheet of paper provided you make it the same size and follow the wording of these coupons. We prefer the printed coupons for uniformity and convenience in counting.

There will be prizes for voters and prizes for stars.

Votes registered in Class Number 1 will probably be cast by favor. Votes registered in Class Number 2 will call for a wide knowledge of the Motion Picture business, keen powers of perception and skill at detecting the trend of popular favor. You cannot guess the winner offhand.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The Contest will open on December 1, 1919, and close on June 30, 1920.
2. There will be seven ballots as follows:

December	1919 ballot
January	1920 ballot
February	1920 ballot
March	1920 ballot
April	1920 ballot
May	1920 ballot
June	1920 ballot

3. The result of each month's ballot will be published in each one of our magazines the second month following such ballot.
4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.
5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules thereof shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for **Shadowland** every month, and the same for **Motion Picture Magazine** and yet again the same for **Classic.** Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

Class Number 1

Shadowland, Magazine and **Classic:**
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I consider ..... the most popular player in the entire field of Motion Pictures.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

Country.....

(Dated).....

Class Number 2

Shadowland, Magazine and **Classic:**
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I believe that ..... will win the Big Three Popularity Contest with ..... votes.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

Country.....

(Dated).....

Remember! This is the greatest player contest in history.

Winning Personality for Women!

Your Right to Happiness



Dear Reader:

I often wonder why there are so many unhappy, discontented women in the world. Truly my heart goes out to the young girl vainly reaching for that joy in life, for the lightness of heart enjoyed by others who seem to have everything their hearts desire. Compassion arises within me when I see women of more mature years struggling in the grasp of something that ever holds them back from the love, popularity and attention they so much crave.

How I do long to help them all, to whisper in their ears the secrets of success, the secrets of personality that have changed many a woman's life from gray obscurity to one of rosy-hued happiness.

Study the Picture

I have had an artist draw the picture you see on this page to illustrate one particular case I have in mind.

I will call her Betty Brown because that wasn't her name. Betty lived with a girl friend in one of our great cities. She was a nice girl, really pretty, with soft brown hair and a heart of gold.

But Betty never seemed to get ahead. From her earliest school days until the time I speak of she went through her uneventful, uninteresting life unnoticed, envious of other girls whose pleasures and friends she could not share, unhappy in the simple joys she missed, despairing of ever being anybody but just the unfortunate girl she was, ignored in favor of others not near so good looking in face and form.

You Must Have What She Lacked


Juliette Fara

Betty Brown's one function in life seemed to be that of her daily routine of work. To her lot fell the self-assumed task of keeping their little quarters clean and in shape, while her girl friend went along bright and happy, sought for whenever there was a party or ball, a dozen suitors at her feet, making admiring friends constantly, seeming to charm all whom she met.

Poor Betty! How she did long for just a little of the admiration and attention showered on her more fortunate friend. How she pined for a little of the pleasures with which she saw others surrounded.

Then, one day she poured out her soul to a woman who seemed sympathetic.

"My Dear," this new found friend told her. "You have a good education but, dear girl, you **are Chained to Your Undeveloped Personality.** You lack that something by which other girls make themselves sought after, attractive, charming. You must be content with your lot for you were born so."

Charming Personalities Can Be Developed

But oh, how little this woman knew, how little she realized that she herself would have been the same as Betty Brown if accidentally or otherwise she had not learned the secrets of a charming personality.

Betty's friend had a charming personality which, combined with her goodness, made her so popular.

The unrealizing advisor of Betty also had a charming personality which helped her [illegible] And to-day, instead of [illegible] Betty Brown.

Love—Happin ss—Success For You

But to Betty the thought was a revelation. "I need a personality," she kept repeating to herself, "one that will make me liked, one that will draw friends to me, one that will bring me the love, happiness and success I so much want." This she would murmur over and over again. It became an obsession until one day she cried, "Eureka, I have found it at last."

And what she found was an advertisement of the Gentlewoman Institute in a magazine she was reading.

Perhaps she was a little doubtful that I, Juliette Fara, could teach her the secrets I possess, that I would really be able to transform her from the nonentity she was to the lovely, popular girl she became afterwards.

Why Don't You Learn?

But Betty Brown took a chance. She wrote the Gentlewoman Institute just as I advised in the advertisement. She absorbed the vitally important secrets such as I am ready to impart to you, she found out her faults, trivial as they were, she became mistress of herself, she commenced to share the happiness that was her God-given birth right, the joy and contentment are purposed to which you, dear reader, cannot get a great deal out of life.

All this our Betty Brown told me in a confidential letter and it is but hypothetical of many other letters of appreciation from women whose lives I have helped to change from gloomy dusk to bright sunshine.

My Secrets

What are these wonderful secrets of personality, by what wave of magic wand can any girl or woman become fascinating, compelling and successful?

Let me tell you how I learned and why I know. I spent many years in foreign climes, I have been privileged to study the ways of successful women in this and other countries. And always have I made notes of the results of my observations, always have I pried my way beneath the veneers that disguised many a secret of charming womanhood. Always have I uncovered that little something that was destined to go down in my book of books, my life's work, so that my sisters, all women, should have the benefit of the accumulated knowledge of ages of womankind.

Become Fascinating

And such simple things they are, not as some might think of—beautiful gowns, brilliant education, artificial beauty or the questionable charm of a libertine. But just the thousand and one little things by which any woman can make herself as charming as the best, finest and most popular woman she knows.

You may be shy, retiring, so unconfident of yourself that you positively repel instead of attracting as you should. You may be oversensitive, bashful or without the strength and surety of perfect womanhood.

If so, I can make you forceful, adorably daring and sweet with a manner so fascinating that the world will evidence its admiration.

You may be overbold, too assertive, scaring men with unintentional but well-meant, friendly advances. You may be uncouth in little ways you may never realize until you study my secrets. If so I can change you to the sweet, lovable girl you should want to be.

You may be selfish and not know it, you may be [illegible] and not realize it, you may be able to make friends and [illegible] not hold them. You may be handicapped in private sorrow and worry

I Can Help You

No matter what your trouble may be, no matter what is keeping you chained to the post of an Undeveloped Personality, my secrets will find it out and change it all.

You may be a household drudge, slave in a shop or factory or, miserable, wretched life at home. Then you have great reason to want to know what I can do to help you — how I can show you ways to change the attitude of a brutal life partner or gain the love, respect and obedience of your children.

Win Admiration

I have not room on this page to tell you half I would like, so I wish you would send right to the Gentlewoman Institute for my Free Book "How." They will send it to you in a perfectly plain wrapper, just with your name and address. And they want me to ask you to please write your name on the coupon below plainly, so there will be no mistake. Of course, you may write me a letter if you wish, attaching coupon.

Now, I wish to say that I want to hear from you, no matter what your age is. Young girls in their 'teens, women over 30 and in middle age, even women over 60, have benefited by what I have to say in my book "How."

Remember—it is **Free.** I have seen to it personally that the Gentlewoman Institute does not charge you a single penny under any circumstances, not even postage.

I wrote "How" to help you and it cannot help but do so. If it doesn't you lose nothing.

Won't you write today?

Very truly yours,

Juliette Fara

Mail Coupon for Free Book "How"

GENTLEWOMAN INSTITUTE
615 West 43d Street, 103H
New York, N. Y.

Please send me, postpaid, free of cost and without any obligation on my part, Madame Juliette Fara's little book entitled "How."

Name .....

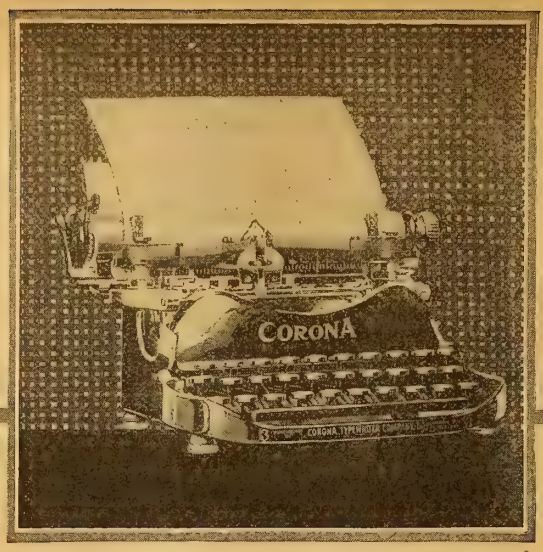
Address .....

.....

FREE **Obtain Juliette Fara's book "HOW" free, postpaid, in plain wrapper, by filling out and sending in the coupon; or merely write a letter requesting it. Be sure to write plainly.**

GENTLEWOMAN INSTITUTE 615 WEST 43d STREET 103H, NEW YORK, N.Y.

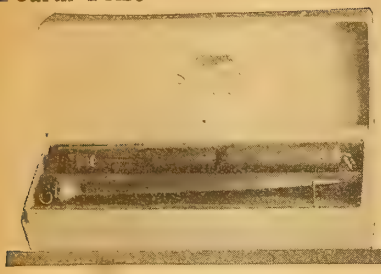
Third Prize



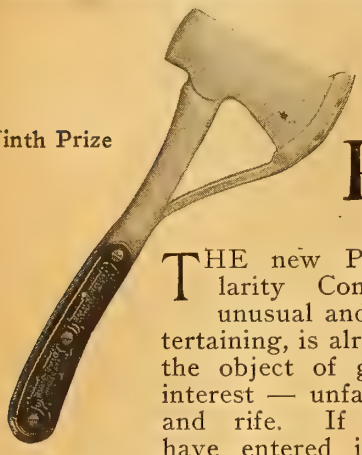
Second Prize



Fourth Prize



Ninth Prize



Sixth Prize



Popularity Contest Awards

THE new Popularity Contest, unusual and entertaining, is already the object of great interest — unfailing and rife. If you have entered it or have read the announcements which have appeared, and will appear, from time to time, containing the rules and regulations, you know it is actually a double contest—a contest in which both the public and players are equally interested.

The prizes depicted above and below were selected after much careful thought and attention and each one is destined to make some one happier, from the beautiful Crescent phonograph which suggests a twilight hour with the gems musical genii have given to the world, to the Marble nickel-plated axe which brings to mind a jolly time in some invitingly green woodland.

Perhaps you have not yet decided to enter the contest—if not do so *now*. Dont lose an opportunity of enjoying the unique entertainment it affords or of capturing one of the lovely and useful awards.

FIRST PRIZE

Crescent Phonograph, piano mahogany finish (value $160). Plays all makes of disc records: Victor, Columbia, Pathe, Edison, Emerson, etc., without the use of extra attachments or intricate adjustments; a simple turn of the sound-box is all that is necessary in changing from a lateral cut record to playing a hill and dale cut record.

A Crescent owner can enjoy a repertoire of the greatest opera singers, popular songs, dance music or anything that is turned out of the disc record. The tone of the Crescent is full, round, deep and mellow. It has a large compartment for records.

First Prize



SECOND PRIZE

Movette Camera and three packages of films (value $65). Compact, light, efficient, easily operated. Think of the possibilities during your vacation trip — your canoe trip—in pictures —pictures of your family or friends—living pictures that you can project at any time in your home. A priceless record of your life.

THIRD PRIZE

Corona Typewriter with case (value $50); an all-round portable typewriter, light enough and small enough to be carried anywhere, and strong enough to stand any possible condition of travel. It is trim and symmetrical and does not give one's study the atmosphere of a business office. Fold it up and take it with you anywhere.

FOURTH PRIZE

Sheaffer "Giftie" Combination Set, consisting of a Sheaffer Fountain Pen and a Sheaffer Sharp-Point Pencil, in a handsome plush-lined box. Gold filled, warranted twenty years. Cannot blot or leak. A beautiful and perfect writing instrument.

FIFTH PRIZE

Bristol steel Casting Rod agate guide, cork grip, strong and durable. Packed in linen case. Can be easily put in traveling bag.

SIXTH PRIZE

Loughlin Safety Self-Filling Fountain Pen. No extensions to remember, no locks to forget.

SEVENTH PRIZE

Star Vibrator, handsomely finished in nickel plate with three attachments. Alternating current. Excellent for massage. Use it in your own home.

EIGHTH PRIZE

Same as Seventh Prize.

NINTH PRIZE

Marble nickel-plated pocket axe of tool steel, carefully tempered and sharpened. Indispensable in camp or woods.



Fifth Prize

Seventh and Eighth Prize





Under the open sky, in the odorous
air of the orchard,
Bending with golden fruit, was spread
the feast of betrothal.

Evangeline

The Beautiful Maid of Fair Acadie
lives for all time on the screen.

YOU have read *EVANGELINE*, the immortal poem of Henry Wadsworth *Longfellow*.

In your imagination you have pictured *Gentle Evangeline*, whose beauty *Longfellow* described as being like *Exquisite Music*.

You can now *see* this vision of *Celestial Brightness* and *watch* - not read - the tenderest love story ever unfolded. It is told in the WILLIAM FOX PRESENTATION of *Evangeline*, produced with the most elaborate scenery and costumes ever known to motion pictures

EVANGELINE is now being shown in the best theatres everywhere. It represents the beauty, realism and deep dramatic power of

FOX ENTERTAINMENTS.



Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

IN response to a definite demand for the better things in motion pictures this vitally dramatic poem has been made to live and breathe and have a being which no other art or magic could contrive.

Longfellow will live as never before in the hearts of all the world through this triumph of the screen.

WILLIAM FOX, President
FOX FILM CORPORATION

Fame and Fortune Contest for 1920

THE first Fame and Fortune Contest having come to a happy and successful end, and several prospective stars of the first magnitude having been selected and started on their careers, it is with pleasure that we announce a similar contest for the year 1920, beginning with the January number of

Motion Picture Magazine, Classic and Shadowland

Once more we shall go thru America with a fine-tooth comb, as it were, in search for budding beauties with Motion Picture ambitions. No longer can any young lady or girl say that she has not had a chance. We shall give them all a chance—that is, every one that appears to have sufficient personality, charm, beauty and winsomeness. The first test is the photograph. If that gives promise, we publish it and ask for more. If the others are equally promising, we secure a personal interview, and finally we make a "test" Moving Picture and send it broadcast thru the theaters. Many of the girls whose pictures appeared in the Honor Rolls of our magazines, received many flattering offers from producing companies, and this proves that we are doing a good thing for ambitious American beauties, even tho we might err in our final judgment in selecting the winners. The Honor Rolls will continue each month in all of our publications, thus giving something like *two hundred* girls *honorable* mention, including a published photo. One or more of these we promise will be made

Stars of International Fame

Just think of what a prize this is! The contest just closed attracted nation-wide attention. The newspapers everywhere published illustrated accounts of our final test, and several of the News Weeklies of Current Events showed scenes of the happy party at Roslyn, which were flashed on nearly every screen thruout the United States.

What an opportunity! If it does not interest *you*, tell your neighbor about it or your distant friend—they may have a daughter just looking for a chance of this kind.

One thing we want to impress upon all aspirants—be careful in the choice of the photograph you submit. Postcard photos will not do. Poorly printed photos, and small ones, cannot be considered. We feel that many beautiful girls lost out in the last contest just because they did not go to the trouble of consulting a good photographer. Furthermore, dont submit *photos that lie!* They may get you on the Honor Roll, but they will never see you thru. We recall in the last contest several young ladies who submitted wonderful pictures, and succeeded in getting on the Honor Roll, but when they appeared on the scene, alas, we found that the *camera had lied.* We want pictures that do you full justice, even flattering ones, but not dishonest ones. If you are a giant or a midget, if you have an impossible profile, or an ugly nose, or some other defect, dont let the photographer conceal these things—it will be to your loss and disadvantage in the end. Your features may not be perfect, but you may win in spite of that—only, we want to know all. Hence, please do not try to deceive us. Make yourself appear to the best advantage, but do not overdo it.

Rules and date of Contest opening to be announced in next issue.

Select Your Photographs Now!



Does Marriage Kill Love?

Or, can true affection survive the "deadly" routine of married life?

EVERY GIRL IN LOVE,

EVERY MARRIED WOMAN,

will want to see the startling solution of this present-day problem, pictured by

The Star Charming

Mildred Harris Chaplin

in

"The Inferior Sex"

A Louis B. Mayer production, adapted from the international stage success in which Maxine Elliott starred.

Watch for this sensational exposé of married life

AT YOUR THEATRE

A "First National" Attraction

Free Book Containing complete story of the origin and history of that wonderful instrument—the

SAXOPHONE

Easy to Play
Easy to Pay



(5)

This Book tells you when to use Saxophone—singly, in quartettes, in sextettes or in band; how to transpose cello parts and things you would like to know. Unrivalled for home, entertainment, school, church and lodge. In big demand for orchestra dance music. Most beautiful tone of all wind instruments. You can learn to

PLAY THE SCALE IN ONE EVENING

with the free chart we send you, and in a few weeks you will be playing popular airs. Practice is a pleasure because of quick results. Send for copy of book.

THE FAMOUS

Buescher-Grand Cornet



The biggest tone and the most perfect of any Cornet made. Double your pleasure, popularity and income by playing a Buescher-Grand Cornet or Trombone.

6 Days' Free Trial

You can order any Buescher Instrument and try it 6 days in your own home, without obligation. If perfectly satisfied, pay for it on easy payments. Ask us to send you names of users in your locality. Big illustrated Catalog of True-Tone Band and Orchestra Instruments sent free.

Buescher Band Instrument Co.
267 Jackson Street ELKHART, IND.

Music Lessons
UNDER MASTER TEACHERS
At Home

A Complete Conservatory Course By Mail Wonderful home study music lessons under great American and European teachers. Endorsed by Paderewski. Master teachers guide and coach you. Lessons a marvel of simplicity and completeness.

Any Instrument or Voice Write telling us course you are interested in—Piano, Harmony, Voice, Public School Music, Violin, Cornet, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, or Reed Organ—and we will send our FREE CATALOG covering all instrumental and vocal courses. Send NOW.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION CONSERVATORY
5901 Siegel-Myers Bldg. Chicago, Illinois



The POLICE KEY

is as serviceable as a whole bunch of ordinary keys; opens almost everything; every house-owner should have one. Sent postpaid on receipt of 20 cents; three for 50 cents. Safety Key Holder free with every key.

SHARPE MFG. CO., Paterson, N. J.



The Charm
of a Beautiful Complexion *Knows no Rival!*

'Tis the cherished desire of every woman's heart—yet, how few attain this desire.

Discriminating women have turned to *Marant Tissue Food* which they have found to be the foe of dry skin, deep lines, flabby flesh and thin shoulders

Just a gentle massage with this nourishing cream and the skin becomes smooth, soft and satiny—weak muscles are strengthened and sagging tissues are revitalized

Marant Tissue Builder is the most important requisite in a woman's toilet.

Satisfaction *guaranteed* or money refunded
Price One Dollar per Jar

Maier's Scientific Laboratory
440 Bradbury Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

Wild Press Agents I Have Known

(*Continued from page* 98)

"Be sure your orange blossoms didn't grow on a lemon tree."

Then, too, they are well versed in mathematics and in the laws of human progress. They figure out mathematically and geometrically that Dolly Dwight cannot remain at the innocent age of eighteen from 1913 to 1919. Their color cells hint that if Tessie Tara played in pictures for two years with raven locks and then finally decided to purchase a blond wig for daily consumption, it is out of place to explain to the fans how she shampoos her golden tresses to keep their heavenly sunlight tints. They have known girls who have gone from infancy to ripe old age, aye, have even married—before the ripe old age—bearing two names that do not begin with the same letter, and so on, and so on, and so on. These press agents, I tell you, are the friends of unhappy editors—bless 'em, bless 'em, bless 'em.

Tea for Three

(*Continued from page* 102)

turing into far places in possession of a certain secret which he was bound not to tell. See?"

If I were asked suddenly to state the most charming characteristic of Marguerite Courtot, I should say "her lisp," which is entirely unconscious, and instead of impeding her speech, it adds quaintness and charm to her prettily modulated voice. Again, I would say that her principal attraction is her indescribable girlishness, her quiet vivacity. One cant imagine her being wildly enthusiastic or boisterous, but in her half-shy way she is thoroly convincing. There is wisdom in her pretty head and simple ideals in her heart—the same pure, unspoiled ideals that she cherished in the old days—before she came back.

ANOTHER THRILLER

Flora—Is your husband a movie fan?

Fauna—Well, he came upstairs in five reels the other night!

BON-MOTS

By Douglas Jerrold

That scoundrel, sir! Why, he'd sharpen a knife upon his father's tombstone to kill his mother.

A cold friend is like cold mutton, the less to be stomached for having once been hot.

Man owes two solemn debts—one to society and one to nature. It is only when he pays the second that he covers the first.

Commentators are worthy folks, who too often write on books as men write with diamonds on glass—obscuring light with scratches.

The Shirt of Nessus was a shirt not paid for.

Give a friend your hand as often as you like, but never let there be a pen in it.

Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens.

Money is a habit—nothing more.

Compared with London, the country seems to me the world without its clothes on.

If I were a grave-digger or a hangman, there are some people I could work for with a great deal of pleasure.

An attorney's conscience!—Aye, tender as the bellies of alligators.

WIT AND WISDOM FROM CHESTERTON

The old religionists tortured men physically for a moral truth. The new realists torture men morally for a physical truth.

The only thing still old-fashioned enough to reject miracles is the New Theology.

The two things that a healthy person hates most between heaven and hell are a woman who is not dignified and a man who is.

Whatever makes men feel old is mean—an empire or a skin flint shop. Whatever makes men feel young is great—a great war or a love story.

Joan of Arc was not stuck at the Cross Roads either by rejecting all the paths like Tolstoy or by accepting them all like Nietsche.

Life is a thing too glorious to be enjoyed.

A man's good work is effected by doing what he does: a woman's by being what she is.

Christianity is always out of fashion because it is always sane; and all fashions are mild insanities.

RIMES OF A MOVIE FAN—CHARLES RAY

By Frank E. Cuddy.

A Willy-boy, a silly-boy, a fairer-than-the-lily boy,
Who never had a serious thought in all his empty skull;
A honey-boy, a funny boy, a watch me blow-my-money boy,
A boy that's full of vagrant whims, but never, never dull.
A hero man, "cheer-o" man, a temperature-at-zero man—
The idol of the other sex—a really perfect dear!
A slender man, a tender man, a let's-go-on-a-bender man—
"And step hard on her tail, garçon, and get away from here!"

A weedy boy, a speedy boy, a yes-he-is-indeedy boy,
Who takes the hills of life on high, and gives her lots of gas.
A beaming boy, a dreaming boy, a brain-with-thoughts-a-teeming boy,
Who sees a thing that cant be done—and brings the thing to pass!
A wealthy man, a healthy man, a timid, furtive, stealthy man,
A streak of yellow for a spine, and prone to quake and quail.
A cheerless man, a peerless man, a bold, intrepid, fearless man—
A Galahad, of dauntless soul, who seeks a mystic grail.

A jockey boy, a stocky boy, an "aint-he-cute-in-khaki" boy;
A rookie of the A. E. F., and right there on the job!
A dashing man, a smashing man, a wit-and-weapons-clashing man—
It's "Hands up! Quick! No fooling, now!" He makes the pulses throb.
A happy boy, a snappy boy, a full-of-pep-and-scrappy boy—
Ah! Attaboy! He's at the bat; just watch him make a hit!
A harried man, a varied man, a single or a married man—
From A to Z, from soup to nuts—no matter what—he's It!

Pathé Serials

—prove that all mankind is akin in the love for romance and adventure.

Watch the audience when next you go to a theatre showing a Pathé Serial! All kinds and conditions of people there!

How they thrill as they see the stirring action; how they exult at the escape of the heroine from her danger, at the triumph of innocence over evil!

Everyone loves romance and adventure in motion pictures. That's why Pathé Serials, (the best in motion picture serials) are seen and loved by the world's audiences!

They will have an appeal for you!

Now showing — George Brackett Seitz in "Bound and Gagged," produced and directed by Mr. Seitz himself; Pearl White in "The Black Secret," adapted from Robert W. Chambers' famous novel "In Secret," produced by George B. Seitz from Bertram Millhauser's adaptation. Ruth Roland in "The Adventures of Ruth."

Ask your favorite motion picture theatre when they will show a Pathe Serial!

Pathé Exchange, Inc.
25 West 45th Street, New York City

Elmer Richards

Famous

"Winter King"

Solid Chrome Tan Leather

16-Inch Men's High Cut Shoe

$1.00 DOWN

Send only $1.00 and we will send you this splendid shoe bargain on approval. If entirely satisfied you have six months to pay balance. You can't imagine what this shoe is until you see it and feel what wonderful quality is in every inch of the leather. You don't run the slightest risk. If you aren't more than delighted, return the shoes and your dollar will be refunded immediately. Don't wait. The stock is limited. Order now.

Chrome Tan Solid Leather Throughout

16 inches tall. Every inch selected, softest, pliable, tough, storm-proof, solid, dark chrome tan leather. The best wearing leather in the world and at the same time is pliable and easy on the feet. Full oak tanned, double soles. Solid leather heels. Bellows tongue, same superb quality tan leather. Full vamp runs all the way under toe cap. Leather counters. Leather insoles. Back seams reinforced. Two straps and buckles. Positively the best shoe in the world for work or hunting.

Sizes 6 to 11. Order by No. A-7. Be sure to give your size. $1.00 cash, $2.30 monthly. Total $14.65.

6 Months to Pay

Think of it, less than 8 cents a day buys these splendid high cut shoes. We don't charge a penny for credit—not one cent discount for cash. We trust honest people everywhere. All business men use their credit. Use yours. Send for these shoes today.

Order Now

People all over the country will rush their orders for these shoes, so don't delay. There's only a limited quantity of leather like this to be had in the whole United States. This offer is only open for a limited time. Send the coupon today with a $1.00 P. O. order or a dollar bill. Don't wait a minute. Remember you take no risk.

Send the coupon right now

Elmer Richards Co.
Dept. 1542, West 35th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—I enclose.....as first payment
Please send Men's 16-Inch High Cut Shoe, No A-7

Size.....If I am not satisfied when I receive these shoes, I can return them and get payment back with charges. Otherwise I will pay advertised terms, $1.00 with coupon, $2.30 monthly—price $14.65.

Name .....

Address.....

Post Office.....*State*.....



16 Inch

Every inch solid, high grade, chrome tan leather.

Elmer Richards Co.

Dept. 1542 W. 35th St., Chicago

THE WILLIAM G. HEWITT PRESS, 61-67 NAVY ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.


A
Mellin's
Food
Boy
Paul N.
Moore, Jr.
York,
So. Car.



Some of the several types of Turkish leaves grown in the valleys about the Black Sea, from which the wonderful MURAD cigarette is made.

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MARCH

MAGAZINE

20 CTS



ANETHA GETWELL





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Motion Picture Magazine

(Trade-mark Registered)

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

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Almost a decade ago, when the art of the screen was first pronounced worthy of depicting life's dramas, this Magazine was founded. From the first, it aimed to be the voice of the Silent Drama—the friend of those in front, and of the shadowed players. It has always been ready to encourage all that is good, and eager to wield its power against all that is unworthy. Every word, every picture in this Magazine is printed for you, the reader; hence it is your magazine, and the official organ of the Motion Picture public.

On sale at all newsstands on and after the first of each month

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5 PAG

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STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

By "JUNIUS"

Astor.—Fay Bainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American. Racial barriers seem insurmountable, but there is a happy and surprising ending. Has all the ingredients of popular drama.

Casino.—"The Little Whopper." Lively and amusing musical comedy with tuneful score by Rudolf Friml. Vivienne Segal pleasantly heads the cast, which also numbers Harry C. Browne, who does excellent work, Mildred Richardson, W. J. Ferguson and the clever and personable Wilton Sisters.

Cort.—"Abraham Lincoln." You should see this if you see nothing else on the New York stage. John Drinkwater's play is a noteworthy literary and dramatic achievement, for he makes the Great American live again. "Abraham Lincoln" can not fail to make you a better American. Moreover, it is absorbing as a play. Frank McGlyn, a discovery, is a brilliant Lincoln.

Comedy.—"My Lady Friends." Highly amusing entertainment adapted from a Continental farce. Much of the humor is due to the able work of Clifton Crawford in the rôle of the guileless young publisher of Bibles whose efforts to spend money get him into all sorts of difficulties. June Walker scores in Mr. Crawford's support.

Century.—"Aphrodite." Highly colored and lavish presentation of a drama based upon Pierre Louys' exotic novel of ancient Alexandria. Superbly staged adaptation of the play that caused a sensation in Paris. Dorothy Dalton, the screen star, returns to the stage in the principal rôle of the Galilean courtesan, Chrysis, and scores. McKay Morris is admirable in the principal male rôle.

Cohan and Harris.—"The Royal Vagabond." A Cohanized opera comique in every sense of the word. A tuneful operetta plus Cohan speed, pep and brash American humor. Also tinkling music. And a corking cast, with Grace Fisher, Tessa Kosta, John Goldsworthy and Frederick Santley.

Eltinge.—"The Girl in the Limousine." A decidedly daring boudoir farce by Wilson Collison and Avery Hopwood, in which a pink and white bed is invaded by every member of the cast during the progress of the evening. John Cumberland is very funny and Doris Kenyon, fresh from the screen, is both pretty and pleasing as the heroine.

Forty-fourth Street Theater.—"Carnival." A British-made romantic drama of Venice at carnival time, marking the first appearance of the English favorite, Godfrey Tearle. Mr. Tearle seems an actor of unusual attainments, but the drama is dreary, out-of-date stuff.

George M. Cohan's.—Elsie Janis and "her gang." Lively entertainment built about the experiences of the A. E. F. on the other side. Well put together by Miss Janis, who shines with her decided brightness.

Globe.—"Apple Blossoms." The ambitious and *much* heralded operetta of Fritz Kreisler and Victor Jacobi plus colorful Joseph Urban settings. An offering far above the musical average. John Charles Thomas sings admirably, Wilda Bennett is an attractive heroine and Florence Shirley lends a piquant personality to the proceedings.

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Harris.—*"Wedding Bells."* A bright and highly amusing comedy by Salisbury Field. Admirably written and charmingly played by Margaret Lawrence and Wallace Eddinger. One of the things you should see.

Hippodrome.—"Happy Days." Big and spectacular production typical of the Hippodrome. The diving girls are again a feature, disporting in the huge "Hip" tank.

Hudson.—"Clarence." Booth Tarkington's delightful comedy, built about the way a returned soldier reunited a disturbed but typically American household. Superb performances by Alfred Lunt, Glenn Hunter and Helen Hayes give the comedy a fine verve.

Lyric.—"The Rose of China." A pleasant musical comedy, in a way a sort of Chinese "Madam Butterfly." Clever lyrics, striking Urban settings and a fairly adequate cast. Rather tuneful.

Maxine Elliott's — "The Unknown Woman." A very emotional melodrama with Majorie Rambeau in Bendel gowns and tears. Jean Robertson contributes a vivid bit as a "dope."

Morosco.—"Civilian Clothes." A delightful comedy to please everybody. Brand new idea and cleverly worked out. Thurston Hall in the title rôle shares the honors with beautiful Olive Tell. Support excellent.

Playhouse.—"The Phantom Legion." A fantasy by Anthony Paul Kelly, suggesting that the spirits of dead soldiers return and influence the living. Interesting to those who dont object to ghosts and gloom. Splendidly put on and acted.

Plymouth.—"The Jest." The greatest drama since Shakespeare, and the greatest acting since Forrest. Arthur Hopkins' production of Sem Benelli's colorful and gripping Florentine drama. Lionel Barrymore is wonderful, and not much less so is John.

Princess.—"Nightie Night." Described by the program as a "wide awake farce," "Nightie Night" lives up to its billing. It has plenty of verve, ginger and some daring. There are scores of laughs. Heading the very adequate cast are Francis Byrne, Suzanne Willa, Malcolm Duncan and Dorothy Mortimer.

Shubert.—"The Magic Melody." A "romantic musical play" with a tuneful score and a picturesque Willy Pogany setting. Charles Purcell, Fay Marbe, Julia Deane, Earl Benham and Carmel Myers, the last two well known to the screen, head the cast.

Thirty-ninth Street Theater.—"Scandal." Cosmo Hamilton's daring drama which Constance Talmadge played on the screen. Francine Larrimore and Charles Cherry have the leading rôles in the excellent footlight production.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1919." A typical girly garden show in which the famous runway gets plenty of use. The revue presents a number of travesties upon current attractions, particularly colorful being that of "The Jest," with George Winninger doing a clever burlesque of Lionel Barrymore.

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Fluttering—poised an instant—then back and forth with light and easy steps she sprang, while he leaped out at her side mimicking the uncouth, hideous bounds of a gorilla—she in her wood-nymph dress of leaves and he in the clothes of Broadway.

There in that dingy night court—in the pale flare of the gas jets—they did a dance which held the destiny of two lives—and yet, so strange it was that only one of all who saw it dared guess—



Two Against Two Hundred

They were waiting for him to call one, before they killed him. He was alone with two hundred man-eating beasts. He had tended them in their misery,—but they had no gratitude.

And then she—this girl—[illegible]

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Watch Your Nerves

By Paul von Boeckmann

For 25 years the leading authority in America on Psycho-physics

The greatest of all strains upon the human body is that caused by nerve tension. Instant death may result from great grief or a sudden fright. The strongest man may in a few months shrink to a skeleton through intense worry. Anger and excitement may cause an upheaval of the digestive and other organs. It is simple to understand, therefore, that lesser strains upon the nerves must slowly but surely undermine the vital forces, decrease our mental keenness and generally wreck the body and health.

In this simple truth lies the secret of health, strength and vitality. The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, M. D., the author of numerous works on the subject, says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."

Few people realize the powerful influence the nerves have upon our well-being, and how they may torture the mind and body when they become deranged, supersensitive and unmanageable. Few people realize they have nerves, and therefore heedlessly waste their precious Nerve Force, not knowing that they are actually wasting their "Life Force," and then they wonder why they lack "Pep," have aches, pains, cannot digest their food, and are not fit, mentally and physically.

Just think a moment what a powerful rôle your nerves play in your life. It is your nerves that govern the action of the heart, so that your blood will circulate. It is your nerves that govern your breathing, so that your blood will be purified. It is your nerves that promote the process of digestion, assimilation and elimination. Every organ and muscle, before it can act, must receive from the nerves a current of Nerve Force to give it life and power.

Your body and all its organs and parts may be compared to a complex mass of individual electric motors and lights, which are connected with wires from a central electric station, where the electric power is generated. When the electric force from the central station becomes weak, every motor will slow down and every light will become dim. Tinkering and pampering the motors and light will do no good in this case. It is in the central station, the nervous system, where the weakness lies.

I have devoted over thirty years to the study of physical and mental efficiency in man and woman. I have studied carefully the physical, mental and organic characteristics of over 100,000 persons in this time. As my experience grows, I am more than ever convinced that nearly every case of organic and physical weakness is primarily due to nerve exhaustion. Powerful and healthy looking men and women who did not show the least outward signs of weak nerves, were found upon close mental and physical diagnosis to have exhausted nerves. Usually every organ was perfect and the muscles well developed, but there was not sufficient flow of Nerve Force to give these organs and muscles tone and power. How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor seeking relief for a mysterious "something the matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to show that any particular organ or function is weak. It is "Nerves," in every case.

We are living in the age of nerve strain, the "mile a minute life." Every man, woman and child is over-taxing the nerves, thus wrecking that delicate system. Nerve strain cannot be entirely avoided, but it can be modified. Much can be done to temper the nerves against strain. Education along this line is imperatively necessary if we are not to become a race of neurasthenics (nerve exhaustion). I have written a 64 page book which is pronounced by students of the subject to be the most valuable and practical work ever written on nerve culture. The title of the book is "Nerve Force." It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves. The cost is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). Address, Paul von Boeckmann, Studio No. 119, 110 West 40th St., New York.

The only way to judge the value of this book is to read it, which you may do at my risk. In other words, if after reading the book it does not meet your fullest expectations, I shall return your money, *plus* the outlay of postage you may have incurred. I have advertised my various books on health, breathing and other subjects in this and other magazines for more than 20 years, which is ample evidence of my responsibility and integrity. Over a million copies have been sold.

You should send for this book today. It is for you whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living; for to be dull nerved, means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves, and those who must tax their nerves to the limit. The following are extracts from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have re-read your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

Letters to the Editor

A faithful reader offers a plea against hair-ribboned débutantes and generously praises Wally Reid:

DEAR EDITOR:—I have been reading your magazine for about five years and I have enjoyed each number. With this record to back me I feel it my privilege to voice a few complaints thru this medium. And I might say it is my first offense.

1. William Fox
2. Theda Bara's productions
3. Theda Bara
4. Tarzan of the Apes
5. The Romance of Tarzan
6. The Auction of Souls
7. Hair-ribboned screen "débutantes"
8. Big "V" Comedies (?)
9. Francis X. Bushman in knee-pants
10. Francis X. Bushman

Having started I could continue endlessly, but I have restrained myself nobly. However, to me, these ten points are vital. Someone should take some measures. I had to witness "Yaps and Yokels," a Big "V" comedy, three times. The first time was bad enough—the second time I determined to pen a complaint—and the third time I broke down and wept.

And hair-ribbons! I am seventeen myself and I haven't worn one for seven years. Nor have any of my acquaintances. Nor have any people I've seen past the age of twelve. Yet Constance Talmadge, ordinarily sane and delightful, tripped about in one in "Who Cares?" and then "Joan" is married less than a day afterwards. It seems a trifle remiss, but it is only one of many instances.

I'm from Missouri—or I would be if I ever went anywhere else. Hence I am, according to fable, supposed to possess an overwhelming desire to "be shown." But even I could dispense with the never-failing display of the hero's beautiful limbs and chest. Perhaps their contracts call for it, but it seems sad.

But this is a disapproving letter and I do detest people who dont approve of the movies, so I'll be pleasant.

To begin with Mary Pickford—I've loved her ever since I can remember. It's hard to even imagine a fan existence without her—it would be uninspiring, to say the least. My grandmother says she would "like to take her on her lap and rock her"—it's a nice feeling to inspire.

And please wont somebody say something about Wally Reid, except that he is good-looking? He is, superlatively so, but he can and does act! And he has, and displays, a refreshing sense of humor. (But I've confessed to being seventeen and perhaps no one will pay any attention to this.) And please, kind sir, wont you print a nice long profusely illustrated interview with him—a *real* one. "They all flop sooner or later."

And lastly, one more protest—Just because D. W. Griffith has made a phenomenal and deserved success, why accredit him with an "enigmatical smile," a "potential nostril," or an "æsthetic eye"? His smile is about as enigmatic as Tom Moore's.

I hope I will not offend anyone for I know how angry I get,

Sincerely yours,
AVERY WINGATE.
5273 Westminster Place,
St. Louis, Mo.

Melodrama is quite all right in its place, but one might make a play of

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words at times, so it seems from the following letter, and say, "When is a melodrama not a melodrama?" and answer, "When it's a comedy":

DEAR EDITOR—For the past fifteen weeks I have been enjoying the best series of side-splitting comedies ever produced, and if you would but see a few episodes of that hair-raising serial, "Elmo the Mighty," I feel sure you would agree with me that the wonderful Charlie is a back number.

In this serial Elmo Lincoln is supported by Grace Cunard—so the advertisements read. And this would appear to be the first mistake. It seems to me that thru the whole story Elmo has done all the supporting of the wilting heroine who must have lost the power of her pedal extremities.

One episode, in particular, was particularly funny. Elmo, his feelings a trifle hurt by having fallen a few hundred feet, as usual rescues the fainting heroine in the first reel. He places her on a horse and together they ride away, pursued, of course, by the long-suffering villain. They come to what the subtitle kindly informs the audience is a blind canyon. Elmo lassos a tree and hauls the fair lady and himself off the cliff, leaving the villains gnashing their teeth below.

The master villain thinks "They are going across desert" (as if they ever went anywhere else in a serial), "we must follow them in an airplane." Now airplanes do not grow on every bush, so one of the villains rolls up his sleeves, shoots one of Uncle Sam's birdmen and captures the desired 'plane. (I might also mention that the aviator is shot in the shoulder and walks away with a limp, but allowances must be made, I suppose.)

To get back to Elmo and the leading lady. Their horse camouflages a broken hoof just as they get to the desert, so the much abused heroine has to walk. But not for long—she is clever and knows of Elmo's soft heart and hard muscles, so she falls, fainting from thirst. Elmo pours some water down her throat and is about to drink himself, when he tears the water bag resolutely from his lips and screws on the top. He will reserve it for some future occasion. (This scene reminded me of one I saw in "Wagon Tracks," when William S. Hart divides his share of water between his horse and his dog. But I laughed at one — the first — while tears trickled down my cheeks at the latter.)

Elmo finally picks Miss Cunard up again and carries her—this time across the desert. They come upon a shipwrecked prairie-schooner and Elmo, ordering the family to go inside with the heroine, gets between the wagon shafts and pulls it for a few trifling hundred miles across the sand.

Need I say more? I think not, but I should advise Universal to make their next attempt at a serial less of a strong man circus. This picture was shown in a first-class theater for fifteen weeks—can you beat it?

Cordially yours,
MISS K. B.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Does age influence a player's popularity? This correspondent writes "No":

DEAR EDITOR—A few months ago an interview was published with a star, whose name I shall not mention. In it she spoke of a sister who was then playing minor

(Continued on page 14)

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In "The Wonder Book for Writers," which we will send to you ABSOLUTELY FREE, these famous Movie Stars point out the easiest way to turn your ideas into stories and photoplays and become a successful writer.

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really *can* and simply *haven't found it out?* Well, come to think of it, most anybody can *tell* a story. Why can't most anybody *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!

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"Every obstacle that menaces success can be mastered through this course."—MRS. OLIVE MICHAUX, HARRISBURG, PA.

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"I received your Writing System some time ago. It is the most remarkable thing I have ever seen. Mr. Irving certainly has made story and play writing a complete, simple and easy."—ALFRED HORTO, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

"Of all the compositions I have read on the subject, I find these to be the most helpful."—HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR, Literary Editor, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

"When I received your first lesson I was very much surprised at the simplicity of the whole thing. The first lessons of the kind I have ever encountered in 24 years of experience. I wish I were a young man again, I would be a writer."—EDWIN F. HILL, Editor, THE DELINEATOR.

"When I first saw your ad I was working on a farm for $45 a month. After paying my board in my spare time, I decided to study to make money with my pen. I sent for your Easy Method of Writing. When the lessons arrived I was surprised at the simplicity of the work. In a month I had completed the course and received a check for $35. The other day I received a check for $100. I can truthfully say that I owe it all to your Writing System."—HELEN KINDON, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers — there will be countless thousands of playrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers — they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them — young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh — but these are The Writers of Tomorrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. *Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer?* Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

BUT two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they *really learn to write* from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't *I* learn to write?" Who says you can't?

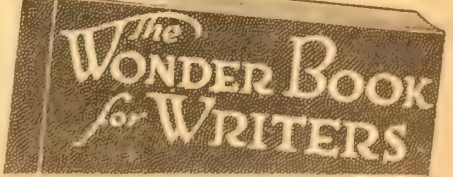
LISTEN! A wonderful *FREE* book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about the Irving System—a Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called "*The Wonder Book for Writers*," shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't dream they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless goldmine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you *ARE* a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to *WIN!*

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(Continued on page 14)

When Marriage Is a Crime!

THE man who deliberately marries a good, pure, wholesome woman, knowing in his heart of hearts, that he is not 100% perfect, that he has abused Nature, and is otherwise unfit to be the father of those innocent souls he is about to bring into the world, is unworthy the name of Man—unworthy to be a Citizen of this great Nation—unworthy of happiness or financial success—He actually commits the worst crime known to Civilization, because he abuses the love and confidence of the woman he pretends to love and who confides in him and places her future in his hands—because it is the progeny of just such beasts that are filling our hospitals, our jails and our asylums—DON'T DO IT, MY BROTHER. DON'T DO IT—come to me, confide in me and I will make you worthy of the best woman in the world—worthy of the deepest respect of your fellow man. I will build you up so that you can look the whole world in the face and say, "I am a Man—100% man."



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Dr. Sargent, of Harvard, declared that "Strongfort is unquestionably the finest specimen of physical development ever seen."

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The man who admits he has physical defects has taken his first step toward manhood and honesty, but he must not stop there; he must see to it that he gets good competent advice and attention, and to do this he must go to the one who can prove by his own physical condition, that he is ABLE to REALLY give him THAT HEALTH, STRENGTH and PHYSIQUE he desires—GO TO A MAN who practices what he preaches—I AM THAT MAN: I built myself up first. I experimented with my own body, until I made myself what I am today, what those competent to judge say I am, "The living illustration of the perfection of the human form, according to the highest standard." I don't care a rap what has caused your present unfitness, whether you have been brought to your rundown physically unfit condition by your own indiscretions, your own folly, or whether it has been caused by circumstances over which you have no control. I WILL REBUILD YOU. I WILL MAKE A MAN OF YOU, NOT A 50% MAN, but a Man—A 100% MAN. I accomplished all this in Nature's own way. NO DRUGGING, NO MEDICINES, NO FADS OF ANY KIND. Simple scientific instructions added to the proper method of living, and what's more, I guarantee you that I will accomplish all I undertake, and I won't undertake what I cannot accomplish.

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Get in line with the men worth while. Make work and living a pleasure, not a bore. Confidentially, mark your physical trouble on coupon below, and believe me, I will tell you frankly just what you should do, just what I can do, so that you can honestly face the world as a man, so that when you see your little ones playing around your fireside, you can proudly feel that you did everything you possibly could to bring them into the world physically perfect. Don't ever forget, all the world loves manly men; women look up to and truly love them—men admire them.

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Catarrh	Short Wind	Heart Weakness
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Rupture	Torpid Liver	Lung Troubles
Lumbago	Indigestion	Increased Height
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Flat Chest	Rheumatism	Great Strength
Deformity (describe)		

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Age ..... Occupation .....

Street .....

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OPPORTUNITY MARKET

(*Continued from page 12*)

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Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page 9*)

parts with another artist. She told of how her sister was the youngest of the family, being about sixteen or seventeen, I should imagine, as the interviewed one was only said to be eighteen.

Strange to say, Mr. Editor, a few months later the sister spoken of was interviewed and she was twenty-three!

I feel tickled to death when I read of an artist who was twenty a few years back and still—remains twenty. After all, does one's age make one unpopular? I think not. Take, for instance, two of the most popular little women in all filmdom—Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark. Everyone knows that when Little Mary played "Tess of the Storm Country," she was twenty-one—and she is not still twenty-one. She gives her correct age and isn't she the world's most popular star today? That seems to prove that the public does not measure its regard for a star by the years he or she has known.

And while on this subject I do hope the winners of the Fame and Fortune contest will be a year older every three hundred and sixty-five days——

With best wishes to every member of the staff, I am,

LAURA WELLS.
Box 98, G.P.O., Sydney, Australia.

Anent better pictures:

DEAR EDITOR—Among the many issues of your excellent MAGAZINE I have noticed and read with interest the different articles dealing with the problem of better pictures. The screen is a good medium of education and it also has the power to place before an audience the exact atmosphere that the majority of people, when reading a book, cannot understand. For instance, I would like to see Sir A. Conan Doyle's "White Company" picturized.

The great characters in "Alleyne Edreicson," "Hordle John" and "Samkin Aylward" offer very fine opportunities for good actors to do some really excellent work. People are sick of the eternal triangle stuff or the innocent ingénue type. Let us have something worth while with actors like the Barrymores, Warner Oland, Tully Marshall, Frank Keenan, and others of the character type. These men can have a good picture.

The motion picture here, as in America, is, shall we say, "the soul of the people," but some plays such as "Magda" may be artistic from an artist's point of view. I do not think that where money is concerned the artist's point of view is supreme. The public at present has to watch its money and fifteen cents spent wrongly will soon make the people cry for better pictures—both educationally and morally. We do not want sex plays. Rather, something which could take the public back to the happy, peaceful years before the war would be popular—something to make us forget sordidness and sorrow. Then, too, why not a picture dealing with history? I do not mean to say that we want to be swamped with this kind of thing, but now and then the public would appreciate something enlightening as well.

In Australia—and it is probably so elsewhere—there are many children attending the pictures and they fail to find the full meaning in plays like "Magda."

And again, in closing, I want to say that from all my observations, sex and eternal triangle plays are *not* wanted.

Respectfully yours,
GREGORY ALLEN.
P. O. Box 592, Adelaide, S. Australia.

Pathé Comedies

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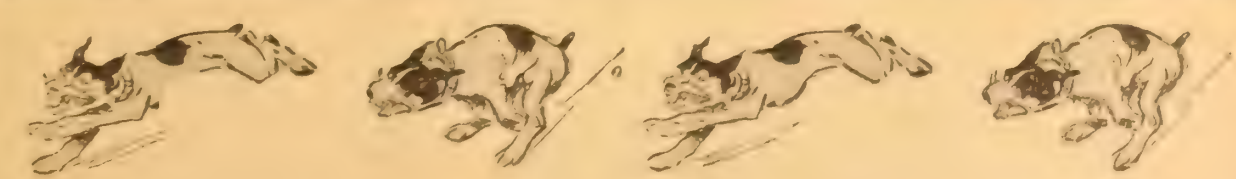
MRS. SIDNEY DREW, who is known wherever live people who have not forgotten to smile, is presenting John Cumberland, famous star of the stage, in two reel comedies, one each month.

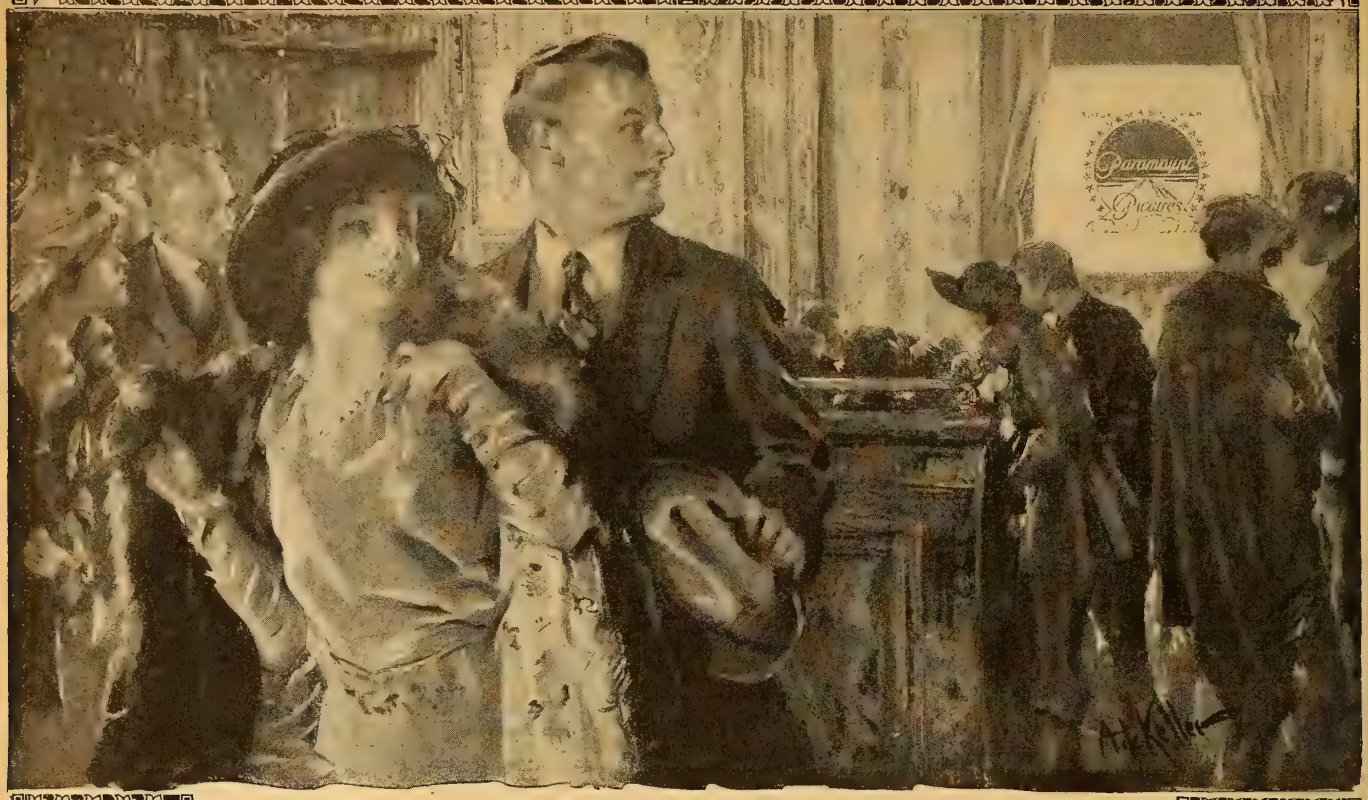
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Houdini *in* "TERROR ISLAND"
William D. Taylor's Production "HUCKLEBERRY FINN"
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George H. Melford's Production "THE SEA WOLF"
George Loane Tucker's Production "THE MIRACLE MAN"
Robert Warwick *in* "JACK STRAW"
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Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies
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Paramount Short Subjects

Paramount Magazine *Issued Weekly*
Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures *Issued Weekly*

CONTENTS

MARCH, 1920

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

Cover portrait of Anetha Getzell by Leo Sielke, after a photograph by Gibson Sykes and Fowler

Anetha Getzell, one of the four winners of the Fame and Fortune Contest, owes her success to many things—primarily, of course, to her ability to depict the various shades of emotion. But Anetha possesses far more than just this—she is tall and stately with an innate grace and poise; with an abundance of pale gold hair and large blue eyes. And Anetha's beauty has excellent photographic qualities—that naturally means a great deal in the field of the cinema art. She is about to prove her right to stardom under the banner of the American Cinema Corporation with whom she has signed a long-termed and most remunerative contract.

Gallery of Players 19-28
Portraits of Anita Stewart, Elinor Fair, Marion Davies, Kenneth Harlan, Clarine Seymore, Gladys George, Lewis J. Cody, Marguerite Courtot and Helen Eddy.

Expletives! ..... *Editorial* 29

The Golden Girl ..... *Hazel Simpson Naylor* 30
An afternoon with Mary Miles Minter.

Miriam the Constant ..... *Adele Whitely Fletcher* 32
Miriam Cooper reflects her screen self.

The Fair Winifred 34

A Cinema Cinderella 35

West Is East ..... *Lillian Montanye* 36
Alma Rubens comes to New York.

The Illustrated Title ..... *Ellen D. Tarleaw* 38
An instructive story of the subtitle.

More Deadly Than the Male ..... *Janet Reid* 39
A novelette of the latest Ethel Clayton production.

An Intimate Chat With Bessie ..... *Maude S. Cheatham* 44
Bessie Barriscale builds her "dream house."

The Cross-Eyed Jinx ..... *Doris Delvigne* 46

The Story of Anetha Getwell ..... *James Fredericks* 47
The first interview with one of the Fame and Fortune winners.

Earle's Elegy in a Churchyard ..... *Gladys Hall* 48
Interviewing Earle Williams on "location."

Vacationing on Location 50

Wanda—Horticulturalist 51

We Meet Mary ..... *Gladys Hall* 52
Mary Pickford visits the Magazine offices.

Claire in the Gloaming ..... *Adele Whitely Fletcher* 54
A personality story about Claire Whitney.

The Seat of the Mighty! 56

Slaves of Pride ..... *Grace Lamb* 57
The new Alice Joyce-Vitagraph offering in short-story form.

The Independent Priscilla ..... *Elizabeth Peltret* 62
Depicting the real Priscilla Dean.

Corinne Herself ..... *Betsy Bruce* 64
An interview with Corinne Griffith.

A Man of Parts ..... *Doris Delvigne* 65
Interviewing Darrell Foss.

That's Out ..... *Tamar Lane* 67

Harrison Ford—Romantic Lover ..... *Maude S. Cheatham* 68
Expressing his views and ideas.

The Right of Way ..... *Norman Bruce* 69
A novelization of the Bert Lytell photodrama.

The Binney Blues Cure ..... *Edna S. Michaels* 73
Constance Binney talks "fashions."

Across the Silversheet ..... *Hazel Simpson Naylor* 74
Reviews of the most recent offerings.

The Why of Motion Picture Make-up ..... *Victor A. Stewart* 76
The make-up of the movies ably described.

Anita in Ole Kentucky 77

Jack the Giant Killer 78
Again—the dialog imaginary!

Our Movie Monthly of News and Views ..... *Sally Roberts* 80

The Answer Man ..... *Himself* 88

READ

The interview with Lillian Gish [illegible] new Lillian.

WATCH FOR

The Screen Timetable, a concrete critique of photoplays, which will appear every month



How to *keep* your silk underwear and stockings

SOFT crêpe de Chine nightgowns, chemises of satin and lacy sheerness — you couldn't bear not to have the darling silk things. And yet the extravagant way they wore out used positively to scare you. Once you even considered going back to the humble, horrible "other kind!"

Then it was that Marie—three-quarters angel that she is — showed you how to make your silk things live and live, with the wonderful Lux suds.

Perspiration ruins silks

Every minute that your silk underwear used to spend in the hamper was making its precious life that much shorter. The expensive silk stockings that you calmly allowed to lie for *days* after they were worn, were being rotted away with perspiration acids. And then you wondered how they fell apart so soon! — why your underthings didn't last longer!

Wash them after every wearing

Every night now, Marie whisks up a bowlful or Lux suds—adds cool water till it's lukewarm, swishes the silk things around in the lather, dips them up and down, squeezes the suds through. Never a rub or a bit of hard cake soap to injure a single delicate thread.

In half an hour they're tucked safely away in the drawer, fresh and whole for the next wearing.

Your sheerest silk stockings, daintiest camisoles, frilliest petticoats can be trusted to these gentle suds. Anything that pure water alone won't hurt, can be washed with Lux. Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux—Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



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Gallery of Players



Photo by Campbell

ANITA STEWART

Perhaps there's no star in the film firmament today who has enjoyed a longer popularity than Anita, and it is probable that she will remain among the favorites for some time to come. Ever since she won success in her Vitagraph work, she has held a firm niche in public favor and her recent pictures of her own company have found her even more worthy of stardom than before.



Photo by Hoover

ELINOR FAIR

Elinor really wanted to be a grand opera singer and, with this in view, went abroad, studying in the greatest conservatories. But she changed her mind and went into the movies, soon winning recognition. Her work a the cripple girl in "The Miracle Man" is particularly worthy of mention. Lately she has been co-stalled in Fox productions.



LEWIS J. CODY

Lew Cody, called "The Man of a Thousand Loves," has left the rank and file of attractive leading men and is now a star in Gasnier productions. He is soon to appear in "The Beloved Cheater."



Photo by Bradley Studios, N. Y.

MARGUERITE COURTOT

Marguerite is another young "old star"—one doesn't quite remember when she didn't come to the screen now and then to please them with some portrayal. She has been "serialling" lately, having started on another Pathé serial almost immediately upon the completion of "Bound and Gagged."



HELEN EDDY

It is her very individuality which makes Helen Eddy so attractive. With an innate air of simplicity, she has rapidly gained a place among the foremost leading women, perhaps playing to best advantage with Sessue Hawakaya.

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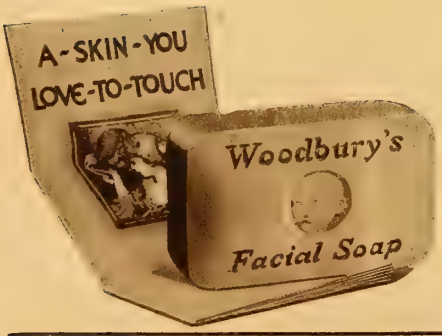
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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
MARCH, 1920

Expletives!

DAMNS—Darns—dashes are becoming the exclamation points of motion pictures.

With a brazen freedom, of which even a man in the bosom of his own family would be ashamed to avail himself, the sun drama is reveling in an orgy of swear words. Subtitles bristle with expletives . . . . as a rule a dash is not sufficient, the custom at present being to print the full word out in capitals, with an abandon nothing short of shameful.

Does a director feel the need for injecting a bit of humor into his photoplay, rather than annoy his brain hunting for an original bit of action, he promptly puts a parcel of swear words in his subtitles.

The audience laughs!

But doesn't anyone realize how demoralizing this shocking practice of publicizing the cuss words of our language is?

Children, young girls, youths read these subtitles; nay more, they are subtly influenced by the movies. They consider anything that is correct in celluloid drama, correct for them.

Thus an increasing laxity is noticeable in the language of our young people.

This is the day and age of free speech, of unvarnished truth, and of a strange boldness; no longer is the gossamer web of idealism spread over even the most intimate subjects. The world is a throbbing wound which is not being healed by public probing.

If there is a place for swearing, it is NOT in the illuminated subtitle of the motion picture.

Already England has editorially voiced her protest against the perpetual appearance of slang in American-made photoplays, naming this as an argument against their frequent and common usage in the British Isles.

We stand justifiably accused!

Let us, then, make a renewed effort to keep the English of our screen literature pure

All these surplus expletives are unnecessary and, being of benefit to no one, have no place in the world of today.

For the world needs reconstruction, not retrogression, and no one factor has more potency for good or evil today than the motion picture.

The Golden Girl



Photo by Ira L. Hill, N. Y. C.

Mary Miles Minter, whose real name of Juliet I found much more suitable, has the divine enthusiasm and ambition of youth, combined with little periods of depression which are equally a proof of her youth and her genius. Above, a new portrait of Mary and below in a scene from "Anne of Green Gables"

WHAT a lure in the word gold! Gold, the open sesame to happiness; gold, for which men in their prime have died; gold, for which brothers have slain one another; gold, for which women have bartered their souls; gold, gold, gold—cold, hard, and yet ever beckoning with its yellow glitter, offering the open doorway to happiness.

I can hear you ask, if this be true, why do I call Mary Miles Minter the Golden Girl.

Because, in her way, she is all gold. Her young personality seems to offer all great things . . . just as unlimited gold holds out the promise of happiness.

Rumor has it that this little lady's new contract with Realart forbids her giving interviews. If this be true and not mere press agent junk, I was lucky, for I spent a busy afternoon with her a day or so before she placed her highly valued signature to the new scrap of paper.

Mary Miles Minter, whose real name of Juliet I found much more suitable, has the divine enthusiasm and ambition of youth, combined with periods of depression, which are equally a proof of her youth and her genius. She is, to a certain extent, a little rebel.

For her snappy blue eyes flash with anger and her whole mobile little face tells the story of her feelings when she tempestuously talks about the past year.

"All last year I never did anything worth while," she cried, protestingly. "Look at the namby-pamby stories they gave me! I told them I wanted to do real things, stories with a problem or lesson in them, stories that gave me a real chance to do something. After I saw each one projected, I cried—cried over them. I said I wouldn't do any more. What happened? Everybody patted me on the back and told me to be a sweet little girl and that they knew the type of part that suited me best. Consequently I went on, doing nothing worth while, just a set of sugary program pictures! I tell

By
HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

you, I'd rather die than go on doing stuff like that."

Juliet's eyes fairly flashed her indignation. Youth, I thought, youth and outraged genius.

"It is the same way with my hats, my gowns, my shoes," continued this electric youngster. "*Mother* always picks them out for me. Mother always decides what is best for me. Mind you, mother is a wonder, I couldn't even breathe without her, but oh, dear, I *would* like to pick out my own hats!"

What girl of seventeen or eighteen hasn't experienced that identical feeling at one time or another? Every week, Mary Miles Minter earns thousands of dollars, and yet her whole soul agonizes with a desire to select her own hat. The delicious unhappiness of youth!

"What *do* you want to play?" I cried, beginning to feel with the same intensity of the little live wire sitting beside me and wishing that the camera could



Photo by Ira L. Hill, N. Y. C.



Mary has no false vanity. She is not the type of girl who goes around with a powder puff in her hand. She is not a perfection of grooming or a product of hours spent under a maid's tutelage. She is too vivid, — too colorful . . . .

catch the wonderful animation of her face in real life.

"Oh, dear," she cried, jumping up uneasily and coming back to our davenport with a box of candy very nearly as large as herself, "do have some candy. If mother were here, she would never let me talk this way, but I tell you, if I dont do something worth while in the next year, I want to either die or leave the screen. I mean it. I cant bear this mediocre stuff. If there is anything in me, it is time I did something. If I dont do something big now, I never will. I couldn't bear standing still. I've got to go on . . . or *die*. I want to do 'Romeo and Juliet,' or something equally big. Why will picture audiences be satisfied with namby-pamby stuff? That is one reason I want to go back on the stage, the opportunity for real portrayals is so much greater."

Mary Miles Minter has no false

(*Continued on page* 114)

Miriam the Constant



Photos by Evans, L. A.

AFTER seeing "Evangeline," one would imdiately decide to call their interview with Miriam Cooper by the above title. I did. But when I tried to see her, she was vacationing in the mountains and the interview was accordingly postponed until she returned to the city. By that time I had forgotten the title suggested by her work in the story of Arcady—at least, so it seemed.

The colossal apartment building in which she lives faces a park. Across the avenue, as one looked out from the French window opening onto a stone balcony, the trees, with their barren branches, stood, specter-like, in the winter twilight. From the violet dusk in the corner of the room the Madonna smiled down upon the Blessed Babe. Tall candlesticks stood upon the long table; parchment-shaded lamps threw a soft glow about the restful room; dull greys and blues blended together in the witchery of the twilight hour. And Miriam Cooper sat back in the high tapestried chair, serene and complacent.

Watching her in all her dark beauty as the firelight played upon her, one thought again of her cinema Evangeline—"black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the roadside." Surely it was not difficult for Miriam Cooper to play Evangeline, for, verily, she of the dusky locks and eyes like black velvet *is Evangeline*—ethereal, almost, in her slimness and delicacy.

"One who plays steadily for the screen must accept colorful stories, questionable scenes, unpleasant phases of things fine and beautiful. I wont play them," she was saying. "I'll play any true rôle—a rôle like that I did for Mr. Griffith in 'Intolerance' if necessary, but never in some distorted thing.



"We dont hear of those whose love goes on, even into the autumn of life, a light, brightening the way," said Miriam Cooper. "It is the divorce court which finds publicity." Below, Miss Cooper and Mr. Walsh on the court of their California home

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER



Despite the platinum band upon the proper finger, she is still a girl, eager, believing and hopeful—and one might borrow from the New England poet and paint a true word picture of her—"Ah, fair, in sooth, is the maiden." Below, a snapshot of Miss Cooper and Mr. Walsh

Some players who appear steadily escape them, of course, but more do not. It has been my fear of them which has kept me in private life."

There was no pose, no desire to impress or entertain in this slip of a black-eyed girl, sitting placidly in the great chair. It was a simple declaration. One divined that she was capable of altruism—that she possessed beautiful beliefs—ideals—behind her very words something stirred and breathed, "I believe . . ." It was vague, intangible, indefinable—intuitively gathered, undoubtedly, but it was there.

"Mr. Griffith and Mr. Walsh are the only two directors for whom I have worked," she told me, "and when I left Mr. Griffith it was with the intention of remaining in private life. I came East to marry Mr. Walsh and, as most of my friends are married to men in naval circles, I had other, outside interests.

"But time and time again Mr. Walsh would seek some type for his pictures in vain—then he'd come home and the first thing you know, I'd be accepting the role. That was how I came to do 'Evangeline'—I really didn't intend to when they first spoke of producing it.

" 'Evangeline,' I enjoyed. It was a sweet story of a big, wonderful love. I haven't seen the picture yet, but they tell me it breathes the spirit of Arcady and the farmers."



Photo by Witzel

Some critic had said the constancy of Evangeline was a thing mythical—mythical, that is, in this age, apparently so fickle—and that it seemed rather a waste of time for her to have searched so untiringly for her lover. I mentioned this to Miss Cooper—I wondered what she would think of the opinion.

She smiled. I thought it was a rather tolerant, understanding smile—a trifle sad, perhaps—when she answered, "We cant blame one for thinking constancy is a myth in this day, can we? And yet I think there is still that quality, dont you?" It was a question, but not asked interrogatively. Her tone implied that she knew constancy still lived.

"We dont hear of those whose love goes on, even into the autumn of life, a light brightening the way," she continued. "It is the divorce court which finds publicity."

"Miriam, the constant," I recalled, musingly.

"Are you going to work steadily now?" I queried.

"Yes, I expect to," she replied. "Mr. Walsh is going with Mayflower, and I'll probably play in his new productions. I am going to work hard, too. There is a slight possibility I may accept a

(*Continued on page* 106)

The Fair Winifred

Winifred Kingston hails from England—and it was the English theater-going public who witnessed her stage début. She has created some very winsome rôles for the American cinema and recently has known the distinction of being leading lady for "Dusty" Farnum

Photo by Hoover, L. A.





A Cinema Cinderella

The Cinderella o' filmland is no other than tiny Fritzi Brunette who will be seen with J. Warren Kerrigan in his new productions. Fritzi owns the smallest feet which trip across the silversheet and had Cinderella of story-book fame tried to don one of Fritzi's slippers she would have acquired not a Prince—but a bad limp instead





West Is East



Photo by Campbell Studios

Every one—every one worth while, every one interesting—has an atmosphere, as it were. Alma Rubens suggests space, restfulness, apartness. Her exotic beauty suggests the fragrant warmth of sunkist California

LIKE young Lochinvar, Alma Rubens has come out of the West. She has reveled in the big stores, spending much time and money in an orgy of shopping. She has spent many evenings and much enthusiasm at the theaters and restaurants. She has been joy-riding, sight-seeing, from Bronx to Battery, East Side and Chinatown. She has delighted in the funny, crooked streets of Greenwich Village, visited Bruno's Garret, Polly's, The Pirate's Cave, the quaint Italian restaurants and French table d'hotes, watching with the naïve joy of a child the comings and goings of the habitators and visitors of this world famous section of New York. And now, vacation over, she has settled herself with her mother and sister, also a fluffy Pekingese, in an attractive uptown apartment and is hard at work in her first Cosmopolitan production.

Every one, every one worth while, every one interesting—has an atmosphere, as it were. Alma Rubens suggests space, restfulness, apartness. Her exotic beauty suggests the fragrant warmth of sunkist California. Her repose of manner, her lithesome grace is reminiscent of the still places, the unvanquished independence of the great West. She speaks slowly, thoughtfully, reticently. To successfully interview her, one needs to be a diplomat, a strategist, a mind-reader—and at that Alma Rubens would keep one guessing.

Tactfully, we extorted from her the information that she is a descendant of the famous painter by her name; that d'Annunzio, whom she reads with avidity, is her favorite author; that she was born in San Francisco and has always lived in California; that she doesn't expect to get homesick in New York—how could she, in this amazing city that grows more and more wonderful to her each day?

"I am not at all good 'copy'—I never have anything interesting to say. It has been said so many times that I was educated in San Francisco by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, that I made my screen début with Triangle in 'Reggie Mixes In,' that I did not have to struggle along as an 'extra,' but at once began playing leading rôles, that I played opposite William Hart and Douglas Fairbanks—let's leave that out and begin all over, now that I'm in the East.

"Ambition? *Specific* ambition?" Alma Rubens gazed thoughtfully thru the chintz-framed windows at the rose-flushed twilight sky, at the ever-changing panorama of Broadway, its throngs of home-goers.

"People do have homes, and go to them—even in New York, dont they?" she questioned, irrelevantly. "I love to watch the lights coming out here and there, in the windows of the big apartment houses, and to weave little fancies about the lovely women—little children—perhaps—waiting——

"Ambition?" she repeated, reflectively. "I'll tell you.

Alma Rubens Comes Out of the West

By LILLIAN MONTANYE

Since I can remember, almost, it has been my ambition to go on the stage. While I was working in the West it did not seem feasible, but now that I'm in New York and have the opportunity—well, I may as well confess that I have the manuscript of a play right now that I'm considering. It will keep me very, very busy, acting in pictures and rehearsing a stage play, but I'm more than anxious to try it."

In speaking of her first picture to be done in the East, Miss Rubens overcame her reticence and became almost enthusiastic. "It is a Fannie Hurst story," she said. "'Humoresque,' a vitally human thing, as all of Miss Hurst's stories are. I think my rôle is giving me a chance to work from a different angle. That's another 'specific ambition' of mine—to do something 'different,' altho I realize it's far from 'different' to make that remark. It's true," she continued, whimsically, "that there are only certain emotions to depict: love, hate, joy, sorrow, and so on; there's nothing new in emotions or situations—but I'd like to do something that stands out—if it's humanly possible."



All Photos by Campbell Studios



She prefers to be known as a genuine actress because, a star, sooner or later, loses his or her place—but a real artist can go on forever. And that's what Alma Rubens will be—always a real artist

Miss Rubens is one of the most versatile of artists. Because she did not begin at the bottom of the profession, she has had to study harder than if she had first passed thru an apprenticeship. Between pictures in which she starred she has insisted upon playing "extra," doing bits of character portrayal, anything to keep from the rut of the ever-threatening type. As a result, her work has been a varied gallery, replete with contrasts, infallibly rich and compelling. She has not yearned particularly for the title of star, because it is being applied promiscuously in these days, she says, to babies, freaks and dogs. Therefore she prefers to be known as a genuine actress, because a star, sooner or later, loses his or her place—but a real artist can go on forever.

And that's what Alma Rubens will be, always a real artist. She has the easy naturalness of expression, the strong dramatic sense that is invaluable, an innate art that will grow—that is ageless, deathless.

The Illustrated Title

By Ellen D. Tarleaw



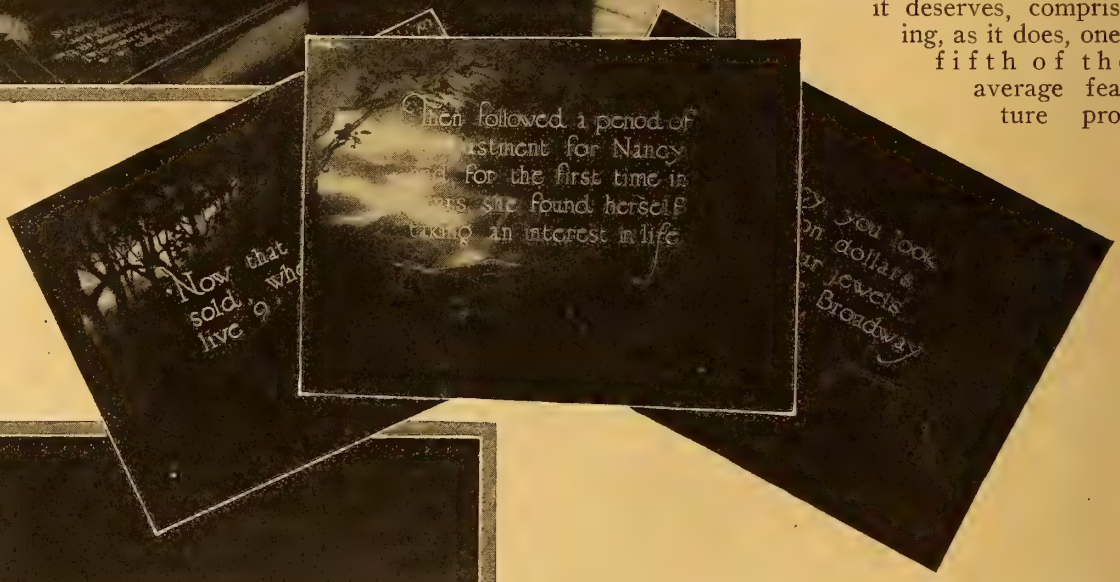
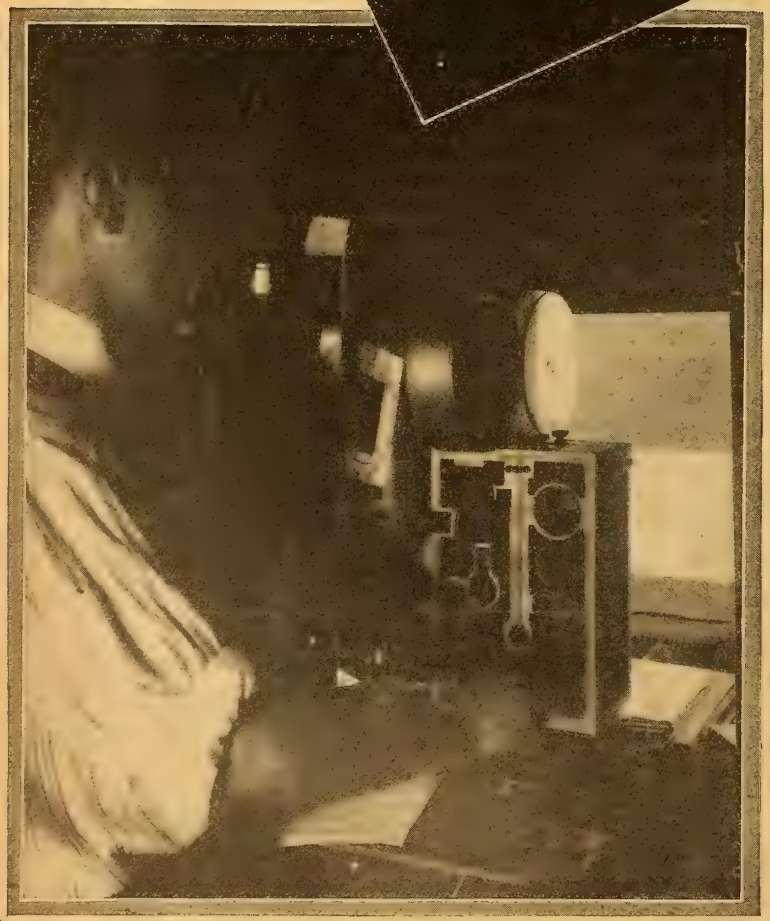


Photo by Puffer, N. Y.

Above, John Emerson and Anita Loos examining the illustrated titles before they are photographed; center, pictures of illustrated title cards, and below, cameraman photographing title



MUCH has been written on almost every phase of the motion picture industry, from the writing of the scenario to the building of the mammoth scenes and the tricks of photography. The average audience of today is well versed in a general knowledge of the beloved "movie," but there is one important detail which has never received quite the recognition it deserves, comprising, as it does, one-fifth of the average feature production. The detail to which I refer is the title—more often the illustrated title.

To many people this illustrated title means little more than an additional finish in the general make-up—an exquisite detail to amuse between scenes—an interesting and artistic manner of decorating the brief note which has been found necessary to explain the progress of the action. But it is more than this—it plays an important part on the screen and answers a definite purpose.

The illustration holds the attention, carries along the thought and completes the title, not only completes it, but very materially shortens it, for a picture will always convey infinitely more than words. One sees the picture immediately, while words have to be read in order to grasp their full significance—thus the illustration bridges the gap. It gives atmosphere, a subtle hint of what is to follow.

Every picture of five thousand feet contains about one thousand feet of titles, and as the industry has progressed from the crude, early stages of the flickering, disjointed one-reeler to the finished and polished super-feature of today, so have the titles of yore, which were primitively printed on cardboard, been replaced by the

(*Continued on page* 94)



More Deadly Than the Male

By JANET REID

"THERE is nothing new under the sun," said Richard Carlin, and caught himself thinking that perhaps he had spoken too soon . . . the steady grey eyes of Helen O'Hara, into which he was for the first time gazing, held something of an at least potential thrill. Impatiently, tho, he shook off the thought. It was an intruder into his settled philosophy, his settled scheme of things.

"Some one," said Helen O'Hara, "has said that before you."

Carlin jerked his head back and made a large pass with his adventurous-looking hands. "But it is true," he protested; "or possibly I should say there is no new *adventure*—and if an adventure is not *new*, it is nothing. Thrills . . . they are all stale. Zest . . . where is it? Inertia . . . everywhere. I want to feel my blood pounding in my veins . . . I want danger . . . experience with raw meat to it . . . things to wrestle with . . . elements to combat . . . man-stuff. It went out with the cave days, with the Stone Age. I am being stifled."

Was it amusement in Helen O'Hara's eyes, or a gleam which meant an answer? Carlin could not quite tell which.

"Where do you plan to go?" she wanted to know.

"To Alaska or Zululand—haven't determined which. A friend of mine and myself. There are elements of the unknown in both those places—unknown elements—hardships—demands on the nerves—on physical prowess—*adventure*, the breath of real living."

"What of women?" asked Helen O'Hara.

"Women?"

"As adventures, you know. As incentives to resource, to prowess."

Carlin shook his head. "Fevers," he proclaimed; "women have been fevers in my veins, that is all. Delightful deliriums, at times, I must admit to that, but weakening, not strengthening, preying, never companioning, with the spirit of adventure confined to tea-rooms and modern dances and love-making under sickly moonlight . . . I am surfeited of all that."

Helen O'Hara rose to go. She had more than the average of assurance, probably because she felt that she had earned the right to it. A child of obscure origin, she had risen to the rank of one of the foremost actress-managers. She could have been a vogue and disdained the hollow tinkling of the cymbal. She had a dignity which was respected, a brain which was feared and revered, nerves which were reputed to be unshakable and more than the lion's courage in the face of insuperable obstacles. In addition to all of this, she had genius, and knew enough to keep it covered except on rare occasions. It is superfluous and may be uninteresting to add that she had never been in love. Frankly, she had been seeking it, thus far in vain. She had never compromised with anything and had no intention of compromising in the matter of the most sacred of her emotions. She had no penchant for clay feet. She had rather have a solitary splendor than a mutual sort of a cheap bargaining with lesser joys.

Carlin, taking leave of her, found himself holding onto her hand. It met his grip with a like, an adequate response. There was nothing clinging about it, nothing of appeal in the accepted sense of the word. It was, solely, vibrant.

"I want you to defer your departure for a day or two," she was asking him, or was she giving a command, subtly veiled and inescapable, "if you will. I should like very much to have you visit me at my mountain home before leaving. It is rather—let us say, *different.* Perhaps you will take with you when you go a more vivid memory. Memories, vivid ones, will be kind to think on when the Alaskan winter closes in on you. I ask it—please."

Richard Carlin released the hand with an almost obvious reluctance. "I'll come," he said. He added, "You know that I will."

Helen O'Hara did not deny the allegation, and they parted.



"There is nothing new under the sun," said Richard Carlin, and caught himself, thinking that perhaps he had spoken too soon . . . the steady grey eyes of Helen O'Hara into which he was, for the first time gazing, held something of an, at least, potential thrill

Carlin started for the mountain retreat the following morning with a slightly dampened ardor. He always, he decided, was being side-tracked in one fashion or another. These side-trackings were what kept him, always, from his great adventure, the hardy, stinging, red-blooded thing of iron conquests and valiant conquerings he sought. A woman . . . oh, of course. But there were no women today worth fighting for. A woman worth fighting for must be a woman one could fight *with,* a woman who could know the battle-light, who could know originality, daring, purposes beyond the restrictions of our little everyday. Helen O'Hara had certainly *seemed,* but then, too, he had had so much of *seeming* . . . There had been the case of Gloriana, for one . . . the very memory assailed him with the overburdening sweetness of late lilacs, and he shuddered . . . Still, he was committed now and he would go thru with the thing, gracefully as possible.

There would be remnants of the London theatrical crowd, no doubt, vivid enough—to themselves. They would drink a bit, of course, and play bridge and have, those who knew, some hunting. There would be daring, radical sort of talk—scandals would be not merely aired, but exposed nudely to the four and forty winds of as many heavens. It would be a sort of a defiant atmosphere. Every one would be "odd." He knew it in advance. He gave Helen O'Hara credit for the probability of a slightly different setting . . . no doubt his credit would cease right then and there.

No one met him at the rude little station. That, in itself, was surprising. Week-end guests were *always* met, in one way or another. There was, however, nothing whatever to be seen. A person with a great deal of hair and a somewhat detached relationship to the station informed him that the O'Hara place could be reached by the Lone Trail. It was, he added, recently blazed and he thought it could be "made."

Carlin referred to his luggage, which consisted of one substantial portmanteau and some of the habitual golf-sticks. There was a tennis racquet, too. One did those things over week-ends.

The detached person enunciated thru the hair that he guessed the bloke could carry 'em. His pronouncement conveyed the necessity of such procedure or the consigning of the luggage to the doubtful mercies of the station and himself.

Carlin acquired as many explicit directions as could be had

and was off. This, he thought, was novel if not thrilling. It was *one* way of receiving an especially bidden guest.

Recently, Carlin thought, as he trudged and dodged and scrambled along, was scarcely the word for the blazing of the trail. Amateurishly, if it might be applied to trail-blazing, was more like it.

When he reached, about sundown, the clearing, he stood quite still. He had, he decided, either gone mad or he had taken a thousand years on the trail and was back again to the stage-just-once-removed when his ancestors swung from the limbs of trees by their—well, *swung*, you know . . .

There was no *crowd* to be seen. Just two men, huge specimens, with rough hair and massive limbs and crude actions, attired in fur pelts and little or nothing more. They had clubs which they were swinging about, apparently for a little mild amusement, and they were uttering uncouth sounds, whether of joy or mere lust, Carlin could not tell.

Sitting on the ground, not far from them, was Helen O'Hara. She had her hair unbound and it cascaded all about her as tho it had never known the confines of pins or nets. Her sole garment was the skin of a leopard, twisted about her, and Carlin noted, with the first keen thrill he had known since first he had tasted big game shooting, that she was not only incomparably beautiful, but that she was strong, and vital, and somehow magnificent.

The setting, too . . . no lawn mowers had ever penetrated this rejuvenated Eden. There had been no pruning and no shearing. The hand of man had neither stayed nor attempted improvement upon the hand of God. Savagery, sullen, but colorful and pulsing, brooded, everywhere . . .

Carlin took a step forward. Obviously, he could not stand even in the Stone Age without a word or a sound. Primordial people must have had some form of greeting, even if they only said "Ugg-ugg!" For lack of better knowledge, he would utter the conventional London platitudes.

These, even, forsook him when his step forward was met, promptly, by the seeming rattle of an hospitable snake. Snakes, be it said, were not among his hobbies. His sudden halt attracted the attention of Helen O'Hara.

"Oh, dont, dont be alarmed," she called out, her voice as vibrant, here in this wilderness, as, yesterday, the touch of her hand had been in the London studio; "he's quite harmless. He did away with so many



"I want you to defer your departure for a day or two," — she was asking him — or was she giving a command, subtly veiled and inescapable — "if you will. I should like very much to have you visit me at my mountain home before leaving . ."



Helen broke from him and stared out and down. "The dam is breaking!" she cried out; "and just beneath it the—oh, God, Man of Mine, the hospital—the hospital—the babies' hospital—!"

chance guests that I had his fangs removed. He's merely playful now."

Helen gave a ringing sort of laugh. It held both derision and a potent sort of call. Almost the call a tigress might make to its jungle mate . . . It stung Carlin to a tumult. This was the Stone Age. Good enough. Men, in the Stone Age, didn't stand on formalities, nor yet did they wait on time. There was no benefit of clergy. In fact, there *wasn't* any clergy. Luxuries had not come in. You wanted a woman—and you took her—by the hair of her head if you were quick enough, and then you dragged her away to your cave and beat her into submission if she would not be submissive otherwise.

Carlin made a spring for the woman who stood and laughed at him. He caught her to him and kist her fully, vitally upon the mouth. Suddenly, with that kiss, Alaska seemed pale and frozen and inconsequential, and Zululand a scene in some lurid musical comedy. She was trying to speak. "Be careful," she was urging; "oh, do be *careful!*"

Carlin drew back, to face one of the two men who had been brandishing their mighty clubs.

"There's not going to be any slick argument to this," the man was saying. "I'm Terence O'Hara. I guess that will answer you. We'll fight this thing out now with a little gunplay. That's how we do it up here. Come on. No stalling."

Carlin found himself staring into the muzzle of a gun. There was nothing for him to do but make like use of the one he had had thrust upon him. He shot—and did not miss. O'Hara, with a bellow like a wounded bull, rushed away into the green leafage. Helen explained, rather tremulously, that he would take the nearest trail for the doctor's, some miles away.

She led Carlin into the rude interior of what might have been, in civilization, a sumptuous living hall, and there gave him wine and cakes. The wine was crude and quaffed from hollowed-out gourds, and the cakes were oaten and not very easy of mastication.

"Why do you do this?" Carlin wanted to know, after he had secretly pinched himself into a state of positive blackness and blueness to find out if he'd been drugged, gone mad or was merely sleeping and had missed his train.

"Do what?" asked the woman, the splendid savage woman who crouched by his chair, giving him more cakes and more wine as his needs arose.

"Live like this—*be* like this—you know——"

The ringing laugh again, primitively unconcerned over the poor death of one man so that another and stronger vanquisher was to take possession of the cave.

"Oh, this—because we *are* savages, you see. Now and then we don the habiliments of civilization—but all that is only a camouflage. At heart, in the core of us, there is still the call of the green woods and the ancient, abandoned caves and the gleam of white bodies and the religion of sinew and brawn. We haven't changed—not really. Scratch the whitest skin and the reddest blood will gush. I am simply wise enough to know my true environment. When I heard you speak yesterday I felt that you had the same urge. Few come here. Few would dare to. Few *could.*"

Carlin, silently, conceded that. As yet he was too amazed to take actual stock of the whole thing. Probably, he had killed a man . . . he felt that he need offer himself no apologies for being at least mildly concerned on that score . . . He had never dreamed of Helen O'Hara having a husband. If he had thought of that he would be, he knew, even now, well on his way to Alaska or

MORE DEADLY THAN THE MALE

Adapted in short story form, by permission of Paramount-Artcraft, from the scenario of Julia Crawford Ivers, based on the story by Joseph Gollomb. Directed by Robert C. Vignola and starring Ethel Clayton. The cast:

Helen O'Hara	Ethel Clayton
Richard Carlin	Edward Coxen
Terry O'Hara	Herbert Heyes
Jimmie Keen	Hallam Cooley
Angela	Peggy Pearce

Zululand with his friend Jimmie on their trig little yacht. The thought gave him, too, a thrill down his spine which, strictly translated, was more like a shiver of repulsion. He hadn't, for many years, harbored so nauseating an idea, a fact . . .

Carlin asked for his room, and Helen took him to a bare chamber containing a rude bench piled high with various skins. Here she left him. "You are not used to us," she told him, "so you may care to rest a while."

Carlin did.

When, later, he emerged, it was to be told that O'Hara had died of the wound.

Helen, rather white, but otherwise composed, gave him the staggering tidings. Told him, Richard Carlin, impeccable gentleman with an adventurous soul, that he was a murderer. The brand of Cain was upon him.

Alaska and Zululand, which first had allured him, then repelled him, now demanded him, offered him sanctuary. He had no notion of remaining to bear the inevitable brunt of an apparently cold-blooded but actually inadvertent murder. The thing to do was to beat it back over the same trail to the coast—to Jimmie—dear Jimmie—and the trig little yacht. The thing to do was to put space and then *more* space between himself and this revived Stone Age.

He told his plan to Helen.

"If you run," she told him, "you are a coward. If you stay——"

Carlin felt again that tumult in his blood. "Well," he wanted to know, "what then?"

Helen laughed and Carlin caught her to him. It were little enough, he felt, in that stinging moment, to have killed a man for her love's sake—for it *was* her love—it *was*—that came surging to her lips; that lit her eyes, that throbbed against him in the throbbing of her heart . . .

It might have been an eternity—it might have been only the brief moment it was—when Carlin heard a vast shout from below and the splintering and sundering and cries, muffled but fright-laden.

Helen broke from him and stared out and down. "The dam is breaking!" she cried out. "And just beneath it the—oh, God! Man of Mine, the hospital—the hospital—the *babies'* hospital!"

Carlin followed her lead and, thru the roaring and the crashing of giving wood and many waters, and with the pain of his torn hands as they labored with the orderlies and surgeons who had come from the wards to help stem the rush, he thrilled to the tone of her voice when she had said "the *babies'* hospital"—the primitive note again—the woman aroused to the saving of baby life—and he had not thought a woman lived—like this!

When it was over he took Helen back to the house. She had fainted, and while she was as she was, Carlin decided to follow his original plan. Not cowardice, now, even tho she might go on thinking so. She loved him, had given him irrefragable proof of it. And he was a murderer—the murderer of her husband. What sort of a future would that augur for her—for him—for the twain of them? Better that he commit himself to obliteration—to extinction. Better that he carry this memory of her with him into ice-locked exile and silence than stand by while the mob slung mud at her and stones . . .

Before she had revived he was on his way to the yacht, and before he had reached the yacht, Helen had notified the police to detain him and bring him back.

He hadn't thought of Helen's awakening to detain him, but he had reckoned with the possibilities of the police—a murderer *would*—and he forced them into a splendid chase. If he had dived into the waiting waters just a shade straighter, just a hair's-breadth more cleanly, he would have avoided the rock, the cut that stunned him, the stretcher that bore him back to the O'Hara camp. Would have missed, too, the sight of the "murdered man" waiting in the doorway to receive him, not as Helen's husband, but her brother, and the waiting woman, Helen, with her waiting arms.

"It was all *staged*, Richard," she told him, bathing his injured brow; "an exhibition of my skill as an actress-manager. You wanted adventure," she went on, "and you had planned to seek it, so . . . oh, I am shameless . . . so *far* away . . ."

"And you . . ." he prompted her.

"And I—I knew, at once, you see, that—that I loved you—and, being modern, I——"

"Go on, my love."

"I turned the tables and—and dragged you to my cave by the—by the hair of your—*head*—Richard!"



"And I—I knew, at once, you see, that I—that I loved you—and being modern I——" "Go on, my Love—" "I turned the tables . . . Richard!"

An Intimate Chat With Bessie



All Photos by Woodbury, L. A.

ALL my life," began Bessie Barriscale, solemnly, "I have dreamed of having a home, a real home of my very own, I am so tired of hotels and rented houses, and on our thirteenth anniversary, October 19th, we started to build my dream. If we have half the pleasure living in the new home that we have had in planning it, I shall be satisfied."

"The den and sleeping porch are the most important points, *I* say," laughed friend husband, Howard Hickman.

"Oh, no," corrected Bessie, adding, enthusiastically, "The great big fireplace across the entire end of the living-room is the *very* best. We will burn real logs, too. No sputtering gas fires for us. There will be a huge davenport in front of the fireplace——"

"With shaded lights so we can lie there and read," went on Mr. Hickman.

"And on cold, wintry nights we'll be so cozy!" said Bessie.

"Perhaps the snow will bank up against the chimney," continued Mr. Hickman, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"And all this in sunny California," I mused.

"Oh, I forgot," laughed Bessie, gaily. "You see, when I began dreaming about all this I was shivering in a boarding-house room in New York—that blazing fire used to cheer me up!"

With "Chin Chin," her little brown Pekingese, cuddled in her lap, Bessie started all over again. "There are twelve rooms, and downstairs the walls will be a soft grey, with French-blue draperies and rugs. The breakfast-room is to be a splash of the wildest colors and, as it opens into the garden, there will be flowers and birds to greet us in the mornings."

"We are such early birds ourselves that we need all the cheerful surroundings possible for our early breakfasts," laughed Mr. Hickman, as he disappeared down the hall.

"I *love* colors," Bessie continued, "but motion pictures teach you to see them in a different light. I shall never forget the day I went out to the Lasky studio to begin my first picture, 'The Rose of the Rancho.' I wore *white*. Imagine a blonde in white on the screen! I soon learnt the importance of colors in photography and the proper clothes to wear before the camera."

Being one of the most versatile actresses on the screen today and having played every rôle from rags to velvet, tragedy queen to French Apache maid, cowboy to sweet girl débutante, Miss Barriscale has had unusual opportunity for using this





Three new photographs of Bessie Barriscale in the Hickman home. "If we have half the pleasure living in the new home that we have had planning it," said Bessie, "I shall be satisfied"

By
MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

knowledge. The little star declares that too much time cannot be spent in studying and selecting costumes, for an actress should convey a dominating impression with each one that will instantly suggest the age, type and social environment of the character she is playing.

"Clothes," said Miss Barriscale, "should have a definite relation to the scenic background and should form a key to the play. It is the little touches in the costume that quickly place the story, creating the atmosphere, and do more than a dozen lines of explanation to get the spectators into a comprehensive mood.

"The sharp contrasts of social development depend largely upon clothes. In a recent picture that we made, I was a forlorn child of the gutter in the beginning of the play—a sorry sight in rags and stringing hair, in every detail showing neglect. Later, as the result of an experiment of my benefactor, I developed into an educated, cultured

(*Continued on page* 109)





All Photos by Woodbury, L. A.

Above, Mrs. Hickman with Chin Chin, and below, with H. H.—otherwise Howard Hickman. "When Howard and I were married we determined never to let our work separate us and we never have," she told me

The Cross-Eyed Jinx

By DORIS DELVIGNE



THIS story does not even begin with a description. It started right off inquisitively when Alan Forrest burst into the secretary's sanctum and said, "Don't care if I do!" as he snitched a cigaret from the flu-proof can which was making the rounds.

You dont need an introduction to Alan Forrest. You know him on the screen as the man who wears evening clothes faultlessly, and who looks mighty handsome in a "flannel" shirt and you put out a fin which is heartily flopped about by that very French-looking young man. Meanwhile he tries to keep his eyes steady and the dimple in his chin from deepening into mirthfulness, as you attempt to floor him with a leading question.

"What do you like best to do, Mr. Forrest?"

Mr. Forrest side-saddles a table. "Cash my pay-checks!" he answers enthusiastically.

"Have you ever experienced any inability in that direction?" One feels well enough acquainted with Alan Forrest to venture a leading question.

"Say, do I look as prosperous as all that?" he counters.

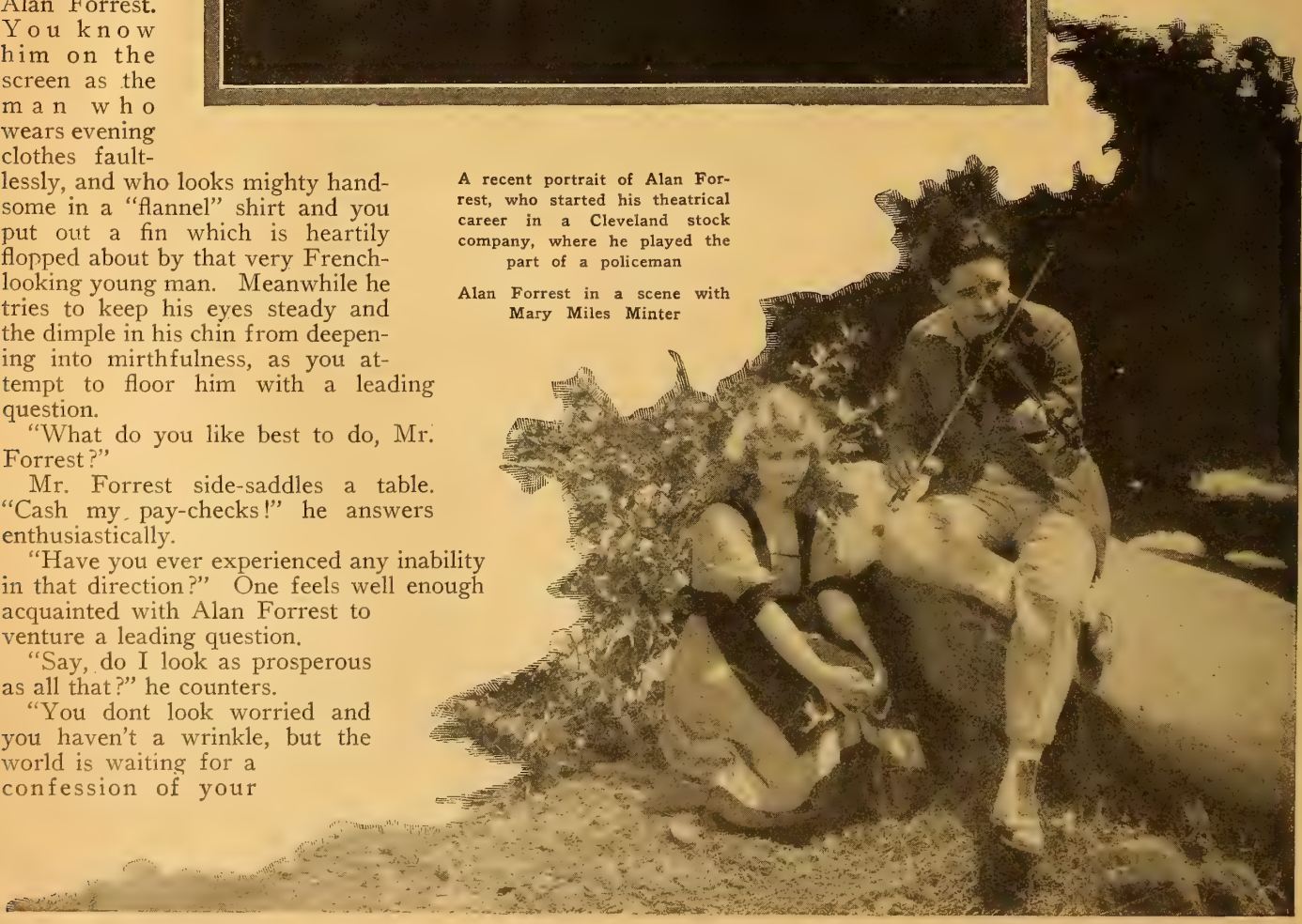
"You dont look worried and you haven't a wrinkle, but the world is waiting for a confession of your early experiences."

"First part was very uneventful. I had graduated from the University School in Cleveland, and knew nearly everybody in the Majestic Stock Company there. One day they needed a super to play a policeman, so my theatrical friends gave me a chance. I borrowed a suit from a police sergeant, wore five coats under it to give me an important exterior, since

(*Continued on page 92*)

A recent portrait of Alan Forrest, who started his theatrical career in a Cleveland stock company, where he played the part of a policeman

Alan Forrest in a scene with Mary Miles Minter



The Story of Anetha Getwell

By JAMES FREDERICKS



"ANETHA GETWELL, of Chicago," was the way the newspapers of the country carried the announcement that the young woman was one of the four lucky young women in The Fame and Fortune Contest of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND.

"Miss Getwell, of everywhere," it might be easily read, for she has had an oddly picturesque career, stretching from far-off Russia to our own land of democracy, strikes and motion pictures.

Miss Getwell is American born, however. The event, in fact, occurred on a Pullman sleeping car on Christmas Day, just as the train was pulling into Washington, D. C. You see, right from the start, Miss Getwell decided to be at the center of things.

"My father is French and my mother is Russian," explains Miss Getwell, in telling her career. "When I was but six months old my parents took me to Russia. There I was placed in a private school in Petrograd—then St. Petersburg. Incidentally, I studied dancing there. Petrograd, the home of the imperial and Bakst ballets, has done a great deal for the development of the dance, and naturally, I had an opportunity, despite the fact that I was a mere child, to study with some of the men now world famous.



She knows enough of the screen to realize that there are probably years of hard work ahead before she can attain a big measure of success. But she is ready to meet them

"When I was eight years old my parents migrated back to America. I shall never forget my first childish glimpse of New York harbor and its Statue of Liberty. At heart I was an American, you see, and it was in reality my first remembered glimpse of it. I had been a mere baby when I went abroad.

"We made our home for two years in Washington and then moved to Springfield, Ill. That proved to be my real home, for there I went to grammar and high school.

"After my graduation my aunt wanted me to come to Chicago and make my home with her. There I have lived ever since."

Miss Getwell's father and mother now reside in Detroit, her father being a government mine examiner.

"Fate seemed to turn my feet towards motion pictures," Miss Getwell continued. "In Chicago I secured considerable practical motion picture experience, amounting to something like two years'

(*Continued on page* 111)

Earle's Elegy in a Churchyard



Photo by Apeda

You assume that he would fit, pre-eminently, in a ballroom and you find him singularly a part of the melancholy of a late October day in a quaint churchyard. You think he should discourse upon Broadway and you find him talking quite absorbedly anent Pekingese dogs, lettuce beds, kitchenettes and jewelry insurance. Below, in a scene from "When a Man Loves"



IF I should look up in my ponderous thesaurus the precise definition of the word elegy, I should probably discover that Earle Williams did not "elegize" at all. Hence, I shall not look up the meaning. I like too well the play upon the famous Gray's "Elegy." Besides, it *was* in a churchyard, which novel "location," almost any one will admit, gives the mere interviewer a certain epitaphic license.

Earle Williams has been unforgettable for a great many things, to a great many persons, in a great many different ways . . . probably to no person has he been unforgettable because, for one—oh, *only* one—reason, he walked, on a golden autumn day, with the first haze of evening fingering the landscape, among low dolorous graces. I have done a great many interviews in a great many different places . . . hotel lobbies, tearooms and cafés, private homes, Mirror candy stores, limousines, flivvers, subways, elevateds, rolling-chairs at Atlantic City, here, there, almost everywhere. It remained for me to do my first one in a cemetery with Earle Williams. It would be more eminently correct had it been my last, but life is consistently paradoxical . . . who, I say, would visualize Earle among the quiescent dead . . . the quick and the dead . . .

I sought Earle at the Vitagraph and was told that he had departed for Sheepshead Bay to shoot some exteriors. I was, synonymously, invited to shoot along after him, which, bumping madly in a Vitagraph car, I did. My first glimpse of him was an arresting one . . . a late sun, drifting old-gold leaves, this very tall, very distinguished-looking person strolling among the graves, so sunken and so old they were all but obliterated, all but forgotten. To the right of the churchyard stood the old Dutch Reform Church, upon the portals of which Mr. Williams had been doing some

By GLADYS HALL

of the scenes of "The Fortune Hunter." All about the grounds were groups of people, extras and otherwise, in the habiliments of the Pennsylvania Dutch—Jean Paige, very quaint and typical; two ministers talking together, one of whom, I learnt, was the actual minister of the quaint old church, the other the character in "The Fortune Hunter." It was oddly unlike anything being "taken." It was quaintly real, quaintly sincere.

"That is the great change in the pictures," said Earle Williams, and tapped one finely shod foot against a faint "Here Lies."

He said that in answer to a query of mine as to the difference in the picture of today and the inceptive yesterday. I felt that he could mark a discrimination, mark, as it were, time. He is one of the old originals in the sense of having been among the early screen idols. He has, in the vernacular, "stuck," not only with the Vitagraph Company, which is, in itself, unusual, but in the popular esteem of a fluctuating public. Earle Williams is still Earle Williams. Others have come and gone; he has, somehow, remained. I wondered what he thought, since the days of "The Christian," what he believed the difference to be, and he said, "The difference is that they are no longer —pictures."

I raised a couple of interrogative eyebrows.

"They are *realities* now," he said, "just as, for instance, here this afternoon. Real people live real things in real settings. There are no more paper doors and rooms that shake and quiver with the inadvertent passing of a stagehand. If an illusion may ever be called *not* an illusion, then that illusion is the screen."

I asked him how he had happened to remain so steadily with the Vitagraph, remaining not being, it would seem, a star habit.

"Well, you know," he said, and he rubbed his fingers together, meaning coin of the realm, "and then," he added, "I have stayed, too, because I am in something of a rut, I suppose. That would happen, of course. Like everybody else, there are a great many things I should like to do which I do not do, a great many parts I ought to play which I do not play nor make any serious effort to play. It got to be a habit with me in the old days, when, for the sake of the dollar involved, I had to take whatever rôle came along. In a sense, I still do that. A certain loss of incentive, perhaps . . . still . . ." He gave his quiet, contained sort of smile. "There is always tomorrow, you know."



Almost unconsciously perhaps, he has come upon the philosophy of life which he has adopted and which makes each day worth the living for that day's sake

"I know," I assented, and we moved rather quietly out from among the dun-colored stones, under an intermittent shower of dying leaves curiously glad and bright.

Twilight was on us and we motored back to the Vitagraph studio, where we found Mrs. Williams awaiting us in the Williams' limousine. Earle said, at once, eagerly, "Where is the hound?" His disappointment being tempered, it transpired that "the hound" was an inconsiderable Pekingese, inconsiderable, it would seem, as to size only.

Earle retired to remove the "war paint" and Mrs. Earle told me little details . . . that Earle loves above all earthly things to garden, for example. "He looks the part

(*Continued on page* 107)

Vacationing on Location



Location and vacation mean one and the same thing to Gladys Brockwell of the Fox firmament. When one plays in as many pictures as Gladys there's little time for vacationing so the weeks spent filming exteriors must suffice. Gladys admits she prefers stories which call for the rugged California hills, rather than the desert with its sunny sands, sagebrush and cacti, for then she can do a bit of riding when not busy before the camera

Wanda—Horti-culturalist



According to the dictionary a horticulturalist is one who cultivates flowers — especially one who cultivates them scientifically. That's Wanda, we'll say,—after reading the names she called some of her blossoms,—they're scientific without a doubt



We Meet Mary





Photo by Charlotte Fairchild, N. Y.

Mary might have been you or me, you know, for all the air of import there was about her. She was sweet; she was wholly unaffected; she was interested and winning and sincere. Above, a new portrait; center, answering some of her letters and below, being interviewed in regard to the huge income tax she pays the government

ON the night of the fourteenth Mr. and Mrs. Brewster gave to the employees of the Big Three a dinner, a "turkey dinner with trimmins'," as Dickens' Little Tim would say. There were turkeys, (I use the plural advisedly), and raisins and nuts and cranberries and olives and ice-cream and cake and many et-ceteras. Cider, too, which deserves honorable mention. There were souvenirs and paper hats to adorn the learned staff heads, and after dinner there were speeches, after-dinner speeches, you understand, of a surpassing—well, *originality*, at least, all beginning with a beautiful vagueness, all ending with a sort of a gasp of thanks to Mrs. Brewster for her gracious hospitality.

The guest of honor at this dinner was to have been Mary Pickford.

Think of that!

There was a place reserved for her to the right of Mr. Brewster. The prettiest paper hat was carefully selected and saved, with a thrill at the thought of it adorning the famed Pickfordian curls. An air of hushed expectancy prevailed. At the last moment Miss Pickford 'phoned that she had been delayed in court all day, detained overtime, was literally exhausted and would be unable to be present. She was upset about it and disappointed, she reiterated, and she would come over the following morning and tell us so in person.

There wasn't much done that "next morn-



By GLADYS HALL

ing." Mary Pickford's coming to Duffield Street automatically proclaimed a sort of an intensive holiday. We teetered perilously and nervously on the thin-edged fear of another disappointment.

What was she going to be *like?*

What would she *wear?* Feminine interrogation. What do, and how? Would she wear her hair in the famed curls? Would she be "upstage"? Speculation ran rife and riot.

She came.

Our Mr. Smith brought her over in a taxi from the Knickerbocker Hotel in New York, where she was stopping. He escorted her direct to Mr. Brewster's private suite of offices. There the staff in toto were invited to come and have Mary shake them by the hand, individually, one by one, while Mr. Brewster made the introductions.

It was really more of a gracious little picture set in a friendly frame than any other thing. Mary might have been you or me, you know, for all the air of import there was about her. She was sweet; she was wholly unaffected; she was interested and winning and sincere. She talked about herself, because she knew with a surer good taste than any other demonstration she could have given that herself was what all of us were most eager and interested in. She did it, too, with a delightful lack of ego, as one might speak, detachedly, of another person. She didn't in any sense take a stand or strike an attitude. She just leaned up against Mr. Brewster's big mahogany desk and held a sort of a clubby conversation about her trip to the East, the suit that was being brought against her and which she had come East for the purpose of fighting, the trials one has when one makes and is known to have made big money, the way and the ways in which she is taxed, even to her pieces of jewelry; her hope and determination to win this particular case that it might not establish a precedent for endless others of the same nature. She scoffed at the premise of the whole thing, admitting herself to be a good business woman at least.

(*Continued on page* 122)



Photo by Charlotte Fairchild, N. Y.



She told us how eagerly she reads the magazines for mention of herself and how delighted she is when she comes across her name or her picture or something—and how disappointed she is when the reverse is true . . . . and we thought that Mary, long since, had considered herself past these earlier milestones. Above, another new portrait and below watching the direction of a scene in one of her productions

Claire in

By ADELE



Photos by Campbell Studios



But the room in all its charm didn't submerge Claire Whitney herself—rather it served as a background for her with her wealth of pale gold hair and her quiet little air of distingué

SOME one happily said "A room which flowers have made sweet is sweet long after the flowers are gone; the sky glows long after the sun disappears; there are people who make us feel happier and richer and leave us lonelier and poorer when they go away . . ."

Claire Whitney is one of those people. After I had left her, I wondered why I had placed her among them, and I knew it was because she is one of those understanding hearts who longs to understand and who is supremely interested. At first I had the feeling of having understood Claire Whitney, of gathering the whole import of what she had said, and, more than that, of the things she had left unsaid. But I came to realize it had really been Claire Whitney who had understood me.

She had just come back to her cozy New York apartment after months on the road because the play, a satire, in which she appeared could not get a New York theater in the melée of the season's premières. And, jumping here and there as she did to fill the engagement, she found it quite impossible to do any screen work.

It was all quite Clareish—the living-room where we chatted, with its Japanese lights, old mahogany and burning logs. Rare Japanese prints brightened the softly toned walls and peacocks adorned the hangings and upholstery in a gorgeous splash of rich, warm colors.

But in all its charm, the room didn't submerge Claire herself; rather it served as a background for her, with her wealth of pale gold hair and her quiet little air of distingué.

She had switched on the silken-shaded lights and drawn the peacock curtains, for it was the hour of the gloaming, and she admitted that she felt luxuriant in the little things of

the Gloaming

WHITELY FLETCHER

the home after so long an absence.

"While I'm not fond of the routine of housekeeping," she told me, "I love to potter about, making the hangings and cushions and trying the effect of one color against another. But it falls to mother's lot to see that things are kept comfortable and pleasing. Mother loves it, tho, and so does grandmother, and I'm home so little that I really wouldn't have the time anyhow."

Life has not always laid a loving hand upon Claire Whitney. She has encountered little unpleasantnesses upon the road. People have abused some of the privileges she has generously offered, as people sometimes do, and while tragedy has not stalked across



There is an almost indescribable air of whimsy in Claire which is fascinating—and the material things of her life would often perforce give way to fantasy—one divines that from the Japanese prints, they breathe things intangible—delightful



Photos by Campbell Studios

her path, things have not always been easy. Her work, too, has meant more than it did originally, for at her father's death it fell to her to care for the dearly loved mother and the charming grandmother who came in to meet me. Yet these things have not caused her to become a cynic. She has not permitted the disillusions every one meets to use her—one might, in truth, say she has used them—accepted them—been taught by them.

"Any one who breasts the world must accept some disappointments," she said. "Some of those whom I felt I might trust have broken faith perhaps, but must we always remember the unfortunate when there is so much of the fortunate?"

A white ball of fluff, so very white that one felt his bath knew bluing, had been snoozing before the fire. Rising, he stretched himself and, jumping to the lounge, made a place for himself beside the girl, with a manner of assurance absurdedly funny in anything so tiny.

"Was it a theatrical tendency of the family which caused you to go upon the stage?" I asked her.

"No, I am the first of the Whitneys to know the joy of public life," she told me, rubbing her hand affectionately thru the

(*Continued on page* 105)

The Seat of the Mighty?—!





Photos by W. R. Scott, Hollywood

When one of the property men took pity on Bryant Washburn and built him a chair, labeling it "Bryant Washburn—Private," Bryant, who was playing a scene, rejoiced and was glad. But alas! By the time he had finished his work some facetious person had added "Everybody Welcome,"—the pictures complete the story





Paves of Pride



Fictionized by permission from the Vitagraph screen play of the same name by William Courtney which presents Alice Joyce

By GRACE LAMB

THE red roses dropped from Patricia's white hands and lay in scarlet profusion upon the floor at her feet. She had the morbid thought that they were so many drops of blood spilled from her heart for no greater purpose than just this wastage. She had the thought, too, that it was a characteristic thing of Reynolds to do—to send her, on her bridal morning, red roses. She knew that he knew it was a cruel thing. That she and her bridal morning and red roses had nothing to do, the sad one with the sad other. Immortelles was what he should have sent her . . . little frigid blooms of what should be her eternal keeping of faith, her cold sacrifice, her unwanted warmth and love. Immortelles . . . flowers laid upon a tomb where the young recline . . .

Persons, Patricia went on to think, while they draped and redraped the bridal lace about her proud head, are just habits, compounds of habits. She, Patricia, was a habit of her mother's. She knew that now. All her life she had been doing, in lesser and varying degrees, just what she was doing this morning, just what she would do at high noon when she and Brewster Howard were united in holy matrimony.

She could remember a long way back . . . a long way back to her father whom she had loved. Their secret plays together . . . the stories he had whispered to her, in her bed, in the dark, when all the rest had gone away, mother and all . . . the flaunting, fairy things . . . till all that same darkness was peopled with strange, delightful folk . . . ah, those were brilliant, breathless hours! The daytimes, tho, with her mother and her mother's voice . . . things, it seemed, never quite right, never right at all. Demands . . . such little annoying demands it had always seemed to Patricia . . . when they might have all been so happy if only mother hadn't *whined*. Once she had intimated this thought to daddy, but daddy hadn't sympathized, which made an impression, because he almost always did. "You must do what your mother wants, Patsy," her father had said, "always, all the time. You must be very patient. You must love her."

Then, suddenly, there hadn't been any more daddy, nor any fairy-tales in the dark, nor any hopes of the dark to make the daylight bearable. A grey monotone of existence had set in. The whining had increased until the whole of Patricia's world seemed troubled by it. There were persistent complaints against the absent daddy. One day, a year or so later, Patricia knew that he was dead, and that her mother had been complaining of him, and, also, that one doesn't talk of the dead . . . Still, to love her, to be patient . . . he had said it . . . and one does the wishes of the dead.

And so Patricia, lonely, had formed the habit.

They were quite poor, she and her mother. She was quite far along in her teens before she knew that they might not, in fact, would not have been poor at all if her mother had only not whined and also had not spent quite so much on frills and furbelows and gems and furs. They not only would not have been poor, but the fairy-tales would have gone on and on . . . daddy, she learnt, had been "worried into his grave" . . . there was also some talk of what a "fool woman" can do. But these were inconsiderable things compared to the way Patricia sensed her daddy had felt about mother. He had loved her; that had been it. Foolishness and all, whining voice and pretty, shallow face—still he had loved her, perhaps because she was his wife and the mother of Patsy. Patricia, then, could not do less.

With her teens her mother's lesser demands pitched to one key, took to one theme . . . that of Patricia "marrying for money." Of course, Mrs. Leeds did not say so

in just those words. She was far too refined for that. Also, the "natural" was a cult with her. But she had ways . . . plaintive, insistent ways . . . she "suffered," delicately, imperceptibly, but she *did* suffer.

When Brewster Howard came along, out of a clear sky, as it were, young, self-made, a power, tremendously wealthy, Mrs. Leeds superconcentrated her efforts. Here, at last, was the consummation of her hopes. With Patricia as Mrs. Howard—well, Patricia had a terrible month. There was no hour, there was no single part of any hour in which Brewster Howard was not in some way, some impalpable way, extolled, intimated, subtly suggested. His wealth, his utter desirability were integral parts of her horizon as formed by Mrs. Leeds.

All at once—and crushing the red rose-leaves now beneath her feet until they seemed to bleed—it had not been necessary for Mrs. Leeds to maneuver further. It had come to Patricia one twilight, singing the dusk away with Brewster Howard, that she loved him. Because he was strong and had been strong alone, all things notwithstanding. Because he had, chin high, unstained, won out. Because he, whatever his motives, was seeking her as mate to his pride, to his achievement. It had come to her then. Love. Love for him. And it had come to her at the same time that not even for her mother could she put forth a cheap wile, a cheap snare to beset this man. If he wanted her, he must come to her, standing, as she would stand, unbeckoning There should be no delusion. She would be herself essentially.

He had come to her, and this was her bridal morning, and all about her these petals of blood were dripping and sending up their fragrances, heady and sweet. And in the midst of them, white against their red, Patricia sat coldly while they draped her lace and satin. In the background, her mother bemoaned something or other, but, for once, Patricia did not hear. She did not see. The current of events moved on around her and about her. She was passive.

Brewster Howard did not love her. He did not love her. She was tall and fair and well-bred. He was enormously wealthy and could afford to purchase such things as he might desire. A beautiful woman, and she knew herself, wearily, with no vestige of pride, to be that, a beautiful woman with a background of family and name, with accomplishments, with graces—these were the things Brewster Howard had desired and had been able to buy. *Had been able to buy.*

The room was warm and, ah, but the roses were red, and yet, sitting there, Patricia shuddered with cold . . .

He could not have consummated this bargain, she knew, if she had not been a creature of habit with her mother, if all her life she had not heeded to the endless whining. She had laid no snare, true. She had created no delusion. She had simply waited. But if it had not been for her mother, if they had not been "genteelly poor," she could have held her head high when he came to her that day—she could have said to him, "Your wealth is no fit gift for such as I. You must come to me with your *love*." She had not been able to say this to him. She had not dared. With wistful eyes, she knew that she had sold her birthright for a mess of gold.

With the intoning of the Lohengrin Bridal March, people said, "How beautiful she is—but how cold. She looks like a frozen rose." And they did not know that she had trod out the blood of red roses before she had come to the altar.

Brewster Howard had been a more or less ordinary little boy, save that he had had, and most fiercely, a pride of possession. He had determined, quite early in life, to *get* things. Fiercely, then, he had applied himself to the getting. He had exerted his tremendous powers to their fullest extent. He had trod heavily, altho always justly, with his mammoth heel. He had made himself



Now and then, too, in the days they spent together, there by the sea, playing golf in the daytime, motoring, or, which Patricia loved more, just roaming in the dusk of an evening, . . . or playing cards . . . while a slow twilight gathered as tho reluctant to veil her bright beauty, there had stirred in Howards prideful heart a softer thing than the mere pride of possession

felt. Very early, owing to the vitality of his purpose, he had succeeded.

Up to the time of meeting Patricia Leeds he had not thought very much of the softer side of life, of home, of the part in his hard life a woman might fill with witcheries, with fragrances, with the softer, dearer things. He had not felt any especial need. But there had been times of late . . . he had dined out with various of his friends at their homes . . . met their wives . . . their daughters and sons . . . had had one or two fleeting impressions of himself . . . later on . . . alone.

He had shown, too, a great many things off. His high-powered boats, his cars, even his 'plane. It would be, he had thought, quite nice, quite gratifying, to show a woman off, exquisitely clad, wearing the jewels he would buy her, gracing the home in which he would enthrone her. There was, besides mere pride, a thrill in the thought. Of course, the woman would have to qualify.

Almost at once Patricia qualified. Her bearing, of a wistful queen; her dark, splendid hair; her wide, sad eyes, dream-haunted; her voice; her beautiful hands. She fitted with an exquisitude, with an exactitude into the frame his mind had created.



At first she pleaded with him. She tried to show him, as she felt it, the wrong of his pride. . . . When he spent long hours in reminding her of the place wherein she dwelt, of the supremacy she held over other women because of her furs, her jewels, her motors, her glittering social advantages, she begged him to know that all these things pass away . . .

Now and then, too, in the days they spent together, there by the sea, playing golf in the daytime, motoring or, which Patricia loved more, just roaming in the dusk of an evening, playing cards, listening to her play and sing while a slow twilight gathered as tho reluctant to veil her bright beauty, there had stirred in Howard's prideful heart a softer thing than the mere pride of possession. There had recurred to him the thought of this woman *as* a woman, a soul, priceless, dear, beyond, remote from the fingers of his gold, who had supposed nothing to be beyond it. The thought of love had come to him—love which means, not pride, but *service*.

And on the honeymoon . . . things came to Brewster Howard during that empurpled interlude, the delicious like of which he had never thought to know. Almost the armor, the ramparts he had erected about himself were disintegrated—almost, but not quite . . .

And Patricia, more keenly intuitive, sensitive to those things of life beyond corruption, knew that she loved him wholly; knew, too, with a stab of an intolerable pain, that he did not love her. He loved his pride. It was his Moloch, and to it he made willing sacrifice of all the fruitage of his and her young years. He took the blooms of love and crushed them beneath his heel.

At first she pleaded with him. She tried to show him, as she felt it, the wrong of his pride. When he spent long hours in reminding her of the place wherein she dwelt, of the supremacy

SLAVES OF PRIDE

Fictionized by permission from the Vitagraph screen play by William Courtney. Directed by George Terwilliger and starring Alice Joyce. The cast:

Patricia Leeds.....Alice Joyce
Brewster Howard.....Percy Marmont
Captain Apple.....Templar Saxe
John Reynolds.....L. Rogers Lytton



Patricia had done what she had done because her own pride had, at last, been violated to the point of outrage . . .

she held over other women because of her furs, her jewels, her motors, her glittering social advantages, she begged him to know that all these things pass away, but that the warmer, closer thing she offered to him could never pass, tho the things of the earth were not.

Brewster Howard had bent too many things and circumstances to his will. He had gotten the taste of blood. For a woman, however desirable, however lovely, to defy him, maddened him so that even his love, in its conception, withered and hardened. He must break her before he could love her. He must have her servility before he could taste her caresses. The thought became with him a form of paranoia. He felt, invertedly, that he would be less than a man if he did not have this woman's uttermost surrender. He grew to the point of longing to abase her, to bring her high-held head into the dust, providing the dust should be at his feet.

Perhaps he did not dare make of himself the sole instrument of her abasement. He may have feared the pleading fingers of those tender joys he had glimpsed with her before their marriage and during their honeymoon. Or he may have wished to be as cruel as he could. His motives in this thing, as in most other things, he kept to himself. Whatever it may have been, he appointed Reynolds, his confidential man, as go-between. When he had a command to give Patricia, he gave it by word of Reynolds' mouth. When he wished to humiliate her, either privately or publicly, he caused Reynolds to do it for him. He gave her the orders one would give a slave—thru Reynolds. He almost never addressed her himself, even when the three of them were together.

Howard had dealt in corporations and with men, always with a cruel sort of power, always with a merciless justice, always successfully. He had seldom if ever dealt in the emotions, the actions and reactions of a man and a woman. If he had he would have known what he was doing when he sent such a man as Reynolds, a sensualist, crafty, a man of greeds and appetites, to such a woman as Patricia, tenderly desirable. He might have known the hounds he would unleash. Contemptuous, always, of the softer feelings, unregardful of them, Howard discounted them, too, in all others.

He discounted them so entirely that he was shattered into agues of terror, of abasement, of maddened incredulity when he learnt that Patricia had run away with Reynolds. His unbelief, raging at first at the very imputation, gave way to a horror, the abysses of which he dared not permit himself to sound. He felt as tho foundations and structures, solidly, carefully, eternally built, had crashed to upon him. He had believed in a fixed God, in a fixed order of things; he had believed in himself and in the indestructibility of his pride and place, and lo! none of these things *were!* His pride a woman had destroyed as a child might destroy a silly doll, with no more thought of it. His place in life was likewise gone, for where his pride was not, he was not.

Being essentially the male as he was, he gave immediate chase. It never occurred to him that Patricia might have been maddened, too. To be maddened by pride, by pain, was his own prerogative. For the first time in his life, he thought in dizzy circles. He could not believe Patricia loved Reynolds, with his wet, red lips, his impossible teeth, his fatuity. A good business man, Reynolds, but as a lover . . . thinking of the interlude he had permitted himself of love, with Patricia, Howard could not suppose her love of Reynolds to be a fact. He could not deduce, from the whole affair, any sort of fact at all.

Sometimes the old Biblical prophecies, sayings, come back with amazing pertinency, "The wages of sin is death" being one of them.

When Brewster Howard saw Reynolds ground to death beneath a locomotive before his very eyes, after having chased him for four days and four nights, from town to town, from hotel to hotel, from night to night; after having learnt, by eavesdropping, that Patricia had done what she had done because her own pride had, at last, been violated to the point of outrage, Reynolds had met his death.

It wasn't the sort of a vengeance Howard had planned. On his return trip he began to see that none of the things he had planned fell out as he had planned them. Evidently, this was not the orderly world he had supposed, his power a guiding factor. Evidently, there were, then, other, inner forces . . . When one began to play with the emotions one struck, it seemed, troubled and unfathomable waters . . .

A house of cards, he thought, bitterly; that was all it amounted to—a house of cards! Now it was falling down about him, and what a clatter it all made! What a confusion! And the first had been this woman . . . who had run away merely to make the cards tumble, who had had not even love for the other man to impel her; had even, it seemed, fought him off like a tigress . . . He felt dizzied by the dizzying trend.

One had to get hold of a fact. It came to him that, in this sort of chaos, there was only one fact. That was to conquer by brute force, if other forces did not do. Let him begin with the woman, with the love she had vaunted. He could conquer her within his arms, where other ways failed, had melodramatically failed . . .

He may have been, literally, maddened when he came upon Patricia leaving the house upon his return. With Reynolds' death, with his own dismay, had come the intelligence that he and his firm had failed, had disastrously and completely failed. He had allowed the reins to slacken and the steed had galloped away to complete demolition. He was, in every sense, ruined. The last brick had slipped and fallen. He had builded illy. He saw that now. He was reduced to the simplest common denominator, that of mere man, with his two hands, with his prime strength. Well, with these things, he need not let the woman, too, escape him. Her he could still bend to his will. With her, because of her frailty, he could still be invincible.

He did not, even then, know Patricia. He did not know a woman. He did not know love, nor the old adage of Greek meeting Greek. He had thought his pride the greatest, but he had yet to match it.

It was simple enough to force Patricia back into the house, to order her to remain, to stand like a madman, triumphing over her. It was not so simple to withstand her face, white as some deathly bleach, sharply cut into agonized lines as a keen knife, suffering . . . It came to him then that there was greater suffering than his own, a finer pride, a deeper sensibility. Here, he thought, yet would not let the thought gain sway of him, here was pride, which would not stop at death. Here, indeed, was pride worth winning, worth holding, worth, even, destroying . . . He started to go to her, to take her . . . there was a shot . . . and he crumpled to the floor . . . yet it was not the pain that bewildered him . . . not that, at all . . . but the look of supreme love there had been on her face as she shot him . . . the look of love which could defend itself against cheapening, even from him, the object of it . . . greater love, he thought, has no woman than this, that she would kill, in self-defense, the man that her love is given to . . .

A moment later and he was in her arms, against her heart, close to him. Her tears were healing the wound in his wrist; only a flesh

(*Continued on page* 124)



With pride gone, and wealth gone, happiness came, and serenity and a content as warm as sunlight, as pervasive as dawn

The Independent Priscilla



"I think that marriage would interfere with my work," said Priscilla Dean—then with merry laugh—"I'd make a man a perfectly terrible wife anyway. I'm too independent"

PRISCILLA DEAN has, doubtless, often been called a modern Diana. This happens in the life of every girl who is beautiful and fond of sports, independent and gifted with splendid health. But, somehow, the term fits Priscilla Dean as it fits no one else. You would notice it in the most opposite surroundings; find the goddess of the chase in "The Virgin of Stamboul," "The Wildcat of Paris" or "The Exquisite Thief."

She is not just "breezy," like many a "modern Diana." Hers is the vivacity of mind that comes from abundant vitality. Her gestures mean something and they are graceful.

She has brown hair and very bright dark-brown eyes. She is slightly above medium height, (five, five), does not need any weight either taken off or put on, has a keen sense of humor and can pilot her own aeroplane. With all this, she is the quintessence of femininity.

I saw her at Universal City during the making of "The Virgin of Stamboul." Her arms, face and neck were stained a light brown and she wore a gorgeous Turkish wedding costume, a network of pearl beads over gold brocade. Long streamers of beads hung from her shoulders and banded her wrists, and all thru the ceremony a white veil concealed her face. The whole was designed to symbolize the bondage of the Turkish woman and so it accentuated the star's lithe youthfulness and independence.

"All right, now, Priscilla," said Director Tod Browning. "Put your hand thru the curtain."

(At a Turkish wedding the groom doesn't see the bride until after the ceremony.)

"Look sad, sniffle a little, sniffle a little bit more, getting sadder. Everybody except Priscilla, look up, 'Allah witness' hands crossed, bow, come up slowly, look towards the door—cut!" The last word, of course, spoken to the camera-man.

"Oh," said Miss Dean, "I wish I could get married a little more quickly. This has been going on for three weeks, and it will only run about a minute on the screen. But if it isn't absolutely correct, a few hundred fans who have lived in



By ELIZABETH PELTRET



"Enjoy yourself, be perfectly healthy, get all the fun out of your work that you can, and be sure you really want the kind of success you are going after!" thus saith Priscilla Dean

Turkey are going to write in and protest."

We were on our way to her dressing-room.

"You've lost something, Priscilla," her director called after her. She turned and was handed a handful of beads.

"My trademark," she said, holding them on her outstretched hand for inspection. "When I was making 'The Exquisite Thief' it was spangles. There were spangles, spangles everywhere, all over the lot! They were sewn together in such a way that if one string broke, several thousand of them would fall off." She was walking with an easy, swinging movement, jangling her beads at every step.

"Where's the parade?" some one called. It was a masculine some one, of course. He ducked before she could find something to throw at him.

"Do you notice that odor?" she asked. "They've stuffed my keys full of garlic again. And I just paid a dollar to have the garlic taken out of them that was stuffed in last week."



Her dressing-room is a long, narrow building facing a green court, the whole quaint and reminiscent of a stage set in the play "Pomander Walk." Her room is furnished in cretonne, but the two pictures on the wall are decidedly futuristic and brilliant.

"Is this the first time you have been married?" I asked.

She nodded, seating herself at her dressing-table and preparing to freshen her make-up, which she had worn since early morning.

"Absolutely the first," she answered, adding, "I think that marriage would interfere with my work . . . and anyway" —she was kidding again—"I'd make some man a perfectly terrible wife. I'm too independent. I wouldn't for one single minute be dictated to."

It is quite impossible to imagine Priscilla Dean being dictated to by a husband. But then, it is equally impossible to imagine her going thru life without any husband. She is not a man-hater. One can fancy her reasoning, like any other girl of her age, (she is about twenty-two), that while the world is full

(*Continued on page* 108)

Corinne Herself



Photos by Alfred Cheney Johnston

JUST at first I found Corinne Griffith inaccessible—or I might better say she was inaccessible *before* I found her.

The guardian of the gate at the Vitagraph studios sent a boy with me in search of the set in which she was working. He was important, even for a seventeen-year-old call boy, and one inadvertently admired his air of nonchalance.

"This way, please," he murmured, and I followed.

Over pieces of scenery, around stacked-up furniture we went, making wide detours to avoid camera-men and cameras, directors with the ever-present megaphones and stars and extras talking in groups—groups separate and distinct. He maneuvered along for all the world like an eel, and, humbly following in his wake, I marveled at his dexterity in avoiding impedimenta.

— — — — — — — — — —

Those dashes tell how we finally reached *the set*—summing up the many bruises I acquired en route from unexpected obstacles in my mad pursuit. And despite the hurrying electricians and property men, the sputtering lights and general chaos, it loomed up before me as something of a haven of refuge.

"There's Miss Griffith," volunteered my guide efficient, and, pointing to a girl watching the scene from some erstwhile kitchen chair, he left me.

It was superfluous on his part—the pointing out of Miss Griffith, I mean, for any one who has seen her on the screen would be sure to recognize her. You are never quite sure just what color her eyes are, but you know with a certainty that they are very pretty eyes. And when she turns and smiles at you in greeting, you remember that she's a native of Texas and that Southerners are



Any one who has seen her on the screen would be sure to recognize her. You are never quite sure just what color her eyes are, but you know with a certainty that they are very pretty eyes . . . And when she turns and smiles at you in greeting you remember that she's a native of Texas and that Southerners are noted for their beautiful teeth

By BETSY BRUCE

noted for their beautiful teeth—and then when she generously offers you her chair, while she gets another, you wonder why she doesn't have a special chair, with her name on it, like so many stars do. And by that time you're pretty well acquainted and talking on the difficulty of getting good stories and how hard it is to get different looking clothes which will still be smart—and she's told you that she is going to let her beautiful bobbed hair grow again—for really Corinne isn't inaccessible at all.

The scene was a newspaper office, and she was waiting for her cue to go on.

"Have you ever been in a newspaper office?" she asked, and I said that I had not in a tone which did not lack finality.

"Well, then," she said, "I think I had better tell you that all those scraps of paper littered about are 'atmosphere,'" and way down in the depths of her eyes (they looked a clear grey just then) there was a twinkle.

Her cue came and she went on. From my vantage point, *i.e.*, bobbing my head to and fro so that I might catch a glimpse of her now and then from between the broad expanse of director, electrician and camera-man backs, I noticed the ease with which she works. It rests you just to watch her, and as you watch you decide that it is more than ease, tho it be ease utter and innate—it is grace to the *n*th degree.

Some film was to be run off in the projection-room, and we went down to see it. Now stars are pampered people, and whenever there's an especially comfortable chair, it is for them—a sort of unwritten studio law, as it were. There was such a chair in the projection-room, and when I refused it, she laughed.

"So you like to sit on the bench, too," she said; "I always sit here with the boys and then we can talk about the picture."

On the records of the Vitagraph Company it is undoubtedly called "the Griffith Company," but it doesn't work out just that way. The company doesn't work for Miss Griffith exactly—it works with her. And that makes such a difference!

Finally, the day's tasks over, we went out into the yard on our way to her dressing-room. Dusk had enveloped the huge glass studio buildings; there was a hint of snow in the cold air.

"I'm just longing for a snowstorm," she confided, enthusiastically. "Down home in Texas snow is a novelty, and when I went into pictures at the Western Vitagraph studios in California, you know—well, there was no snow there, so it remained for New York to introduce me to my first snowstorm. I love the blustery, cold days, anyhow. They make you feel that you must be up and doing or the whole world will have passed you by."



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Thus far Life has been good to Corinne, but should it call her towards the rugged road instead of the sheltered path she now treads, she would unhesitatingly answer the call. In her veins flows the same blood known to those women of another generation—those women of the Old South

Perhaps Corinne Griffith isn't conscious of it herself, but one feels that she is fond of people—figuratively, she'll always "live in a house by the side of the road where the race of men go by—men who are good and men who are bad . . ."

Her dressing-room is quite as you'd expect it to be, with splashes of black in futuristic designs on the pink draperies, with oodles of cushions of all shapes and sizes on the wide couch, and with deep wicker chairs beautified

(*Continued on page* 123)

A Man of Parts

By DORIS DELVIGNE



Photo by Evans, L. A.

It was only after I had talked with him—a man who is ready to try anything once, and who is successful in many diverse rôles—that I fully appreciated his versatility. Center, with Naziimova, and below, with May Allison

SAUNTERING up dressing-room row at the Metro, I heard the strumming of a banjo and followed up the music with an interview in mind. Darrell Foss tossed his instrument to one side hastily, reached for a powder puff and invited me to ramble over the set while he was shot in a few scenes. "If you'll just hang around until I do two little scenes, we can chat."

Mr. Darrell Foss wandered into May Allison's set blithely. They're doing "The Walkoffs," you know. He is playing the brother in that satire, and by the time I had gone over him carefully and found that his pink ears were made up, that his lip adornment was real and his perfect complexion fresh from various boxes, I felt that he was something of a chameleon. It was only, however, after I had talked with him—a man who is ready to try anything once and is successful in many diverse rôles—that I fully appreciated his versatility.

When we returned to the dressing-room, I asked all about his music, and found that Mr. Foss plays seven instruments—violin, piano, banjo, guitar, tuba and the banjo-guitar, so beloved of Hawaiians. I marveled. "Oh, well," he said, "those are just amusements for an odd moment; my real delight lies in shooting. I've eighteen of the finest guns you ever saw."

"And you *like* out-of-door life?" I audaciously interrupted.

"Bless your heart, yes! Father was a race-track man always. We had a Middle West ranch with nearly one hundred and fifty blooded horses. He believed that every child should have some duties to perform daily. I had to rise in the dark, snowy morning at six and curry and groom three horses. Imagine a little shaver like me grooming horses! I'd sneak on him sometimes—try a rag dipped in coal-oil to polish the nag—but if father suspected anything, he'd rub his handkerchief over the animal and notice the oil at once. Then I got not only the boot, but I had to go over the work again till the shine came from elbow-grease and brushes.

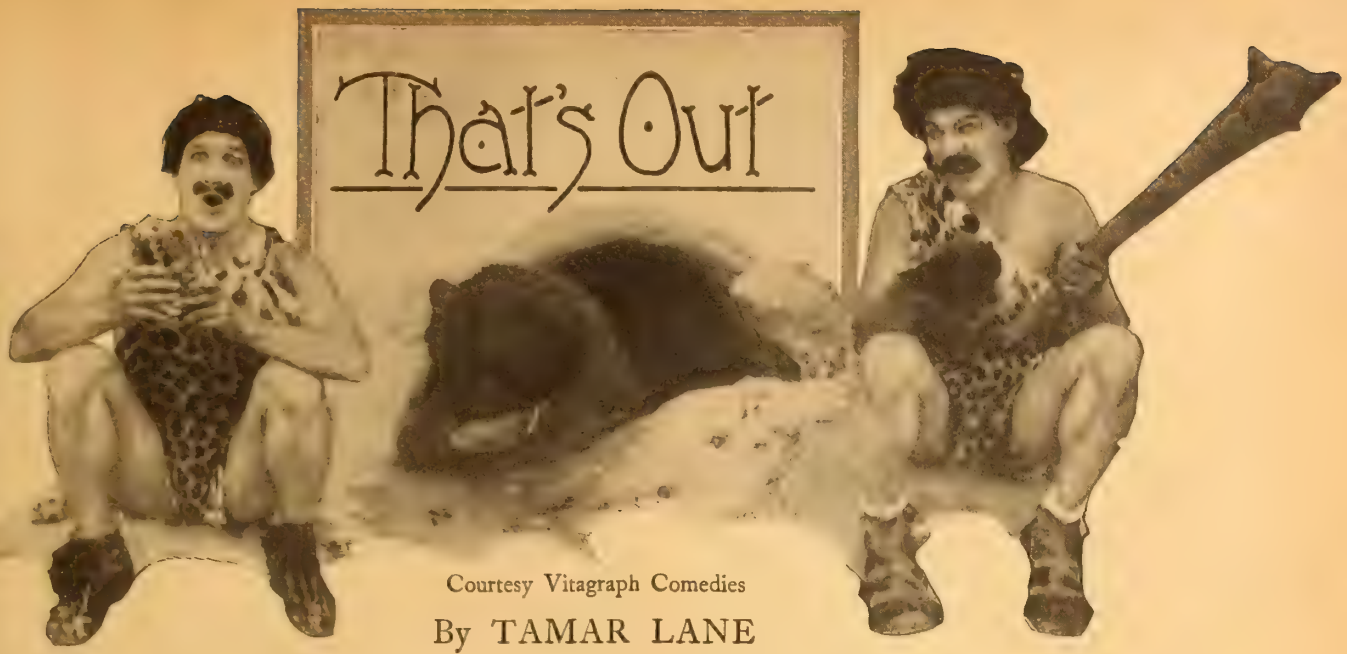
"I love the lumber camps—I've worked a lot in those. I've lived in the open since I was a

(*Continued on page* 106)





That's Out



Courtesy Vitagraph Comedies

By TAMAR LANE

Try This on Your Piano

IT is remarkable, the extent to which character may be read simply thru handwriting. This has been developed to such an art that it is positively mystifying how personalities can be so utterly exposed. The hand is quicker than the eye, ladies and gentlemen, and to prove it I give below a character analysis of several of our foremost movie stars without even a personal acquaintance with them.

Mary Pickford—Versatile, clever, smart, bright, gifted. Hair inclined to be curly. Is a good actress. Feels badly when sick. Admires beauty and has a peculiar aversion to bichloride of mercury.

Charlie Chaplin—Funny, comical, laughable, droll and amusing. Is a good comedian. Resents insult and unjust criticism. Is apt to be cold in the winter and inclined to be ambitious. Prefers to have his own way.

Olive Thomas—Pretty, lovely, beautiful, good-looking. Enjoys a good show and dislikes a poor one. Usually eats three meals a day. Apt to be affected by very bad news. Has an aversion to rattlesnakes and third-rails.

Pauline Frederick—Very dramatic. Enjoys acting and prefers the movies to teaching school. Is apt to be slightly excited when in a fire panic or shipwreck. Admires beauty and is fond of good living. Hates to try to get a 'phone number. Has no use for bores.

A committee of women recently met in Chicago and decided that the screen was all wrong. They voted that "Alice in Wonderland" was the finest screen story. Evidently they have never read "Little Jack Horner" or "Old Mother Hubbard." And it isn't quite fair to "Peter Piper Picked a Peck of Pickled Peppers."

We were going to write a scenario about a poor little girl who was brought up in an orphan asylum, but we discovered some one else has already done it.

Lewis J. Selznick recently startled the country by announcing that he could prove that 1 and 1 make 3. Now another man has come forward with the assertion that he can prove 1 and 1 equal 1. Pretty soon some nut will try to make us believe that 1 and 1 are 2.

Kamerad! Kamerad!

Eva Tanguay is returning to the screen. The name of the picture will be "I Dont Care." Neither do we.

"The comedy is often the feature of the program," says Mack Sennett. Right. And, sad to say, the feature is often the comedy of the program.

Erin Go Bragh

"For the Freedom of Ireland."
"The Luck of the Irish."
"God Loves the Irish."
"An Irish Colleen."

You'd Be Surprised!

Dorothy Dalton has temporarily deserted the films to appear on the stage in the sensational "Aphrodite." And does she show us just how attractive she is?

Movie puzzle—Why is a ballroom scene?

When D. W. Griffith startled the world by being lost or missing off the coast of Florida, he didn't realize what an inspiring thing he was doing. In fact, he started something that will be much followed. Already Phillips, of the *New York Globe,* and several other correspondents report catastrophes, among which are the following:

Garden City, Long Island—William Fox is reported missing somewhere between this city and New York. Nothing has been heard from him for fully an hour and there is fear for his safety.

Hollywood, Cal.—Billie West left here early this morning for Los Angeles, with one of his million-dollar comedies, and nothing has been heard from him since. A gale of wind is blowing off the coast of Spain, and aeroplanes and tugboats are searching for him, but little hope is held.

The Screen—Theda Bara has been missing from here for several months. William Fox is overcome with grief. It is reported that he will start a special exploitation campaign to bring her back.

729 Seventh Avenue—Lewis J. Selznick reports that he is lost and has notified the Army and Navy Departments to send out scouts for him. It is feared that he has run aground in the Astor Hotel grill.

What could be sweeter than deathbed scenes in the movies? One we saw last week, however, pretty near fooled us. If it hadn't been for a spoken title, we never would have known that the villain had cashed in. The director forgot to have someone pull the sheet over his face.

Harrison Ford—Romantic Lover

By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

During the long period in which he played opposite Constance Talmadge, he demonstrated the fact that a leading man, even the portrayer of the romantic lover, can remain a human being. Ford's lovers are always real men! He shows us the actual joys and the heartaches of youthful romance.

At the mention of Constance Talmadge, Harrison becomes enthusiastic. "She's *great!* I made ten straight pictures with her and each one was a holiday. She is the squarest girl to work with you ever saw! Constance has a distinctive gift for always keeping her comedy on a high, sparkling plane and she has created a wonderful screen personality. Her characters are sweet, refreshing and straightforward, just like the girl, herself. Gee, but I miss that child! Why, I have been only

(*Continued on page 96*)





Harrison Ford, the Boy, saved his pennies for a Monday night seat in the gallery of a St. Louis theater—Harrison Ford, the Man, saves his dollars for first editions and rare etchings

HARRISON FORD and I were having a little chat in his dressing room at the Lasky studio in Hollywood, but he was so sincere in his belief that no one could possibly be interested in the footsteps that had led him to his present position in motion pictures, that I could obtain no more than a fleeting glimpse of those earlier efforts.

"I've always been stage struck," he told me. "When I was a small boy, I used to save my pennies for a Monday night seat in the gallery. I've seen many a good play that way down in St. Louis at the old Olympic Theater.

"It was Robert Edeson who gave me my chance on the stage. I was with him for several years and I consider myself fortunate to have been with such a splendid actor in my early days. I went to London with 'Strongheart.' That was a great play! I was a member of William Crane's company, too. He is another fine one. Later, I was in the New York production of 'Excuse Me,' with Ann Murdock."

Interspersed with these theatrical engagements were several trips to Europe, the last one being just before the World War. Returning to the United States at that time, Mr. Ford came West to visit his mother in San Francisco, and contracted the picture fever!

Convinced that success depends not only on having a vision but having the nerve to back it up, he decided to journey to Los Angeles and try his luck. He had known Jeanne Macpherson, Lasky's clever scenario writer in New York, and taking courage, he looked her up. She graciously introduced him to her associates and Harrison Ford has been a member of the Lasky organization ever since, playing leads with many of the brightest Lasky stars.

The Right of Way

By NORMAN BRUCE



"WHO did you say, Benton?"

The butler's manner expressed strong disapproval, nicely tempered with deference. "He did not give his name, sir—said you would know him. A"—he coughed—"a rather rough sort of person, sir, if I may say so. He did not seem to belong—somehow—inside a—a house, sir."

Charley Steele gave a short bark of laughter. He laid his tall silk hat down on the table and reached for the decanter and glass standing thereon with an automatic gesture. "Show him in, Benton," he directed, dryly, "and then—'ware the silver!"

The man who stood, bowing and cringing, in the doorway, was, as the butler had said, an odd figure in this environment of marble and silk and gilding—Kathleen's room, and typical of her. He was shaggy, like some half-tamed dog; he was dirty; his garments were loose and uncouth, only hinting at the magnificent frame they covered. He stood looking about him with darting, sullen glances of suspicion, like some wild, trapped thing, but his eyes, when they rested on the man by the table, were worshiping.

"M'sieur—m'sieur, I came," he fawned, ducking over the greasy wreckage of a hat clutched between his palms, "I came, b'cos I could not go back unless I thank you, m'sieur."

Charley Steele drank off what he had poured out for himself before he glanced up at the visitor. When he did so his eyes were the color of his name, cold, very hard, very cruel. "So it's you, Joe Portugais? Well, you owe me thanks for nothing——"

"Only for my life, m'sieur," ducked the man; "eef it had not been for you, they would have hang me very certainment." The hunted aspect of the man increased, he commenced to shake. "Nevair to see ze woods, my woods, so of a greenness! Nevair to hear ze bell reeng over Chaudiere! Mon Dieu—'ave I not somesing to thank you for, m'sieur?"

He crept closer, an abject thing. He tried to touch the fine white hand. "You 'ave given me ze sun, m'sieur, and ze river, and you have do zees b'cos you have b'lieve me innocent——"

"Because I was paid, and well paid, for proving you innocent," corrected the lawyer, with a sneer which struck the cringing creature full in the face like a blow, "and now, get out of my sight, and keep out of it! You know and I know that you're guilty as hell!"

The man seemed to shrivel. Drawn to his full inches, he would have overtopped the tall, lean figure beside him, but with sagging shoulders, outthrust neck and trembling knees, he scarcely reached the black broadcloth-covered shoulder. The unwholesome pallor of the prison cell gave way to the waxy green-grey hue of death; his eyes, following the pointing finger of Charley Steele, seemed to behold unimagined horrors, instead of the slimly beautiful figure of the woman pausing in the doorway. With dragging feet, he stumbled by her, into the hall. A thick sob came to their ears, a mutter of hybrid French, and the door opened and shut Joe Portugais, freeman and eternally condemned, out into the night.

"A dreadful creature!" shuddered the woman, drawing her furs about her closer. "He made me think, somehow, of Iscariot in Bonnet's painting——"

"A case, my dear Kathleen." Steele smiled coldly, and again his

THE RIGHT OF WAY

Fictionized by permission from the Metro production. Adapted to the screen from the story by Sir Gilbert Parker by June Mathis. Directed by Jack Dillon, starring Bert Lytell. The cast:

Charley Steele	Bert Lytell
Joe Portugais	H. Gibson Gowland
Rosalie Eventurail	Leatrice Joy
Kathleen Steele	Virginia Caldwell
"Billy" Wantage	Antrim Short
Paulette Dubois	Carmen Phillips
The Seigneur	Frank Currier
The Curé	Henry Harmon
Capt. Tom Fairing	Larry Steers

s hand went quite involuntarily out toward the decanter and glass. "I would plead Judas' cause with pleasure—if the thirty pieces of silver were forthcoming, and I venture to say I would probably free him. Our hairy friend who has just left was legally innocent until that ranting ass, Pertholm, proved him guilty; as a matter of fact, he was quite entirely guilty until I proved him innocent as a new-born lamb. His sins were as scarlet, but rhetoric bleached them as white as snow."

"Dont!" Kathleen said, impetuously; "dont be sacrilegious, Charles!"

"Pardon me, my dear," her husband sneered; "I forgot that the words of the Bible were only for the holy to speak, and not for sinners like myself. However, if you are curious, and I am much flattered that you deign to be interested in a case of mine, Joe Portugais went to a dance and, according to his amiable habit, got roaring drunk. He became jealous of another half-breed trapper who danced too often with his sweetheart, followed him home and shot him thoroly and completely dead. It took a good many fine fox and wolf skins to free him from the clutches of the law"—he lifted the decanter—"but now he may go back and kill whoever has been unwise enough to make love to his sweetheart during his absence——"

"Charley, you've had enough. Not any more—tonight." Kathleen touched the decanter hesitantly, reluctantly. There was cold disapproval in her tone, rather than pleading. Kathleen Steele never stepped down from the pedestal, an eminence upon which birth, position, training, her friends' regard and her own self-love had placed her, for anything so smacking of human weakness as pleading. She was a woman made to be looked at, admired as a beautiful work of art, even worshiped, but never to be handled. Even in her wifehood she was icily immaculate.

Charley Steele looked down at the glass, half-filled with ruby liquid, with mocking eyes that were yet a trace wistful. "A man has to warm himself, Kathleen, somehow," he said, "and if he has no hearth-fire of his own—what then? He follows marsh-lights"—he lifted the glass, emptying it—"that lead to the devil, hoping that they may keep his heart from freezing."

She smiled thinly, with fastidious eyebrows. "There is no need of rhetoric before me, is there? I'm afraid I dont appreciate it, Charley, especially when it is—inspired."

"In other words," Charley Steele said, imperturbably, "you mean, in your charming restraint of terms, that I am drunk. And no doubt I *am* drunk. I should hardly be fool enough to appeal to you for pity unless I were. And now, my dear Kathleen, shall we go?"

Montreal said of Charley Steele that, half-drunk, he was a d——d good lawyer, and, wholly drunk, he was invincible. What he would have been sober, no one knew, never having had an opportunity of discovering. Brilliant, cynical, an agnostic, a sybarite, he was despised—and adored. His morals, shuddered the women of society—horrors! But his manners were positively irresistible, and after all, one did not have to *know* what he did. To the men who knew him, Steele was a good fellow. There was not one of them would not have chosen him to pull them out of legal difficulties, nor one of them who took his part when the stories of his wild escapades were passed from lip to lip.

They were talking of him tonight at the Racquet Club, with a woman's name tied to his by the scarlet threads of insinuation. "Saw him myself," one affirmed, "on the road to the Cote Dorion. The woman in the car was one of those ripe-looking French-Indian creatures, red and dark and round—wore a scarlet necklace of some kind of glass——"

"Suzon," nodded another; "every one knows her, and so poor Steele——"

"It's a wonder," murmured another, "that his wife——"

And then there was a silence as each of them remembered the Steele-Dillon wedding, three years ago, when a frozen bride, whiter than her white draperies, had stood beside the man who even then was a byword and promised him the love which she had already, as all the world knew, given to her handsome cousin, Captain Tom Fairing. It had been a fair exchange—Kathleen Steele had made him an impeccable wife, and in return she had had the position, the carriages and the fine home which she had not been brave enough to do without. If she gave the man she had married only the letter of the law of wifehood, she never reproached him for seeking elsewhere what she did not give him. She chose to be serenely unaware of where he went for these things.



"In other words," Charley Steele said imperturbably, "you mean, in your charming restraint of terms, that I am drunk. And no doubt I am. I should hardly be fool enough to appeal to you for pity unless I were"



And, of course, there had been Suzon . . . Suzon with the black satin hair and her red glass beads . . .

Tonight, after he had seen Kathleen safely delivered at the musicale to which they had been asked, Charley Steele sought out his hostess and made laughing excuses. "A case to prepare," he told her, "my dear lady; personally, I would much prefer to stay here and let my client hang, but he has the most absurd prejudices!"

To Kathleen he spoke with his usual sardonic show of affection. "The Grimwells will take care of you. You will excuse me, my dear, from my conjugal duties?"

She looked up at him with hard, scornful eyes, and bowed without speaking. Without speaking, he turned away, and neither guessed what parting lay before them. If Charley Steele had been granted to see the fate toward which he went that night, thru the windy darkness of the Cote Dorion road, would he have turned back, or would he perhaps have laughed recklessly and gone on? Who shall say? Enough that he did not know, save in a general way, what red destruction lay behind the gateway of Suzon's crimson smile.

The story of Charley Steele's murder filled the papers for many a week. The meager details were told and retold, expanded, interpreted, eked out by conjecture and surmise. There were few points known beyond a doubt, but they were made the best of by the special writers. The lawyer had arrived at the Cote Dorion at midnight, when the roadhouse was packed to the full with roistering trappers, half-breeds and their women. He had drunk heavily—no one questioned that—and there had been hot words, a quarrel, finally a fight. No one could say just what the cause had been, but drunken men do not need much cause, and of course, there had been Suzon—Suzon with the black satin hair and her red glass beads—then a blow——

A great window at the rear of the Cote Dorion gave upon the swift-rushing river. It was a forest ranger, a little less drunk than the rest, who described how it was opened and the unconscious man lifted over the sill. The river disappears in rapids below the bend, and there are still, dark pools that men say have no bottom. No one would ever know in which one lay the thing that had been the gallant, debonair, sinful Charley Steele. The river never tells its secrets.

Oddly enough, no one was arrested for the murder of the lawyer. For one thing, the testimony was too confused, too unreliable; then again, many of those who had been at the Cote Dorion that night disappeared quietly, others seemed to be afflicted with a strange loss of memory. And Kathleen, cold, white, a Niobe in ice, told the district attorney that she would be glad, if possible, to be spared the horror of a trial, with its inevitable opening of the sore of her marriage. The sob sisters quite outdid themselves with pen pictures of the widow, "beautiful in her sorrow," "heroically denying herself tears." There were hints, too, very discreetly done, that time would dry such tears, mention of a certain handsome young captain who was her faithful attendant in her days of trial.

And all the time, in a poor little cabin in the French settlement of Chaudiere, far down the river, a man lay, slowly winning back to life, a man with the body of Charley Steele and the mind of a stranger. Father Dubois, the curé, had found him, spewed up by the waters, miraculously breathing still in spite of the terrible trip down the river and the great wound in his forehead that bore the print of a hobnailed shoe. The winter shut Chaudiere away from the rest of the world with the lock of ice, and so the tale of Charley Steele did not come to those who lifted the poor wreckage of Charley Steele from the frozen bank and took it to the tiny cabin beside the log chapel and there nursed it patiently back to life.

The most patient of the nurses was Rosalie Eventurail, daughter of the trader and one who was always called to the house of sickness because she had, the settlement said, "healing hands." It was these hands, firm and strong, for all their delicate fashioning, that changed the bandage about Charley Steele's broken forehead, held the cup of broth to his senseless lips and bathed and cared for him

as tho he were a little child, which, thru weary weeks of watching, was what he was. The whole village came to look upon him and to wonder what life he had left behind him, what eyes were weeping for him even now.

"For he's a handsome *homme,*" they said, wisely, "and there is sure to be a woman somewhere—or two women."

One man who came said nothing, either then or thereafter. Joe Portugais, who alone might have given a clue, withheld it out of some strange dumb instinct far within his soul. A dog occasionally has such instincts. "It is the business of le bon Dieu," Joe told himself; "let le bon Dieu manage it."

He would have died for the man who had saved him without hesitation, yet he feared him, even hated him, for knowing what he knew of his soul. And so it was like a reprieve to one condemned when at length Charley Steele opened sane eyes upon a world that had a present and a future but no past. It was as tho that moment, in the smoky cabin room of Father Dubois, he were born for the first time.

In the old days, he had sometimes affected a monocle. He felt for it feebly now, and made as tho to screw it into his eye. "I beg your pardon," he murmured, with the ghost of his old careless, gallant air, "it's beastly careless of me, but—I dont seem to quite remember you!"

Rosalie Eventurail gave a little, warm cry of gladness and clasped her hands in a way she had upon her breast. "*Merci à Dieu,*" she cried, "you are yourself again!"

The man on the cot frowned, knit his brows and shook his head. "Who is—myself?" he asked, whimsically, "and who are you?" He sat up, caught at her hands, studied the small, pure face under the simply parted brown hair, and suddenly a great joy swept over him, "Why, it's *you!*" Charley Steele cried, weakly and wonderingly. "It's—you——"

And so saying, he lay back, smiling, on the pillows and slept wholesomely, and woke healed. Only his mind had a broken thread in its warp, and he remembered nothing of his old life or even his old name. When he had looked at himself in the mirror Father Dubois handed him, he shook his head apologetically. "I dont remember," he confessed, and, with a sort of terror, "and I dont want to remember! Only let me stay here with you—let me find work!"

The old priest laid a kind hand on the shaggy head. "Of course, you will stay here, my son," he said, gently, "and you shall learn to make shoes, and take the place of Jacques La Roux, who died last summer."

So Charley Steele stayed at Chaudiere, and because he must have a name, called himself Jacques, after the man whose last and bench had come to him as heritage. Day in and day out he sat in the tiny shop and patiently taught his unready hands to cut coarse leather and sew it into shoes. The bitter waters thru which he had passed seemed to have washed the craving for liquor away, but one thing was unchanged between the wild and wicked Charley Steele, the criminal lawyer, and the gentle village shoemaker, Jacques. When, on Sunday, the bell rang out over Chaudiere, summoning the village to the tiny log chapel, he drew the shades of his shop close and bent over his last defiantly.

"I do not believe, Father," he told the priest; "I am sorry, but I cannot believe."

Argument and pleading alike were of no avail, even when Rosalie came, pale and woman-sweet, and tried to move him. He even took a sort of childish pride in his apostasy. It was the old Charley Steele speaking thru his new lips, parrotwise, from the past, "I do not believe——"

"But, Jacques," Rosalie trembled, one spring day as they walked under the leafing trees, "surely all this—the sky and the river and you and I did not just happen. There must be some reason. You speak as tho believing were a hard thing, but it is as simple as breathing. You just lift up your eyes and let God into your heart and say, like this, 'I believe in beauty, I believe in goodness, and so I believe in God.'"

He looked at her as she stood with her pale, pure face lifted to the springtime sky, and suddenly he began to tremble thru all his big frame. "Rosalie!" he cried, and took her hands softly, reverently, and held them to his bearded lips and kist them. "Rosalie! I believe in *you,* my dear, my dear! I believe—in you . . ."

And then he laid her hands down and stood back, rigid, and bowed his head. "Forgive me," he said, hopelessly;

(*Continued on page* 99)



"Why . . . it's you!" Charley Steele cried weakly and wonderingly. "It's . . . you . . ."

The Binney Blues Cure

By EDNA S. MICHAELS



"BLUES," said Constance Binney to me over the pale-green teacup, "are the easiest things in the world to lose, provided one has dollars in her purse and good shops close at hand," and she smiled the Binney smile, quite confirming her statement.

Now, of course, motion picture stars, just like stage stars, know how to dress. That is just as much a part of their profession and has been just as large a factor in their success as their charm and ability. Recognizing this, it was thought a good idea for the stars to pass on their opinions regarding clothes. The public would be interested and, if you are Constance Binney's type, it will undoubtedly prove helpful to know just what she wears to best advantage and just what she thinks.

We had been shopping and had dropped into one of the numerous tea-rooms nestled in the side street of the shopping section. We were discussing the subject of clothes—the subject ever dearest to every woman's heart. And, of course, it was the subject I wanted her to discuss.



Being a woman, very young and very human, Constance Binney is naturally very fond of pretty clothes. But with clothes as with every other conceivable thing, Miss Binney has very decided opinions. Above, in a dance frock of Nile green taffeta with over-flounces of various shades of green and trimming of pale pink rosebuds. Below, in a motor coat of black leather with a beaver collar and a close fitting hat of black duvetyn and a facing of a delicate tan

Being a woman, very young and very human, Constance Binney is, naturally, very fond of pretty clothes. But with clothes, as with every other conceivable thing, Miss Binney has very decided opinions.

"I dont believe in following blindly the dictates of fashion," she said, as she scratched "dance frock and leather coat" from her shopping list. "I think a woman ought to wear the clothes that are becoming—not the kind she sees in the shop windows. She should study her own style. Of course, it's all right to adhere to those points of fashion which become you, but when a woman with scrawny arms wears short sleeves just because they are fashionable—well, then—I have nothing to say."

In the purchase of both the coat and the dance frock she had been most discriminating, deciding that a certain style wouldn't do in

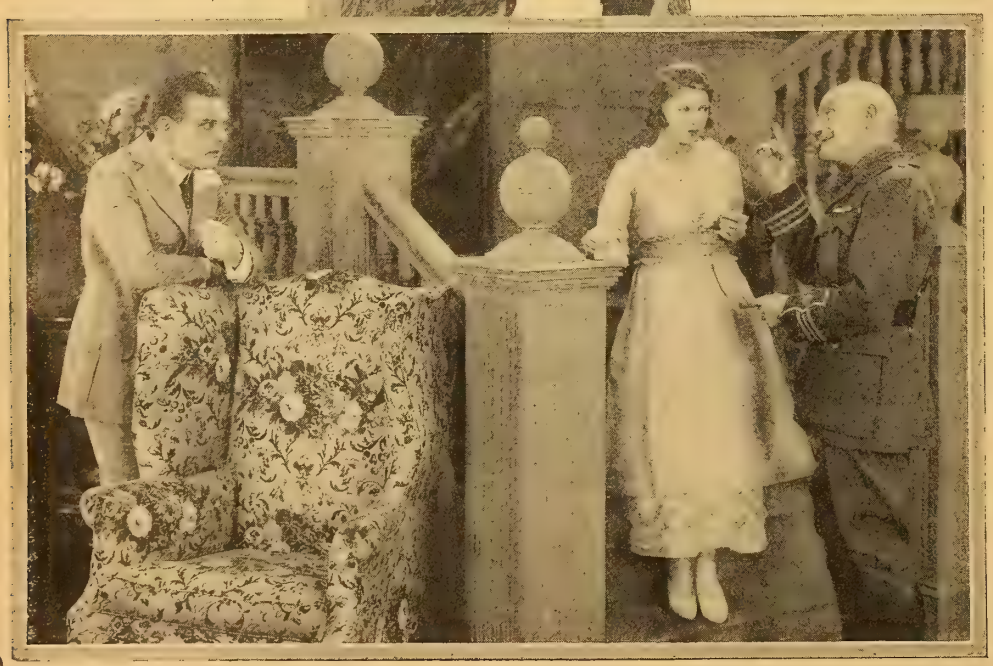
(Continued on page 115)

Across the Silversheet

A Review of Recent Pictures







Above, Norma Talmadge in "The Isle of Conquest," (First National); center, Gloria Swanson and Thomas Meighan in the De Mille production, "Male and Female," (Famous Players-Lasky); and below, Vivian Martin in "His Official Fiancée," (Famous Players-Lasky)

MUCH sentimental claptrap and expensive advertising have been written and published recently concerning the play being the thing. Authors that know how to write English and concoct novels or plays that have pleased the proletariat have not only been invited to write for the silverscreen, but have received princely sums for the right to have their brain children preserved in celluloid.

This is all very fine in its way, for second-rate actors and actresses have been succeeding when furnished with this splendid basic material, but in the meantime our stars languish in plays of neither rhyme nor reason, simply because their presence can put across a bad photoplay. By a bad photoplay I mean one that does not possess either strong human appeal, or humor, or originality or suspense or unusual action. It takes a big star to shine in a bad play. I have in mind Elsie Ferguson's recent "The Counterfeit," Norma Talmadge's unoriginally plotted photoplay, "The Isle of Conquest," and Dorothy Gish's slapstick jazz movie, "Turning the Tables."

By the sheer force of their personalities have these stars lifted such poorly picked material into a semblance of photographic success. Let me consider in detail, first:

THE COUNTERFEIT—PARAMOUNT-ARTCRAFT

This is a maudlin melodrama with whatever interest it might have had extracted because of the painfully transparent nature of its mystery. Nevertheless, the extraction is painless, for altho we anticipate the curtain clearance in the first reel, it is a pleasure to look at Elsie Ferguson under any circumstances. But Miss Ferguson is capable of a great deal more than optically beautiful close-ups. I do not exaggerate when I say that Miss Ferguson is the most accomplished emotional star the screen can boast of. I except no one from this superlative statement, because while other feminine stars have great emotional power, I have failed to find one who was mistress of such a subtle shading of moods under the Cooper-Hewitts as the fair Elsie. It is a rank waste of Miss Ferguson's talent to squander her in this silly detective tale, which lacks even the relish of suspense. The photographic episodes supposed to take place in Newport, are good to look at, as are Miss Ferguson's costumes and her leading man, David Powell. A Miss Montrose also exhibits great camera possibilities.

THE ISLE OF CONQUEST—FIRST NATIONAL

Norma Talmadge seems wholly lost in this bromidic story of a young girl who

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

marries a scoundrel so that her mother may luxuriate on his money. While vacationing on her millionaire husband's yacht, she is shipwrecked and cast on a desert island with a stoker for companion. Eventually she falls in love with him, only to be rescued as they are about to celebrate their wilderness-witnessed nuptials. As a sop to the sentimentalists comes the eventual death of the husband, the making good of the stoker and the final marriage of the lovers. Desert island stuff is never any too convincing on the screen, and here it seems less so than ever. Even the romantic aura that Norma Talmadge was wont to weave around the slightest episode seems lacking here. Who is guilty of snuffing out the warmth of her screen presence? Is she tangling herself with too much family, whose loving arms strangle like weeds in a swamp? Let us be dazzled again by the bright jewel of Norma Talmadge with its luster undimmed by clinging Natalies and self-sufficient Constances! We respect and love Norma for her devotion to her mother, sisters and friends, but we are becoming heartily surfeited with pictures and poses of Norma with Natalie, with her mother, with Constance. The bright, passionate flower of genius is Norma's; let us hope it will not be allowed to starve itself to death with a too generous giving of its soil to lesser blossoms.

TURNING THE TABLES—PARAMOUNT

This story started with a good comedy idea, which, unfortunately, got lost in the race and ended in a grand scramble for all concerned. Little Dorothy Gish takes the part of the young girl whose aunt has her incarcerated in an insane asylum in order to be free to use her niece's money to capture the unwilling heart of a spiritualist. Young Dorothy turns the tables by changing places with the nurse intrusted with her care. A weakly built love affair with a semi-invalid adds a final dash of romance. But the whole is allowed to become too much like slapstick. Five reels of chasing becomes monotonous even when peppy Dorothy is doing the pursuing.

MALE AND FEMALE—FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY

James M. Barrie originally wrote "The Admirable Crichton," an assurance of its excellence far more potent than the best known trade mark for merchandise. Cecil B. De Mille translated "The Admirable Crichton" into the shadow drama, an equal assurance of a first-class product. By this time practically every one knows that the story deals with a butler, servant to an English nobleman and his daughter, who, when all are wrecked on a desert island, becomes not only their equal, but a sort of king . . . only to find himself upon their return to civilization again put in his proper place. I venture to say that there is

(*Continued on page* 111)







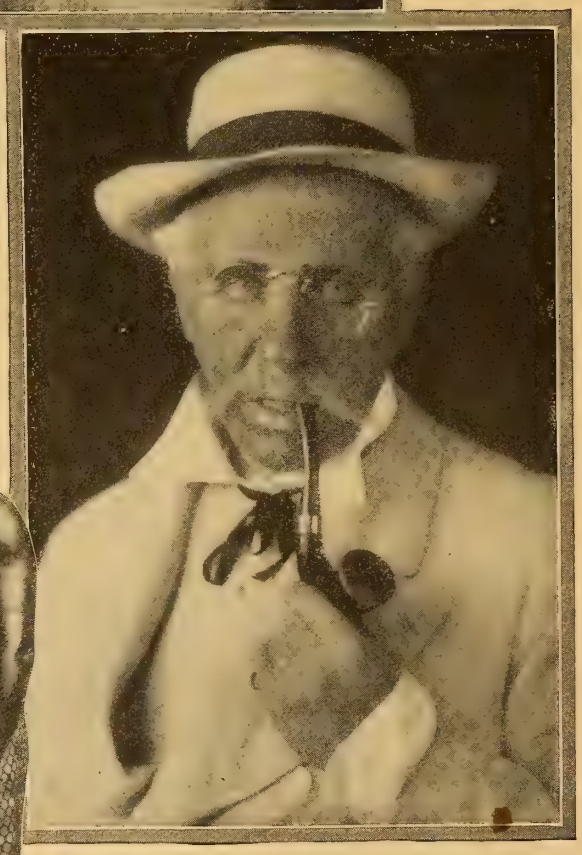
Above, Dorothy Gish in "Turning the Tables," (Paramount); center, William S. Hart in "John Petticoats," (Ince-Paramount); and below, Charles Ray in "Crooked Straight," (Ince-Paramount)

The "Why" of Motion Picture Make-up

By VICTOR A. STEWART

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Mr. Stewart has for years been considered one of the greatest authorities on make-up in the country. Also the writer of a number of articles on closely allied subjects, he was, for some time, the make-up man at the Vitagraph studios, having taught some of screenland's most popular players the first rudiments of this gentle—yet mighty—art.







Above, Mr. Stewart studying a "subject" prior to applying the make-up stick; center, in a character study, and below, wielding the paint brush in the cause of realism

GIVING color to the make-up is one of the most important and subtle parts of the movie actor's rôle, and it often makes or mars a character. There are three quite distinct methods of make-up and each one is adapted to a specific purpose and should be applied for that end and that alone. There is a make-up for the street, one for the stage and still another for the motion picture. They are quite different in character and not at all interchangeable. Make-ups that pass on the stage would be held up, literally and figuratively, on the street, and the make-up that appears well on the screen is entirely off-color elsewhere. This is very clearly demonstrated when one sees a lobby display at a theater where flashlights of the actors in stage make-up are in progress. The result is ghastly, and no artistic coloring applied afterwards can cover it or improve it. Red cheeks and lips become dark smudges, and actual likenesses are conspicuous by their absence. It is always much more satisfactory to employ the services of an experienced make-up artist accustomed to the type of work done in motion picture studios.

There are several elements in make-up to be considered. First, it must be sufficiently opaque to cover and conceal certain pigments in the skin and blood; on the other hand, it must be transparent enough to permit of complete mobility of features so that every little play of the emotions will be evident under the paint. Thirdly, it must look so natural that

(*Continued on page* 102)

Since Mr. Stewart wrote the above article, arrangements have been made with Henry Miner, New York, one of the largest cosmetic firms, for the manufacture of special colors selected by him, which will be issued under his name.

Anita in Ole Kentucky



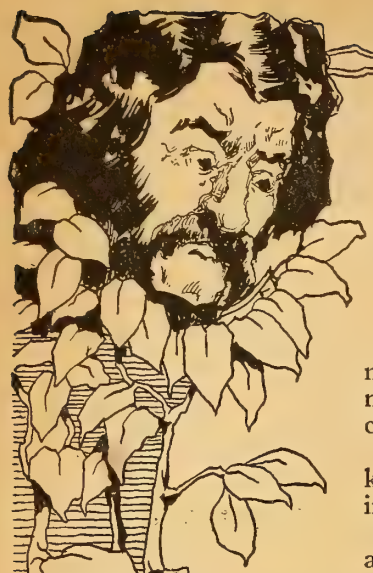




We had almost forgotten dainty Anita as the unsophisticated mountain lass—we had come to think of her as the society bud, luxurious and resplendent in exquisite creations. Her rôle in "The Wood Violet," her first starring venture, was but a memory. But now she has donned the crude dress of the mountain maid once more, and we remember—remember the wistfulness and abandon of her work when she's out among the trees and birds and flowers



"In Old Kentucky" finds Anita Stewart quite at home in the well-known rôle of "Madge," with Mahlon Hamilton playing "Frank Layson." From the natural wildness of the mountain scenes the story takes you to the quiet charm of the Old South—with Anita in hoopskirts!



Dialog Imaginary

Jack the Giant Killer and Miss E. Lectric Fan

Miss I. McCorker—Good morning, sir! I have called to discuss a very important matter with you. I read your highly amusing dialog with Miss Fan, and, perhaps more out of curiosity than anything else, I just could not resist the temptation to come in and give you the once-over.

Jack the Giant Killer—You do me great honor, I am sure, but how did you know that I had nothing else to do than to spend my time satisfying the curiosity of inquisitive young ladies?

Miss McC.—Oh, I knew you were a busy man, but the very busiest of men always find time to receive *me!*

Jack—Very well, I am at your mercy, proceed, unload, get it off your chest; what have I got that you want?

Miss McC.—Just information, that's all—or, rather, your opinion. To be perfectly frank with you, you are not at all the kind of person I expected to see.

Jack—You thought I was one of those long-bearded monstrosities like the Answer Man, I suppose, with a huge dome of a forehead with no hair on it, and who lives in a hall room on buttermilk and $9 a week.

Miss McC.—Yes, or rather more like the Sage of Shadowland—one of those little, wizened, dried-up, soured creatures who sees the dark side of everything.

Jack—You apparently have not yet seen the Sage—he is even more of a freak than the Answer Man. But, let's get to business. What can I do for you? Time's precious—I have a five-round bout with my sparring partner and a ten-mile run in the country to take before luncheon. What are your symptoms?

Miss McC.—Oh, I'm not sick—I just wanted to hear you talk.

Jack—I've done nothing else since you have been here.

Miss McC.—I wanted to find out why you are so opposed to comedies—I just *lōve* 'em!

Jack—I'm not opposed to comedies. I just love 'em, too. Tell me where there is one to be shown and I'll be there as soon as the doors are open this afternoon.

Miss McC.—Why, there's a Keystone comedy at the Knickerbocker, and a dandy Sunshine comedy at the Strand.

Jack—Horrors! Do you call them comedies?

Miss McC.—Sure, dont you? No? Then what *do* you call them?

Jack—I dont call them. They dont deserve to be called. They are simply idiotic absurdities intended for low-brows who haven't the intelligence to appreciate real wit and humor.

Miss McC.—And would you say that of Chaplin?

Jack—No, Chaplin is an artist—sometimes, not always, but sometimes. The last of his I saw was quite smelly. "Shoulder Arms" was a masterpiece.

Miss McC.—Do you ever laugh?

Jack—No, but I wish I could. I envy anybody who can laugh heartily. It, alas, is not among my accomplishments—and laughter *is* an accomplishment.

Miss McC.—How wonderful! But you must *enjoy* that which makes others laugh.

Jack—No, not even that. What makes most people laugh usually gives me pain; pain, to think that they are so inferior and ill-developed. I laugh *internally* and heartily when I read Rabelais, Washington Irving, Holmes, Hood, Lamb, William J. Bryan, and even Mark Twain, but when I see those horrible things that they call screen comedies, I groan.



Miss McC.—Dont they even interest you?

Jack—Yes, they cause me to reflect with sorrow on the low state of man's intelligence and on how close we are to the lower animals.

Miss McC.—But animals never laugh.

Jack—Quite true, because they have not those faculties that make them appreciate the sublime and the ridiculous. And what boundless happiness do they miss! The flea is supremely happy when he has his belly full, but what a small happiness as compared with mine who can exult and gloat and beam over the great masterpieces of literature! The cannibal enjoys the jazz of drums and tin pans, but what is his joy as compared with mine who can be

(*Continued on page* 112)



After the Dance

THE woman who dances, or who engages in any form of exercise, knows the value of having a complexion which retains its delicate loveliness throughout the glow of her exertion.

Nature intended that your skin should remain smooth and fresh despite the free flowing of the blood that comes from exhilaration, and Resinol Soap is nature's agent for preserving the soft natural bloom of your skin.

Resinol Soap is an unusually pure and cleansing toilet soap with qualities that soothe and heal irritations of the skin's texture. It is the soap for you if you are resolved not to permit skin imperfections to interfere with your socia. and business success.

All druggists and toilet goods dealers sell Resinol products.

RESINOL SHAVING STICK is especially appreciated by young men, who like the way the Resinol in it soothes the face and prevents shaving discomforts.

Resinol Soap

Trial free. Dept. 7-K, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.





"Doug," "Little Mary" and "Charlie" are flying enthusiasts like most of the other movie folk in Hollywood. And when they begin soaring about in the sky the heavenly stars will look pale in comparison

Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

By SALLY ROBERTS



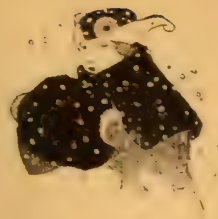
Gloria Swanson acting as commissary department for two of the less important players in one of her productions

NOT long ago ZaSu Pitts left town hurriedly to visit Santa Cruz, her old home. It was funny to hear her tell the studio girls about the intended vacation, the first she has had. Miss Pitts remarked, with one of those "So long, Letty," gestures, "Yes, when I get there, I'm going to do just what I've always dreamed of doing—register at the St. George Hotel, sleep until late next morning, have my breakfast sent up to the room, dress leisurely and saunter down the main street to *the* shoe store, where everybody can see me and say, 'Well, well, is this really *you?*'"

It's going to be quite a sensation for Santa Cruz to see the little girl who used to mope around that town and dream of greatness, the while she *feared* she must become an arm-waitress. The girls at the Studio Club are planning a real surprise for Miss Pitts—they're going to send a wire to the St. George with a message requesting that she be *paged!* That's going to give ZaSu quite an embarrassing lot of publicity, they think.

Florence Turner was just leaving the studio, where she has been playing opposite Sessue Hayakawa, to do her shopping. She very graciously consented to stay and talk *shop* for a moment on her own stamping ground. She was wearing a strictly tailored blue suit, long-skirted, close-fitting at the waist, with a white-corded silk vest, high-collared. Her turban had black and

BEWARE OF THE LITTLE FLAWS THAT MAKE ONE HOMELY





It is so easy to let your skin acquire bad traits

A LITTLE roughness, a little shine, a little cloudiness of skin, and one's looks are gone! It is so easy, too, to let your skin acquire these bad little traits unless you know just how to avoid them.

Wind and cold whip the moisture out of your skin—leave it dry and tense. Then follow roughening and chapping. Skin specialists say that one can protect the skin by applying a softening and soothing cream always before venturing out. Never omit this.

Of course, you can't apply a *cold* cream before going out. It makes your face too oily.



A touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream before going to a dance gives your skin new transparency

Lightly touch your face and hands with Pond's *Vanishing* Cream, which is made precisely for this daytime and evening use. This leaves your face smooth and protects it from the weather. Do this every time you go out.

Does the powder keep coming off your face, leaving you all shiny and embarrassed?

Before you powder, take a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream and rub it lightly into the skin. At once it disappears, leaving your skin softened. Now powder as usual and don't think of it again. The powder will stay on two or three times as long as ever before. There is not a bit of oil in Pond's Vanishing Cream, so it cannot reappear in a miserable glisten.

When your face is tense from a long, hard day, yet you want to "look beautiful," remember that the cool, fragrant touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream smoothed over the face and neck, will instantly bring it new freshness. Do this before you go to a dance.

Beware of allowing your skin to cloud up and lose its clearness. When this happens, it is because minute particles of dust have worked their way too deep into the pores to be removed by ordinary bathing. It takes a cold cream with a good oil base to remove this deeply lodged dust.

Before you go to bed and whenever you have been especially exposed to dust, rub Pond's Cold Cream into the pores of the skin. Then wipe it off with a soft cloth. You will say, "How *could* so much dust have gotten into my pores!" Do this regularly and you will be rewarded by a clear, fresh skin.



One little bedtime duty that no wise woman forgets is the cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream



Even though you are tired, you can make your complexion especially lovely at a moment's notice

Why there are two kinds of cream—one without an oil base and one with it

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One with an oil base and one without any oil





Above, "Glad to see you back in California, Miss Stewart," says the postman. "And I am glad to be back," smiles Anita. Center, Bill Duncan stops serialling long enough to tell Doug Fairbanks a funny anecdote when Doug visits the studios to do a scene in the big Vitagraph tank

the exact replica of Chevalier, with whom Miss Turner made such an immense success in the screen version of "My Old Dutch." Florence turned to the old man and thanked him heartily, offered the reward, and was astonished to see him draw back with a refusal. Asking why he would not accept the fifty dollars, Miss Turner was astonished to hear him answer, "No, no, miss; I couldn't touch it. The missus and me used to see you in every picture since you was just a little beginner. We'd count our pennies and say, 'Can we afford it?' Then we'd say 'Yes, cos it's Florence.' We'd sit with her arm tucked thru mine, and we'd larf, God, how we'd larf—and sometimes we'd sniff, miss . . . but allus we enjoyed ourselves. And do you remember how yer old Dutch was separated from you? And how you cried and went to the work'us? My old Dutch was in the 'orspital same's you in the picture, only she *never* came back, and I know, if she'd look down, as she is a-lookin' down, and saw me take fifty dollars from our Florence, she'd never forgive me. But if you want to do me a favor, miss, gimme a picture of yourself with your name on it."

Florence always carried little pictures in those days, for it was a common thing for people to

(*Continued on page* 116)

silver top, grey fur band, and a grey veil with bright blue dots made her complexion prettier than ever.

We got to chatting about old times, and Florence told me the best story about her London experience! It seems that the English fans had given her a diamond-studded watch and bracelet, and one morning, after a tour of the shops, she missed the memento. She telephoned police headquarters at once and offered a reward of fifty dollars in the papers.

For a week she was heartsick over her loss, heard nothing of the watch, and began to give up hope, when one morning a call came to the East End of London.

A police sergeant restored the trinket to its owner and pointed to an elderly man who stood by, twisting his shabby cap and looking



Priscilla Dean and her director retired to a quiet corner of the Universal lot to discuss some scene—of course, we really dont know but, judging from the expressions, we would say that Priscilla won her point, whatever it was

Photo by M. S. Boylan

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Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

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GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

Martha Mansfield, who is playing opposite John Barrymore in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," announces for once and all that she is not related to Richard Mansfield, who made the dual rôle famous on the stage.

Irene Castle's forthcoming picture, "Miss Antique," boasts a real Indian girl in the person of Mabel Love Cloud, whose grandparents were of the Osage tribe. Miss Cloud started her career in musical comedy.

Hampton Del Ruth, supervising director of William Fox Sunshine Comedies, has contracted for the services of the famous Singer Midgets, who will play an important part in one of these productions.

Lottie Pickford, sister of the famous Mary and Jack Pickford, has been placed at the head of her own producing company and will produce film features.

Harry Houdini, handcuff king, having completed his picture for Paramount-Artcraft, will embark for London and other European ports to fill a year's contract in foreign amusement houses.

Juanita Hansen, Pathé's newest serial star, has arrived in the East and is working on her first picture for Pathé.

Barbara Castleton plays the part of Audrey in Mary Roberts Rinehart's story, "Dangerous Days."

Clara Horton is playing with Jack Pickford in his first production for Goldwyn.

Jean Paige, Vitagraph star, will make her next picture in the Western Vitagraph studios.

J. Searle Dawley is in charge of the production of "The Harvest Moon," from the stage success of Augustus Thomas, starring Doris Kenyon.

Elsie Fuller, a young Danish actress, who recently came to this country, has been engaged by Vitagraph for the leading rôle in "Thimble, Thimble," another of the O. Henry stories.

Josephine Hill will play opposite Frank Mayo in "The Primrose Path," novel of the same name by Bayard Veillers.

Roy Neil is directing Norma Talmadge in her second First National picture, "The Woman Gives."

Zena Keefe's first venture as a Selznick star will be in Sophie Irene Loeb's big drama, "The Woman God Sent."

The latest release of Prizma Natural Color Pictures is "Memories," a picturization of Whittier's immortal poem. This is a new departure of the Prizma Company from the line of scenes so far released.



Photo by Charlotte Fairchild
LILLIAN WALKER

Francis Bushman and **Beverly Bayne** were entertained by many of their friends in Los Angeles when they appeared there in "The Master Thief." It is said that the pair will do a picture now and then during their three-year contract with Morosco.

Lillian Rambeau, mother of Marjorie, is playing an important rôle in the Edith Storey production being made at the Haworth studios in Los Angeles.

Crauford Kent, well-known to fans and theater-goers, is appearing opposite Olive Thomas in "Glorious Youth."

Dolores Cassinelli, the Italian "Cameo Girl" and one-time concert singer, is studying for opera at leisure times. Having a decided talent for composition she is working on the score of an Italian opera which she will sing when completed.

Louise Beaudet, who has appeared in Vitagraph productions since Vitagraph was in its infancy, is seen in Alice Joyce's production, "Slaves of Pride." She is also appearing on the stage in Laurette Taylor's new play, "One Night in Rome."

Mlle. Halina Bruzovna, the celebrated Polish actress, is playing the leading rôle in "The Faded Butterfly," one of the editorials in celluloid which comprise Herbert Kaufman's Weekly, as the Selznick series are called.

Doug Fairbanks has joined the Santa Monica Elks. A mob of thirty wild ones roped and tied the athletic comedian and took him to lodge, and when he got away he was an Elk and that's all there is to it, he says.

Vivian Martin has signed a contract to make eight pictures for Messmore Kendall, who is one of the owners of the new Capitol Theater in New York.

Anita Stewart has settled herself in the beautiful Italian villa purchased for her by her husband and manager, while she was in New York recently, and is hard at work on her new picture, "The Fighting Shepherdess."

Jack Gilbert has been placed under a two-year contract with Maurice Tourneur.

Flora Revalles, the celebrated pantomimist and dancer, will appear in a leading rôle in "Earthbound," a Basil King-Eminent Authors picture.

Edmond Lowe, playing opposite Lenore Ulric in a Belasco stage production, will appear on the screen as leading man for Norma Talmadge in "The Woman Gives."

Hugh Thompson appears in the leading masculine rôle of "Cynthia of the Minute," the Louis Joseph Vance story in which Leah Baird is starred.

Max Linder has returned from France the proud possessor of a letter from the French Minister of Foreign Office, bringing announcement that he was proposed for the Knight of the Legion of Honor Cross, for services rendered France during the war.

Raymond McKee, now appearing in Paul Anthony Kelly's play "The Phantom Legion," has signed with Capellani Productions to appear opposite Marjorie Rambeau.

Bobby Connelly, the one-time Vitagraph boy star, will be seen in "Humoresque," a screen version of the Fannie Hurst story of that name.

Rod La Rocque will be seen opposite Constance Binney in her next Realart picture, which will be made in Chicago, where the young star is appearing in "39 East."

J. Stuart Blackton will produce "Passers-By," by C. Haddon Chambers, early this year. Stanley Olmstead will adapt the play assisted by Mr. Blackton himself.

Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran are in the future to be featured in five-reel comedy-dramas where each will have equal honors.

It is reported from a reliable source that **Laurette Taylor** has signed a contract with D. W. Griffith and at the conclusion of her present New York theatrical engagement will start making her first Griffith feature.

Marjorie Rambeau's first picture for Capellani Productions will be "The Fortune Teller," a picturization of the stage play in which she appeared last year.

Marie Shotwell, who played an important rôle in "Chains of Evidence," is appearing with Doris Kenyon in "Harvest Moon."

Warner Oland, the smooth, calculating, exquisite villain of the screen, is very busy on a brand-new serial for Pathé, in which he shares honors with Eileen Percy.

Emily Stevens will play the leading rôle in the picture version of Harold MacGrath's novel, "The Place of Honeymoons."

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First came The Ultona which introduced an all-record phonograph. Then the Brunswick Tone Amplifier which brought better tone. NOW Brunswick Records, interpreted by great directors.



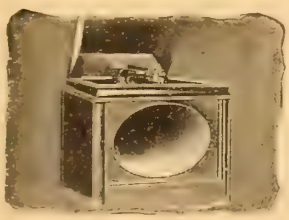
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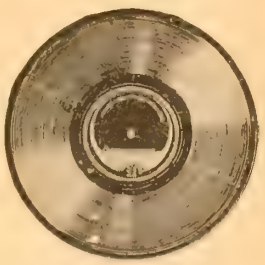
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LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Lieutenant **James Vincent**, of Royal Flying Corps, is now located at Hollywood, California, and playing leading rôles in screen comedies.

Grace Davison has completed another picture which was made under the working title of "Convert of Revenge." Charles T. Horan directed the picture.

Mrs. Edward M. Kimball, formerly Pauline Maddern, well known in stock and repertoire companies of earlier days, and mother of Clara Kimball Young, died recently at Los Angeles, Cal.

William Russel is back on the coast and working in a fast moving picture of the West, "Shod with Fire," from the pen of Harold Titus and adapted to the screen by Emmett Flyn, who will direct the picture.

Dorothy Dalton is to be starred exclusively in Paramount-Artcraft pictures. Her first starring vehicle will be Sir James M. Barrie's "Half an Hour."

Virginia Brown, one of the winners of the recent "Fame and Fortune" Contest, arrived at Universal City last week to begin on her five-year contract with Universal. She will be known on the screen as Virginia Faire.

Gene Gauntier has arrived in Los Angeles straight from the oil lands of Texas, and is renewing her acquaintance with her friends in the studios.

For the second time in his career **Edward Connelly** will enact in "Shore Acres" the character immortalized by its creator, James K. Hackett.

Vola Vale, who in her high school days went three times in one week to see Bert Lytell in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," will be seen as leading woman for the popular star in the screen production of the "Crook" classic. Miss Vale will play the rôle created by Laurette Taylor in the original New York production.

Joe Ryan and **Jean Paige** will be co-starred in the next Vitagraph serial.

Ann Little, heroine of many Paramount-Artcraft pictures, is Wallace Reid's leading woman in "The Bear Trap."

Lillian Hall remembered for her characterization of Beth in "Little Women," is playing the feminine in Edgar Lewis's production of "Sherry."

Following "Beckoning Roads," **Bessie Barriscale** will be seen in a picture version of Katherine Norris' story, "The Luck of Geraldine Laird."



Photo by Sarony
BARBARA CASTLETON

Ina Claire, the young stage star, will be starred by Metro in an elaborate screen version of her great stage success, "Polly With a Past."

Louise Lovely, who appeared opposite William Farnum in five pictures during 1919, will again support him in all features he will make on the coast this year.

Wallace MacDonald will be seen as leading man for Anita Stewart in "The Fighting Shepherdess."

Peggy Pearce, remembered as "Comedy Queen," is seen in a dramatic rôle in "Sex," starring Louise Glaum.

Doris Kenyon's next screen appearance will be in "The Harvest Moon" from the play of Augustus Thomas. J. Searle Dawley is directing the picture, which is being made at the Leah Baird studios at Fort Lee.

Oscar Apfel, director for World and Fox for many years, has been engaged by the Albert Capellani Productions and will direct Dolores Cassinelli.

Supporting **George Beban** in "One Man in a Million," written by himself, will be seen Helen Jerome Eddy as leading woman, George Beban, Jr., Lloyd Whitlock, George Williams and Jennie Lee.

Thru a contract made by Vitagraph and the Capitol Theater all the Larry Semon comedies for the next year will be shown at Broadway's biggest and newest motion picture theater.

The many friends and admirers of **William Stowell** are moved by heartfelt sorrow over his untimely death in a railroad wreck in South Africa, where he had gone to film plant and animal life for Universal and the Smithsonian Institution.

Beulah Bains, a Southern girl, has signed up to play with Charles Chaplin in coming comedies.

Seena Owen will appear opposite Owen Moore in his second Selznick picture, "The Woman Hater."

Metro Pictures has signed **Mitchell Lewis** and announces that the virile actor will appear in picturizations of four great novels by the late Jack London.

Rosemary Theby plays the lead in Augustus Thomas' "Rio Grande," which was filmed on the Mexican border by Edwin Carewe.

Syd Chaplin's first comedy for Paramount is a five-reel feature entitled "One Hundred Million."

Renee Adoree has the principal feminine rôle in "The Strongest," the Fox picture made from Clemenceau's story.

Montagu Love will appear in the leading male rôle of "The Place of Honeymoons," starring Emily Stevens.

Thomas Mott Osborne will appear on the screen in his own story, "The Grey Brother." It is a romantic narrative of the underworld, in which Mr. Osborne has taken a life-long interest. Edward McManus has made a thrilling visualization of the story, revealing some of the cruelties that existed under the "old system" of prison management. Sidney Olcott directed the picture.

Eugene Pakette is playing a prominent rôle in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," Bert Lytell's next Screen Classics production.

Ardent admirers of **Mahlon Hamilton** will be interested to know that he is featured in a new picture titled "The Third Generation."

Pearl White has finished her first Fox picture, a screen version of "The White Moll," Frank L. Packard's famous story of the underworld.

Olive Tell, well known to film fans for her work in "To Hell with the Kaiser" and now starring in the Broadway success, "Civilian Clothes," will be featured in Jans Pictures. B. A. Rolfe will direct Miss Tell.

H. B. Warner, who stars in "Haunting Shadows," an absorbing mystery drama, has enlisted a notable cast with him, including Margaret Livingston, Edward Peil and Frank Lanning.

After reading the interview with Antonio Moreno in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, the reader calls our attention to the following coincidence in the history of the United States: "In the book called 'A New Mexico David,' by C. F. Lummis, he says: 'On June 4, 1696, fourteen Pueblo Indian towns revolted and burned the little convent at San Ildefonso (N.M.), and the priest, Fray Antonio Moreno, perished in the fire.'"

Warren Kerrigan is the proud owner of a dog presented to him by Jack London when the famous author visited him shortly before his death. Jerry is a bulldog and is named for the famous dog of London's story.

From director to star is the latest. **Ralph Ince** is to star in a series of special Selznick pictures.



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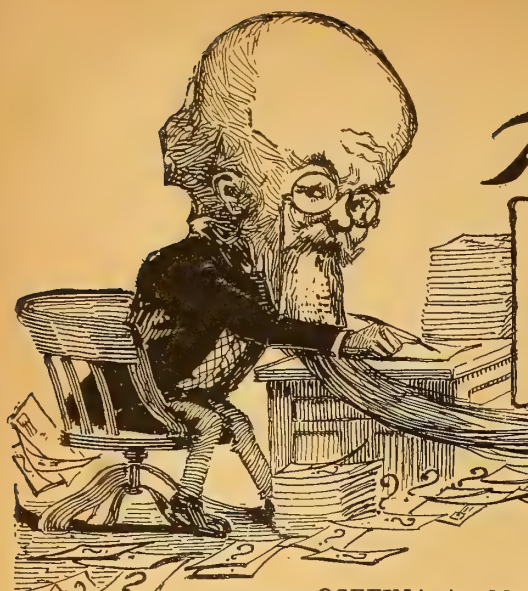
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The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

JOSEFINA A.; MARY C.; HELEN D.; E. U. B. WORTHFIELD; MILDRED B.; SOUR GRAPES; JOE R.; HARRY F.; BILLIE E.; ELEANOR M.; POLLY S.; CHRISTINA R.; MRS. E. J. H.; DANIEL G.; WAYNE F.; THOMAS L. S.—Your questions have been answered elsewhere in these columns. Come again.

MILDRED LOUISE.—So you have looked our city over, and never stopped in to see me. Yet you say you are still wild about me, and that my only other rival is the Prince of Wales. Now that he has gone, I trust I shall have your undivided affections. You ask, "What relation is that child to its father who is not its father's own son?" A colt. In other words, a son of a gun. Is that right?

WANDA S.—Write to me personally.

LILLIAN GISH ADMIRER.—I should say you are. You want to know if Dorothy Dalton smokes cigarets. I do not know, neither do I know if she likes cabbage and says her prayers every night. "Does a man love his wife in the same way after he is married." Well, he may love her, but not in the same way. But he ought to love her more, for several reasons, which you may guess. Mamie Costello opposite Alice Joyce in "Cambric Mask." And you also like Wanda Hawley and Enid Bennett. So do I.

MARY X. S.—So you have an *affaire du coeur*. Let me know how you come out. I understand that the du Pont people are interested in Goldwyn pictures as capitalists or backers. Lois Weber has joined Selznick. Carmel Myers is on the stage. You want an interview with Thurston Hall. Editor, page a pad and pencil and make note of Mary's wants. Yes, he was splendid in "The Midnight Patrol."

DICK BARTHELMESS ADMIRER.—There are others. Whew! that's a gym whizzer. Why do the players change from one company to the other? Money, child, money. It's money that makes the mare go. You want to see Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien, Harrison Ford and Constance Talmadge, Dorothy Gish and Richard Barthelmess play together. You just wish along and enjoy yourself. You might also wish that the man in the moon might come down and play.

READER AND ADMIRER.—Good for you. Do I eat jelly? You bet I do, but I have to be careful not to get it in my whiskers. I usually part them before I indulge. Larry Semon has signed with Vitagraph to play in Semon comedies for the next three years. I think he is funnier and cleverer than Arbuckle and several others.

NANCY P.—Dorothy Dalton was born in Chicago, 1893. She has been in stock several years. Playing in "Aphrodite" in New York just now, which they say is rather a naughty play. Yes, Robert Warwick will be interviewed soon again.

VIVA MAY ALLISON.—You say that down in Texas you use the word buss instead of the word kiss. Excellent idea. In that case, re-bus means to kiss again; blunderbuss means to kiss the wrong person; and omnibus means to kiss all the girls in it. Matt Moore is to play in "The River's End." He is in California now. So you have three letters and eleven photos of May Allison. Pretty nice of May. Ruth Clifford.

A LEMON.—No, I haven't been doing inquiries for 36 years. Even tho I am 77, I'm young yet. I've been an Answer Man only ten years, but that makes me the oldest Answer Man in captivity. Anna Nilsson? Yes, she is at the Brunton Studios, Los Angeles, Cal. Jack Pickford has an aeroplane all for himself now.

MRS. L. A. M.—Your letter was very interesting. Dont know of any Elmer Fedder. Who do?

NEW CHUM.—It is strange, my friend, that you get any light from this department. Quite a number tell me that it is enlightening, and several have been struck by the lightning. I dont exactly claim to brush cobwebs from the brain, because in some cases certain of my readers will find it more desirable if they use a vacuum cleaner. So you want to be an actress, but your mother wants you to be a nurse. Yes, I know, it's hard to choose.

WATTLE BLOSSOM.—Thanks for the photograph. Also the drawing of me. No, Dorothy Gish isn't engaged to Richard Barthelmess. Who started that scandal in Australia? Thelma Salter isn't playing now. Olive Thomas and Violet Mersereau you want on covers. Yes, William Stowell was killed in a train wreck about Dec. 1st.

A. 181.—Oh my, yes, Conway Tearle is a leading man. He knows how to lead the women. You say I must know very little about *life*. Quite so; who does? Ask whom you will about life and they will all have to give it up some time or other.

MARY PICKFORD.—Do you see this? I wonder if you remember why I put it here. Greetings!

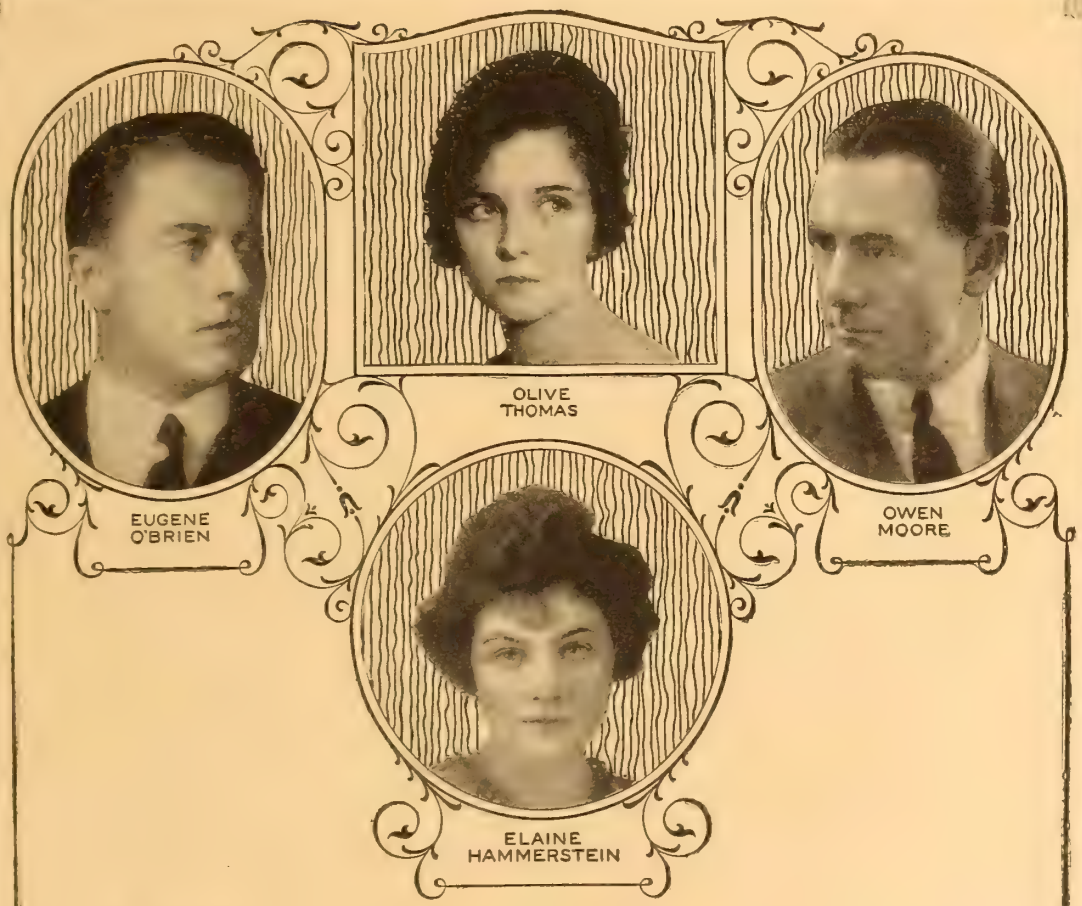
STICKY BEAK.—You say that the life of a woman can be divided into three epochs; in the first she dreams of love, in the second she experiences it, in the third she regrets it. Maybe you're right. Violet Heming and Wanda Hawley in "Everywoman."

ANITA.—Well, I do a bit of housekeeping myself, but if you wish to remove yellow stains from marble, use wood alcohol, or moisten the stains with muriatic acid and quickly pour boiling water over the place. Let me know how you make out. You think Viola Dana is a regular baby tornado. Yes, she do move quick. Thomas Holding is with Paramount. Well, the nearest alcohol comes to going to my head these days is when I use Westphalls, 55 per cent.

MAUDE MC.—Why, Jack London's "Sea Wolf" and "John Barleycorn" have been produced. You want to see more of his plays. Why, "Kamenoi Ostrow" is a stony island, a watering place near St. Petersburg. That is, before the war. Rubenstein wrote some of his compositions here. No trouble at all.

RONA—SYDNEY.—You just bet I am glad to hear from Sydney. Well now, instead of paying doctors to cure us, I believe in hiring them to keep us well. My hall room is heated by hot air (no joke). I cant tell you whether the prescription you sent me is good or bad. Most prescriptions, however, are proscriptions. Shake well before using; that's it—shake it. House Peters is in "Silk Husbands and Calico Wives."

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The Answer Man

G. S.—Some companies change the names of their players. Universal usually does. Of course, we want you to tell us why you like the MAGAZINE and CLASSIC. What departments you would like, also. Bryant Washburn is playing in "It Pays to Advertise."

NORMA AND CONSTANCE.—Yes, I like ancient history. You're talking revolution, tho. Charlotte Corday was a French girl of noble birth. Horrified at the excesses of the French Revolution, she stabbed and killed Marat, one of the leaders, on July 13, 1793. She was tried by the revolutionary tribunal and sent to the guillotine. Virginia Martin is not married. Try me again.

M. M. M.—When the weather is pleasant I walk to the office, but when it is not, I ride in my car. What kind of a car? Why, it is called a trolley car. I prefer the trolley to walking because it gives me more exercise. The passengers are usually packed in like sardines. This morning I was pickled in with a lot of females in a terrible jam. Heaven preserve me! Corinne Griffith in "The Tower of Jewels."

STUTZ.—Dat 'a boy! You can reach House Peters thru Equity Pictures, Harry Garson, Los Angeles, Cal. —provided your car is going on all fours. Otherwise it is a long, long way to Tipperary.

MADELINE.—Let me see, you mean the pink, small, lacy things? Yes, I've seen them, but they are crêpe de chine. Do you know it requires 2,300 silkworms to produce one pound of silk? No, I have no red nose. Prohibition too! I have a friend who reads gas meters, and his nose is usually red. You want more of John Barrymore. Wait until you see him and his brother Lionel in "The Jest," on the stage.

REJECTED GLOOGOOS.—Sorry, old chappie, but I dont keep the names and addresses of my readers after the letters are answered. So you still believe in that old theory. But you know it is hard to get a new idea in your head till you get the old idea out, so perish the thought.

BROWNIE.—Well, I'll try to be a nice boy and answer you as you request. I dont mind being called a boy, or even a nice boy, but I draw the line on this woman stuff. Sure thing, Abraham Lincoln married Mary Todd of Kentucky. Dorothy Dalton is going to play in "L'Apache" for Paramount soon.

L. & C. Co.—Is this a corporation? Remember the income tax. Emmy Wehlen and Gene Palette were the leads in "The Amateur Adventuress." No to No. 2. Florence Billings was the other girl in "Probation Wife." Wheeler Oakman opposite Viola Dana in "False Evidence." Billy Mason opposite Dorothy Dalton in "Hard Boiled." The nut, the nut in "Her Great Chance." I haven't the nut. Dont mention it.

K. A. M., RICHMOND.—Bully! You say you are an old man trying to keep up with the new generation, an old man with a sense of humor, and you feel that I am one of these n. g.'s merely because of my insisting on my weight of years if nothing else. Thanks for the good words, and when you come to Brooklyn, stop in and we'll have a glass of buttermilk together. Oh, I couldn't live without it. You know after 50 the brain loses an ounce every ten years. Think of it, I've lost three ounces! Yet, my answers are just as brilliant! Which proves that it does not require brains to run this department.

VERA M.—Ella Hall is in Los Angeles. Not in this country at all. The leaning Tower of Pisa is in Italy and it leans fourteen feet out of the perpendicular; 180 feet high. I get you, *verbum sap.* (As the boy said who was trying to get sugar out of a maple tree) You know, a word to the wise. Come in again, Vera.

BOBBY J.—Beautiful sentiment in that verse you wrote. Dorothy Bernard is out West, I believe. Isabel Rae isn't doing anything now. William Hart, Louise Huff, Mildred Harris, Viola Dana, Anna Little, Dorothy Davenport, Wallace MacDonald, Anita Stewart, Anna Nilsson, Mary M. Minter, Jack Holt, Tom Moore, Kathleen Clifford, May Allison, Mabel Normand, all can be reached by addressing them, Los Angeles, Cal.

MARTHA G.—Dont you go shedding crocodile tears. They are supposed to be counterfeit sorrow. A fable says the crocodile weeps as it eats its victim. Roscoe Arbuckle is also a director. He went with Keystone in 1912. He is at Long Beach, Cal.

REV. T. B. A.—Chicago. I am indebted to you, reverend sir, for your able and entertaining letter. You say you belong to the Army of the Lord? I believe you, but you are a long way from headquarters. Ness pa? (This is French as she is spoke.) Mary Thurman is playing with William Desmond in "The Prince and Betty." Mae Murray in "The A B C of Love."

MILDRED.—Welcome! Of course I want you to write to me—one cant have too many friends. Thank you, but it is easier to be wise for others than for ourselves. Otherwise I would be making more than $9 a week. Metro is producing "Polly With a Past" with Ina Claire in the lead. She played in the stage play, you know.

RUTH P., NEW ZEALAND.—Well, Ruth, for a country girl you write a mighty interesting letter. So you milk the cows, feed the sheep and help with the chores. You must have lots of sport and I wish I could exchange places with you, except that you can get to the pictures only three or four times a year, which is a calamity. Yes, write to me whenever you feel like it—and I'll always be here to get it.

PROMNITZ.—Well, the face hasn't got all to do with beauty, you know. We discover great beauty in those who are not beautiful, if they possess genuine truthfulness, simplicity and sincerity. So you want a picture of the late Harold Lockwood in the magazine.

DARE DEVIL.—I thought I might meet him some time, but didn't expect it this soon, and a female one at that! So you love Jack Kerrigan, Antonio Moreno, William Desmond and Frank Mayo. I cant publish your ad for a man. Consult Beatrice Fairfax. I decline to conduct a matrimonial bureau—unless I get a percentage.

P. B. C.—If you will send 25c. to the magazine you can obtain her picture.

JOSEPH C.—You want to fill out an application to join the Fox Company. I did not know they issued blank applications. If so, send for one and fill it out. Ruth Stonehouse in "The Hope," Metro.

NORMA TALMADGE FOREVER.—You want to know if Norma Talmadge and Alice Brady are friends? Ye gods! When it comes to making a list of "Who's a Friend of Who," I'll have to quit. Conway Tearle is in New York now.

JOHN D., WILMINGTON.—You want to know what salary Eddie Polo gets. He breezed past my desk here not long ago, and if I had thought of it, I surely would have asked him. He weighs 175 lbs. and stands 5 feet 8½ inches. That's when he stands. When he sits he is about 3 ft. 8, and when he lies down he is about one foot tall.

INQUISITIVE DICK.—The palace of the former German Emperor in Berlin at one time kept 500 housemaids and 1,800 liveried footmen in employment. No wonder the Kaiser doesn't like chopping wood. Pearl White is to play in "The White Moll" for Fox.

FRANK H. P.—Glad to hear you're married. My hearty sympathy. Before marriage a woman expects a man, after marriage she suspects him and after she loves him she respects him. But cheer up, old pal, you may have drawn a prize. Norma Talmadge has her own company, you know. Emily Stevens and Muriel Ostriche in "The Sacred Flame." Stop in again.

BAB.—Thanks for the fee. The most one can get nowadays with a quarter is a stick of gum, but I am very thankful for that. You say, "Well, after reading your magazine for four years I have at last decided to make your acquaintance." Oh, the glorious feeling that comes with it. Why, I hardly feel the same girl. By the twenty-four thumbs of the twelve apostles, I mean that I feel the same way. I'm so excited too. Come often.

JANIE G.—Thanks for the check of good wishes.

(*Continued on page* 125)



"The Proudest Moment of Our Lives Had Come!"

"We sat before the fire place, Mary and I, with Betty perched on the arm of the big chair. It was our first evening in our own home! There were two glistening tears in Mary's eyes, yet a smile was on her lips. I knew what she was thinking.

"Five years before we had started bravely out together! The first month had taught us the old, old lesson that two cannot live as cheaply as one. I had left school in the grades to go to work and my all too thin pay envelope was a weekly reminder of my lack of training. In a year Betty came—three mouths to feed now. Meanwhile living costs were soaring. Only my salary and I were standing still.

"Then one night Mary came to me. 'Jim', she said, 'why don't you go to school again—right here at home? You can put in an hour or two after supper each night while I sew. Learn to do some one thing. You'll make good—I *know* you will.'

"Well, we talked it over and that very night I wrote to Scranton. A few days later I had taken up a course in the work I was in. It was surprising how rapidly the mysteries of our business became clear to me—took on a new fascination. In a little while an opening came. I was ready for it and was promoted—with an increase. Then I was advanced again. There was money enough to even lay a little aside. So it went.

"And now the fondest dream of all has come true. We have a real home of our own with the little comforts and luxuries Mary had always longed for, a little place, as she says, that 'Betty can be proud to grow up in.'

"I look back now in pity at those first blind stumbling years. Each evening after supper the doors of opportunity had swung wide and I had passed them by. How grateful I am that Mary helped me to see that night the golden hours that lay within."

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- ☐ MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER
- ☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER
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- ☐ BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
- ☐ Private Secretary
- ☐ BOOKKEEPER
- ☐ Stenographer and Typist
- ☐ Cert. Public Accountant
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The Cross-Eyed Jinx

(*Continued from page* 46)

the rôle wasn't important of itself, and put on one of those piratical black mustaches that trim the sides of your chin the way in which a weeping-willow adorns a tomb, and I thought I was great.

"Anyway, it gave me a start in life. I did two seasons in stock, then traveled in road shows, and landed broke in a West Virginia town. I suppose you know they call it 'The Death Trail'—the route across that State, I mean. All actors fear the State of West Virginia. Somehow down there it's always a case of playing to bad business.

"Well, I never saw so many cross-eyed people as there were in the town we struck. That's my one superstition—I just cant stand sighting a wall-eyed gink! I kept meeting them all the first day and I'd spit thru my crossed fingers every time, but I knew it was no use—I just knew it would be a case of bad luck. We had registered at the only hotel in the town, but the rooms were not cleaned up, so our baggage was put downstairs and we didn't see our resting places until after the first night's show.

"Imagine my horror when I landed in a room which had a crayon enlargement of the hotel-keeper's grandfather hung on the wall. And, oh, say, but he was a cross-eyed jinx! I spit thru my fingers three times for a charm, but when I crawled into bed for a little read before turning out the lights, there were those awful eyes—one fixed on me and the other on the washstand, just like a capital X. I hardly slept a wink all night and next day, after breakfast, I found that the manager and angel had fled to the next town, leaving all the bills unpaid and taking the first night's box-office receipts.

"I rushed over to the office of the town clerk, thence to the justice of the peace, who said he could not do anything unless I put up twice the amount needed for a suit to bring back the fugitives. I had fifteen cents left and the heavy of our company had $1.40. No money to pay for our board and we couldn't bring back the manager! I explained our trouble to the hotel-keeper and he said, reflectively, that there was a lumber camp three miles away where a man promoted shows and would no doubt be glad to employ us nightly.

"The heavy and I walked all the way over—it might have been three miles as the crow flies, but crossing the mountains and going roundabout the way we went, it surely was every bit of eight miles each way. However, the promoter at the camp engaged us to do a vaudeville stunt. We'd never done anything in vaudeville, but we walked all the way back, got a bundle of clothes, leaving our trunks for board bills, and returned to the camp again before evening.

"Say, do you know what we put on? We had a *Ladies' Home Journal,* and do you remember those old stories they used to reprint under the 'That Reminds Me' column? We memorized some of those and put in some dialog. Of course, nobody *laughed* when we did our turn, but we were *working,* and that was the main thing. We made $15 between us the first night. The second night there was a 'hop' at the camp dance-hall and business was so brisk there that we only got $1.50 as our share of the theater's receipts. The third night there was a Republican rally at the dance-hall and everybody went to the political meeting, leaving us high and dry with a ninety-cent income.

"We hoofed it back to town and, by leaving a pair of chaps, some good leather boots and one of my suits with the inkeeper, I was able to depart *with my trunk.* I went to a nearby town. A theatrical company was due, and by great good luck I saw the manager. While he could not give me a job, he did lend me five dollars to get to Baltimore. I felt sure I could land something at Baltimore. Anyway, I promised to borrow another five there and to return the first five immediately.

"But there wasn't anything for me in Baltimore! I borrowed five from an actor I knew and sent it to the manager of the road show. My money was all gone, and so I had to borrow five more to get me to New York, where I felt sure a job would be calling for me. I landed in New York with $1.50 and registered at a terrible joint where rooms were fifty cents a night. I ate little that day and discovered the next morning that I could not afford to stay at the aforesaid hostelry another night.

"So I trotted over to the Mills House, where you can get a clean bed for two dimes, plus a shower, a towellish Turk and a face-mop. The next day I didn't land any engagement either, and, on the third day, with no money left for hitting the hay even at the Mills, I thought of a man I'd known for a long time who kept a small store cross-town. He was glad to see me and, as I said I could do anything for cash, he put me up to selling matches which did not conform with the 'non-poisonous' law and which he had stored in his cellar, hoping for better days.

"I said I didn't know anything about salesmanship, but he offered to go out with me and show me the line of gab best fitted for that sort of fireworks. After we'd gone thru the matches and sorted out those which refused to strike, so that I could get enough boxes for samples that *would* make a demonstration, we visited all the little Bowery stores, and I soon got wise to the game and made four or five dollars a day in commissions.

"As I was entering a little shop about a week later, a friend of mine hailed me with 'Hello, Alan, where'd you drop from? Say, could you take an engagement now?' *Could I?* Why, it sounded like a voice from heaven!

"I guess those matches took the cross-eyed jinx away from me, for luck changed right there. I had good work for quite a while, but I had to lay off a month, from February to March, waiting for a new production, so I thought I'd visit California with my savings.

"I was told about pictures, but turned the idea down. One day, however, when I was visiting a studio with a friend, it happened that a leading man was needed. The director sized me up and asked what I'd done. I did not want to go into pictures. I thought I'd stick to the stage. The director was in a bad way for a lead, however, and altho he knew I had no screen experience, he decided to take a chance on me.

"When the film was run, the director went right up in the air. He said he never had seen such a rotten actor, and he discharged me. It was just a one-reel

(*Continued on page* 93)

The Cross-Eyed Jinx

(*Continued from page 92*)

Western made on the old ranch back of Universal. Do you know, it made me so mad to be called a rotten actor—so far as the screen was concerned—that I made up my mind then and there I'd show 'em what acting was! I'd be a screen hero or nothing!

"I stayed right with the 'U.' I did extras at three to five dollars a day and finally I was rewarded by being asked to play opposite Dot Farley. You remember her stunt pictures, dont you? In one of those pictures I was dragged by a horse with one of my feet tied in the stirrup. I was forced to hang upside-down while being dragged thru the underbrush, and my shirt was drawn over my shoulders, so my back was covered with briars and thistles which it took months to remove—they festered, too. I received internal injuries, too, but paid no attention to them, until I registered for the draft and the doctors said I would have to be operated upon in order to enter any camp.

"I had five operations and was on the flat of my back for three months—and when I got out, the armistice had been signed, so——"

"You were all cut up and no place to go!"

"Yes, but it made me mad to read in a certain journal that some one had knocked the men in pictures for being slackers and refusing to go to war. I wanted to go! My dad wanted me to go! But I had to take all my scars in a cot instead of knowing the glory of the trenches. That's the way they talk about us when we're too helpless to defend ourselves. I may not be a warrior, but believe me, I'm slashed up like a mince pie," he concluded, wrathfully.

"Is there anything you just *hate?*" we prodded.

"Yes, I hate to be idle. I'd rather be a huckster than lay off work. Lots of people have asked why I dont free-lance in Los Angeles instead of playing in stock in Santa Barbara, but I cant see this thing of playing a picture, as some leading men do, and then lying idle for three or four weeks until some other woman star beams upon you."

"You've stated your case! You sure *do* love to cash pay-checks, Mr. Forrest. Is there anything else that gets on your nerves besides idle moments?"

"I'll tell you. I'd hate to have anybody say that they'd like to *kiss me*. I saw a leading man not long ago that I just wanted to *kiss*. You know the type. Oh, he was the sweetest thing. I hope I'll never be like that. I just hope I'll have one friend left on earth who will tell me and put me out of my misery if I get so that anybody feels like kissing me. Not for the biggest screen reputation ever designed do I want to lose my backbone."

And the ex-peddler of matches ripped a sulphur stick into flame, lighted another cigaret and shook hands all around as he said "bye-bye."

COVETOUS

"What's in a name?"
"Millions—if it is Charlie Chaplin."

DISILLUSIONED

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PRESIDENT—Then she'll have to hire a new one. A husband doesn't make an ideal press agent.



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The Illustrated Title

(*Continued from page 38*)

illustrated and hand-lettered titles which are now a part of almost every finished production.

To the making of these titles is devoted much skill, care and thought. Artists of note, who formerly scoffed at commercial work, especially when connected with the movies, have now been enlisted and they find the illustrating of titles a fascinating and interesting occupation. Yet all artists, however talented and clever they may be, do not develop into capable title illustrators. Imagination, resourcefulness, patience and a knowledge of photography are essential, according to Al Semels of the Alynlu Studio, one of the large title studios of New York.

When asked about his work, this artist said:

"It may *look* simple, but it isn't—not by any manner of means. This is how we go about it.

"When the picture itself is completed by the company, one of our men goes over to the studio and sees it run off in the projection room. In this way we get some idea of the atmosphere in which the picture is laid. By that, I mean we know all about the scenes, locations and characters of the story and we are able to make our illustrations accordingly.

"We then get what is called a 'title sheet'—on this is written every title which is to be inserted into the picture. It is understood, of course, that previously to this being supplied us, much thought has been spent by the director and title-writer in deciding where the titles are necessary and in wording them in just the proper way.

"There are two kinds of titles—the spoken title and the descriptive title. Spoken titles generally go unillustrated and all we find it necessary to do with them is to copy the text on black cardboard in a white ink. But titles of a narrative and descriptive sort must be illustrated in order to harmoniously blend the reading matter with the rest of the picture. This is most important, altho many people fail to realize it. The illustrations must be in keeping with the picture—they must be symbolic, for the title interrupts the scene, leaves a gap, so to speak, and the drawing is the only thing which can successfully bridge that gap. To do this is not always easy, for often the narrative title is without a tangible value which might easily be pictured. Rather it deals with a state of mind or something indefinite and abstract, and this naturally taxes the imagination and good judgment of the illustrating artist to a great degree.

"Take as an example, one of the titles in the new Talmadge production, 'The Way of a Woman'—'Then followed a period of readjustment for Nancy, and for the first time in years she found herself taking an interest in life.' Do you not think that hard to illustrate? This is how we did it. We pictured a valley surrounded by hill, enveloped in the gloom of night—but, on the eastern horizon, was a tiny light breaking its way thru the clouds—dispelling them—and promising the dawn of a new and brighter day. So did Nancy's mind break thru the clouds of despair—

"Illustrations," Mr. Semels went on, "enable the continuity writer to delete many unnecessary words which would make the title reading matter longer and tedious. Situations do not have to be ex-

(*Continued on page 96*)



Louise Lovely

in "The Lone Star Ranger"

"Just before the battle," with Louise Lovely (we always want to invert the order of those two words) facing destruction like a little soldier. No wonder Farnum is valiant, with such a prize to fight for.

Fox Super Production

Los Angeles, Calif.

May 14, 1917

F. F. INGRAM CO.

It is a very real pleasure for me to publicly endorse Ingram's Rouge. I consider that it is in a class by itself in many ways, not the least of which is the evenness with which it spreads, and the fact that it never runs or streaks.

Louise Lovely



PHOTO BY HOOVER

Ingram's Rouge

Beauty is not even skin deep. The outer cuticle of your skin—the visible surface—spells the difference between daintiness and plainness; between loveliness and homeliness. Ingram's Rouge makes that difference; gives that last touch of elegance.

While its coloring does not penetrate the skin, and is, therefore, not harmful, Ingram's Rouge does not streak or run, even when you perspire freely. Being made in solid cakes, its use is more economical than that of loose powder. Sold in three perfect shades, Light, Medium and Dark, daintily scented. Price 50c.



Ingram's Velveola Souveraine

FACE POWDER

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that *it stays on.* Furthermore, a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

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Of Supreme Food—Quaker Oats

Consider that—the steak for an average family meal would serve 100 dishes of the food of foods.

Quaker Oats costs one cent per large dish. One egg would buy five dishes. One chop would buy twelve dishes, based on prices at this writing.

You can serve ten breakfasts of Quaker Oats for about the cost of serving one with meat or eggs or fish.

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On Your Breakfast

But the true way to measure foods is by nutrition. The calory—the energy unit—is used for this comparison.

Quaker Oats yield 1810 calories per pound, while round steak yields 890 and eggs 635.

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So Quaker Oats, compared with average meat foods, saves some 90 per cent on a breakfast.

And the oat is the supreme food. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness.

It is rich in elements which growing children need. As a vim-food it has age-old fame.

Make Quaker Oats your basic breakfast. Start the day well-fed. Use this saving to bring your average food cost down.

Quaker Oats

Flaked from Queen Grains Only

Serve Quaker Oats for its delightful flavor. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. Yet it costs no extra price.

15c and 35c per Package

Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

3271

The Illustrated Title

(*Continued from page* 94)

plained in so many words if only the title is illustrated properly. The illustration, pleasing to the eye, conveys an impression to the spectator—graphically and instantaneously. This fact is now appreciated by the foremost directors and writers."

John Emerson and Anita Loos, that celebrated team of director and scenario writer, have always recognized the importance of the illustrated title, and its effect upon the public. The Alynlu Studio, which carried out the illustrations for many of their early productions and which continues to co-operate with them since their affiliation with the Talmadge Company, always submits the finished title cards for their approval and they often find them full of helpful and constructive criticisms, with decided and helpful ideas of their own.

When both the illustrating and the lettering has been completed satisfactorily, the title cards are sent to the laboratory. There they are put in an apparatus especially designed for them which resembles a huge frame, the two ends being connected with hinges to the center. A motion picture camera then "shoots" them as it would a scene. By that I mean it does not only take one flash of the title, for it would then be hardly discernible on the screen and certainly impossible to read. Experience has shown that approximately one foot of film is necessary for every word of the title in order that the audience have ample time to read and grasp its full significance.

Slowly and surely the sub-title is advancing — thought and consideration in abundance is being given this phase of the cinema art, and when we look back upon the rapid strides made in the last few years, we need have no fear for the perfect title in the near future.

Harrison Ford—Romantic Lover

(*Continued from page* 68)

half alive since she went back to New York. I dont suppose I shall ever have such fun making pictures again. We were like a couple of kids, having a regular vaudeville all the time."

"And your next star?" I asked.

"I dont know yet, but all stars are—charming," he said gallantly. "Actors are like soldiers, they do as they are told. I am fortunate to be with this company, a fine lot from first to last, striving to preserve the best of the stage traditions while steadily developing the art of the motion picture.

"I'm quite mad about flying," he told me a moment later. "The first time I ever went up in a flying machine was during a picture with Vivian Martin and it was the greatest experience of my life. I could hardly wait to go again and now I am wild to make a long trip. Guess I am the only one in pictures who hasn't a car—too bad I cant claim relationship with Henry! The truth is, I spend my money and all my spare time on First Editions and etchings, and tho I have only a limited number of each, I view them with a certain amount of joy and pride. I spend hours poring over catalogs. Some day, I shall have a large and interesting collection."

That this good-looking chap, creator of a dozen romantic lovers, has for his Big Pleasure—First Editions and etch-

ings, was most illuminating! I believe that the keynote of a man's character may be found in the way he employs his leisure hours. I was so much interested in the books and etchings that he suggested that we go out to his pretty flat, high on a Hollywood hill, just off Sunset Boulevard. He keeps bachelor quarters there with a faithful old colored creature to steer the domestic machinery.

A study facing the west, with French windows opening on to a little balcony, is the very heart of his home, and a faithful reflection of his artistic tastes. We forgot time and interviews while we lingered there among his treasures.

His library is already large, containing the gems of the world's literature in the best bindings with the coveted First Editions occupying a large space. I was enthralled with exquisite copies of certain Latin classics. Mark Twain's "Recollections of Joan of Arc," and the Earl of Chesterfield's Letters!

"You have found the real joy—the things that are worth while," I said, as I looked at the restful study with its rows of books running up to the ceiling, and the mezzotints on its soft, yellow walls, and beyond, thru an open door into the living-room where a baby grand piano and a victrola held the stage.

"It is all so simple," Mr. Ford answered. "There are a thousand zests in every-day life—so many beautiful things at hand—if we would only stop to look at them. I get pleasure and a constant inspiration from all this," and he pointed to the sunset spreading over the valley and the hills and the Pacific sparkling in the distance. A yellow glow came sifting thru the silken draperies, touching a lovely copy of Vermeer's "Lady With the Pearls." On the opposite wall hung a mezzotint of Holbein's "Erasmus," its depths of color intensified by a stray beam. One of Frank Brangwyn's Venetian scenes and Brewer's "Cathedral in Seville" gave me a thrill of pleasure.

"No wonder you can be the romantic lover—living in such an atmosphere."

"What I really want to do," he said, "eventually, at any rate, is to be a producer. There would be a supreme satisfaction in that."

"And give up—lovering?" I asked.

"Of course, that has its lures." He laughed merrily. "But suppose, some day, I should annex a broader waistline. Romance would die very swiftly then. I should find myself like Othello, with my occupation gone!" And we parted laughing at the idea of a heavy lover wooing Constance Talmadge, Vivian Martin, or Lila Lee, and agreeing between ourselves that it couldn't be done.

REFLECTIONS
By A. L. Tainter

The idol of the idle person is ease.

When ignorance is bliss the fruit of it is illness.

To the average man, the marvel of the chameleon changing color is nothing in comparison with the way woman deforms and reforms her form to conform to the correct "form."

Much so-called thinking is only intellectual stomach-ache.

Every baldheaded man cherishes the belief that baldness is a proof of intelligence.

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People who are too modest for sex education will gossip about sex degradation.

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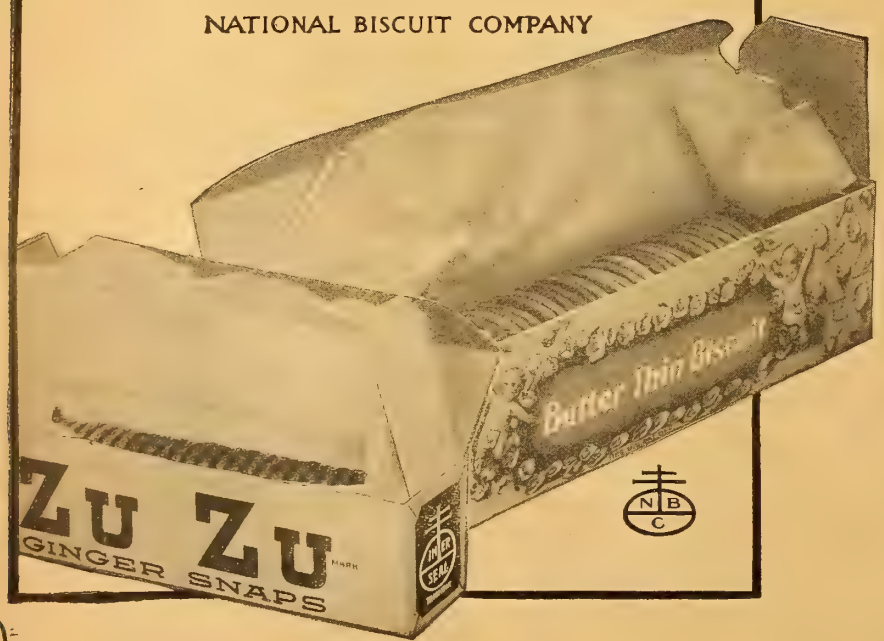
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The Screen Time-Table

For the benefit of our readers, and by way of a screen review and critique, every month we will give, in this department, a composite opinion of our editorial staff which may be read at a glance.

When a play strikes twelve, it means that it is a masterpiece and should be seen by everybody. When it is rated below six it contains but little merit. The ratings are based on the general entertainment value, but include the story, plot, acting, photography and direction.

Underneath our own list, we will print a similar time-table to be compiled by our readers. Let every reader critic send in a postcard, from time to time, containing an abbreviated criticism of one or more plays. We will print the composite results here, but only when there are five or more critiques on the same play so that, in all fairness, a general opinion will be presented. Address the Time-table Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

D .....Drama
C .....Comedy
F .....Farce
E .....Educational
SD .....Society Drama
WD .....Western Drama
MD .....Melodrama
CD .....Comedy Drama
SP .....Spectacular Production

Superfine	12
Medium	6
Very Poor	1

Editorial Staff Critique

The Gay Old Dog—D-11.
John Cumberland—Hobart Henley.
Soldiers of Fortune—MD, SP-8.
All-Star—Allen Dwan Production.
Anne of Green Gables—CD-7.
Mary M. Minter—Realart.
Blind Husbands—D-10.
Eric von Stroheim production—Universal.
Jubilo—C-9.
Will Rogers—Goldwyn.
Victory—D-8.
All-Star—Paramount-Artcraft.
Erstwhile Susan—CD-7.
Constance Binney—Realart.
The Greatest Question—D-9.
Griffith Production.
In Old Kentucky—MD-7.
Anita Stewart—First National.
The Brat—MD-8.
Nazimova—Metro.
Toby's Bow—CD-8.
Tom Moore—Goldwyn.
The Isle of Conquest—D-8.
Norma Talmadge—Select.
23½ Hours Leave—CD-10.
Mary Roberts Rinehart story—Paramount.
Male and Female—D-10.
Swanson and Meighan—De Mille Production.
Scarlet Days—MD-9.
Griffith Production.
Her Kingdom of Dreams—D-6.
Anita Stewart—First National.
His Majesty the American—CD-7.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.
More Deadly Than the Male—D-7.
Ethel Clayton—Famous Players-Lasky.
Everywoman—Allegorical—6.
All-Star—Famous Players-Lasky.
Revelation—D, SP-11.
Nazimova—Metro.
Broken Blossoms—D-12.
Gish, Barthelmess—Griffith Production.

(*Continued on page* 134)

The Right of Way

(*Continued from page 72*)

"I have no right to speak to you of love."

"And why?" she whispered, moving closer. "Why?"

"A man without a name? A man without a past?" he groaned. "No, I may have been a scoundrel, but not such a one as to steal your youth and faith. Until I can come to you and say—'Marry me, Rosalie'—until then I must say nothing." He wrung his long, lean hands together. "I think, Rosalie, that day will never come."

But the girl touched the clenched hands with soft finger tips. "Then I can say it, Jacques! I love you—whatever you have been, whatever you have done, whatever you do. I love you, and I am proud of it. It is enough for me to have this!" and she brought her hands to her breasts as tho holding something close, close.

He looked at her wistfully with the deeper knowledge which is a man's. "No, Rosalie, my poor girl—it is not enough. It is nothing, and I could give you so much—if I had the right. If I had the right to give my love to any woman . . ."

Together they passed out of the wood, so blind to aught but their own affairs that they did not see the shaggy figure who stood aside the path to let them pass. Joe Portugais, staring after them, shook his great mane, and growled in his throat. Afterward he turned his face to the north where, beyond leagues of wood and river lay Montreal. "There was a woman," he muttered, "I saw a woman—"

As Jacques, the shoemaker, bent over his painful stitching a few days later he noticed that the light that lay across the leather in his hands was the color of blood, and seemed to flicker. He had been so engrossed in his dreary musings, in the eternal groping, groping in his brain for clues to the past that he had heard nothing for the last hour, but now, rousing, he became aware of confused shouting in the streets outside, and hurried to the door. The red light was explained. Before him, in the tiny square the log chapel of Father Dubois' pride was aflame.

Weeping women stood in groups watching the destruction of their sanctuary, the place in which many of them had been married, where their children had been baptised. A little apart the white-haired Curé stood with bowed head, his withered lips moving. Jacques touched his arm. There was a stricken look in the old man's eyes as he lifted them haggardly. "The cross," he muttered, "and the parish record—they are burning up inside there. It is a cruel blow, my brother, a cruel blow——"

Rosalie, looking always toward her lover, saw the sudden shining of the bearded face, saw him seize the trembling old hands strongly, bend his head to whisper something, and then plunge straight thru the doorway of the flaming edifice. She stifled the cry that beat at her lips and fell upon her knees. "Now, bon Dieu!" prayed Rosalie, "if I have ever done anything of good in all my life let it count for him! Bring him out of the chapel, bring him back safe, bon Dieu!"

The flames went roaring up, blotting out the sky, the flimsy frame structure quivered, tottered. Men's hands held back the Curé, as he would have entered the doomed building. "He is lost, Father," they cried, "surely he is lost. No man could live a moment in that inferno!"

Then, in the very moment of collapse a blackened figure stood, swaying in the doorway, clutching something to his

(*Continued on page 124*)

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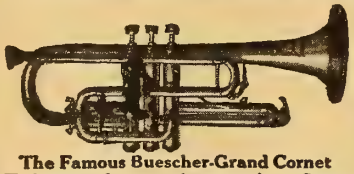
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117 Rash Building, Salina, Kansas





For Boys and Girls Also

The "Why" of Motion Picture Make-Up

(*Continued from page 76*)

when the face is enlarged in a close-up, a picture of ten or more feet in height, the original source of the pictorial effect may not be outstanding. Unfortunately, many of our lesser lights and even some stars have become so imbued with the demands of make-up for the speaking stage that they find it as difficult to change their ways for the silent drama as it is for the leopard to change his spots. I would call particular attention to the stage tradition of beading the eyelashes, rouging the lips and the employment of light powders. Nothing can be worse than to see the results of their misuse. Eyes are made to appear like starfish with blackened radiations—radiations which cause light-colored eyes to appear lighter still. Rouged lips lose their skin texture and are transformed into black patches of court plaster. The light powder causes an halation which could be adopted for heliographic purposes by our Army and Navy.

It must be recalled that the camera most generally used is blind to color and can only reproduce in black and white—and the varying shades that lie between them. There are about seventy discernible hues, tints or shades between black and white, and inventors are doing their best to create lenses to catch as many of these intermediate shades as possible. Ray filters and other means are employed to give the best impression of the differences in color values. But in spite of all efforts we are only able to procure different shades of grey. The question arises, then, as to whether it would not be of advantage to have all make-ups worked out in grey. It would doubtless be most effective—but the temperamental actor is to be reckoned with, and it might be very difficult to persuade him to assume this cadaverous hue, even for the sake of art.

The elusive thing which we call color is really that which is reflected from some source of light—the source greatly influencing the reflection. The feminine reader will readily appreciate this fact. For every woman knows how necessary it is in matching materials in the shops to see them in daylight as well as under the electric light of the store. The white light of day is composed of every known color, visible and invisible to the eye. Of all the artificial colors acetylene gas is the one that most nearly approaches daylight and the electric carbon filament lamp is the one that is farthest away.

Moving picture studios are usually equipped with three forms of light, daylight, electric arc lamps and the Cooper-Hewitt mercury vapor light. It is not our purpose to determine here which light is to be preferred. Each manufacturer claims superiority for his own product, but as most studios use a combination of the two it becomes a matter of individual requirements.

The Cooper-Hewitt offers a light of low intensity spread over a large source of supply, giving a well-diffused light similar to that reflected from a northern sky on a bright day. It changes all colors and casts a violet tinge over everything it touches. The arc light, on the other hand, produces very high power from a small source and more nearly reproduces the direct rays of the sun in a southern sky. It presents color in its well-known form, but accentuates the high lights and deepens the shadows.

It can be readily understood therefore that the questions of light and make-up present difficult problems to the camera-

man. Some studios insist on a yellow and others on a pink make-up. It is a peculiar fact that with the same yellow make-up one actor will be photographed in a delicate shade of grey and another comes out like a mulatto. It is evident that yellow is a variable quantity and cannot be relied on to give uniform results.

If the pinks and blues are too light, and the yellows and reds too dark, why not blend them so as to bring about a standard color? When about 60 per cent. of pale juvenile grease is mixed with 40 per cent of orange yellow, a splendid blend results for the use of women. The same proportion of medium juvenile and orange yellow is suited to the use of men. Both mixtures will do equally well as a groundwork for all forms of illumination and will present a human appearance on and off the screen.

A blending powder known as Brunette is used with these: a small percentage of light blue is added to this for women, and a little rouge for men. This make-up is ideal for straight work where no special character is portrayed. Each character, of course, is a law unto itself and requires special study, but with the foregoing as a base from which to start, the rest should come easily. The most important thing of all is to get a perfectly smooth foundation to work on, and this cannot be hurriedly attained. One should always remember that it is better to err on the side of too little make-up than too much.

The face should be prepared for grease paint, both as a protection to the skin and as a working foundation. A small quantity of a good theatrical cold cream is spread over the face, ears, neck and chin. It must be thoroly worked into the pores, and then every trace of the cream is wiped away with a piece of cheese cloth or a towel. Many people believe that cold cream is a part of the make-up itself. This is quite erroneous as the cream serves only to cleanse the skin and prepare it for the grease paint. If any cream remains on the face, the heat of the studio lights or other general conditions will melt it so that it will work thru the paint and darken the powder. It also causes the make-up to become shiny, and that is as fatal to a good picture as to a woman's mental equilibrium.

After the face is cleansed the grease paint is applied by rubbing the stick roughly over the face avoiding the eyelids. Both hands are then used to spread the paint. If it does not spread well because of some temperature condition, let the finger tips rest for a moment on a piece of ice or dip them into very cold water, and then go over the face again with the finger tips. In this way the desired smoothness is soon obtained.

After these successive steps the powder process comes next in order. This blending powder is applied with a lamb's wool puff. It is always a good thing to start with the neck and chin, as these parts are liable to be forgotten and leave a mortifying discrepancy between face and costume when unpowdered. Then work up towards the face. A powdered smoothness must be gained but not by means of the puff which is used merely as a vehicle to apply the powder. The surplus powder is removed by a baby's hair brush, and what remains on the face is evenly distributed by it. A considerable portion of the first application is absorbed by the grease, so that a second and even a third coating of powder is often necessary to secure the desired finish.

An eyebrow brush is then taken in hand to remove all powder from eyebrows and lashes, and the addition of a little cold cream wipes out all traces of grease and



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powder from the lips, so that the actual color is apparent. A small thin cloth on the tips of the fingers is used at the same time to shape the lips.

Paint and powder are not used about the eyes for these parts are sufficiently darker than the rest of the face to create a contrast. This also applies to the limited amount of red used on the eyes. Wherever paint and powder is applied, the flesh, photographically, becomes many shades lighter and the contrast is further enhanced. It is customary to darken the over eye, but experience shows that the natural shades of the under eye screen better than a color artificially applied. The over eye can be greatly improved by a little lavender. So far as the writer knows, Miner of the Bowery is the only manufacturer who prepares it, and he began to do so at the writer's request. Do not accept purple, grey or blue, or any substitute, for all fail to give the delicate grey that lavender presents on the screen.

In straight work black should be tabooed and reserved for comedy. To line the eyelashes and eyebrows, brunettes use a dark or light liner, and blondes a light brown only. Great care must be taken in this delicate work, as the slightest upward tendency gives a Chinese appearance and a perfectly straight, horizontal line brings out an eye like a hawk. If the line is extended beyond the orbit it looks like a cut or wound.

It is generally believed that the line under the eye makes it appear larger and more brilliant. The reason is rather one of inference and imagination. Seeing a shadow cast beneath the lower part of the eye and knowing that the source of light is from above, one subconsciously concludes that the upper lashes are sufficiently long to bring about this result. A shadow from such a gauzy substance as the eyelashes can never be a sharp line—hence it is a mistake to use a black one. A nicely graduated brown line gives a better effect. It is interesting to note that those who live in sunny climes are provided with long upper lashes as a protection from the glare of the sun, while the inhabitants of icy regions have lashes of equal length to guard them from the dazzling light reflected by the snow.

It is not necessary to touch up the lips if they are a pretty shape without the powder and grease. When a more decided curve is required use a little transparent lip rouge to give the lips a better shape and a slight smear on the lower lip to heighten the contrast. Do not allow much to remain on the lips, for they look unnatural when filled in with a thick red grease.

Make-up is an art in itself—and one not to be treated lightly if a player wishes to appear natural upon the silversheet, not, as it were, like a subject of some queer and hitherto unknown species.

AGED

"Did you see a drama this afternoon?"

"No, a mellow drama; it had been reissued."

IN THE LOVE SCENES

FLORA—I wonder why they call every picture a release?

FAUNA—I really dont know. In all I've ever seen the clutch was the main feature.

THE NUISANCE

VISITOR—Who is that man everybody is jostling and pushing around?

STUDIO EMPLOYE—Oh, he's only the author of the photoplay.



My Hair Was Quite Gray

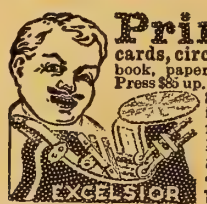
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Claire in the Gloaming

(Continued from page 55)

fluffy white ball of a dog at her side. "It caused something of a furore, too, when I spoke of the stage, and mother vowed she would disown me if I became a chorus girl, but, of course, she didn't. Father stormed and grandmother pleaded. I'm very glad tho, that I decided to go, for today I'm able to give them both the things father gave them when he lived. I've been able, thru my work, to accept the position as bread-winner for our little family."

More and more, as one meets them and knows them, one comes to admire the women of the profession. Many of them are, like Claire—bread-winners, accepting the responsibility, not with a sense of duty, which is so often an unpleasant sense, but more with a sense of privilege.

"When I was a schoolgirl here—we've always lived in New York—I used to be a habitué of the local stock company," she went on, laughing softly at the remembrance. "After the matinée, I'd go around to the stage-door and wait for the leading-lady to come forth, shivering almost to death in the blustering cold. And when she did appear, I would be incoherent. She was the most wonderful creature upon this good, green earth to me, and one season, when it was rumored that she would not return, I was disconsolate. That is her picture—there on the piano—I keep it to remind me of what I feel a responsibility. Perhaps there's someone somewhere who has made an idol of me, woven me into some ideal dream as I did that little leading-lady. I should not care to disappoint them by anything I might do."

She doesn't know which she likes best, the stage or screen. She explained that the response of your audience in stage work is immediate and while that is absent in picture work, you have the satisfaction of knowing that your work is far-reaching. She is happiest when combining stage and screen work, for she feels she then does both better too.

There is an almost indescribable air of whimsy in Claire, which is fascinating, and the material things of her life would often, perforce, give way to fantasy—one divines that from the Japanese prints, they breathe things intangible—delightful.

When I saw her, she was dressed for her evening's engagement in a frock of silver cloth with slippers to correspond. As someone once expressed a similarity, "it was *Claire* in the dress, not the *dress* on Claire."

Again she was not submerged.

Claire Whitney is not obtrusive—nor is she "submergible."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—MUCH, SAYS HAYAKAWA

"What is your name?"

"Sessue Hayakawa."

"Where did you get that name?"

"That's a fair question," retorted the actor, "but you're stealing away part of my mystery stock. I hear people pronouncing it "Seessoo" and "Susie" and "Sessie." Also I've been addressed as Mr Hakawaka, Mister Kakawaha and what not.

"The meaning of the name is 'successful fisher.' Sessue is 'sure' and Hayakawa 'fisher.' One of my paternal ancestors was a famous net caster and he used to catch more fish than anybody in his native village. In Japan a name always has a family history—for this inculcates pride in ancestry."

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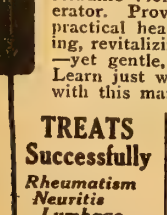


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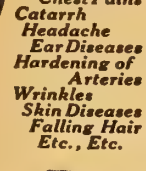
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Miriam the Constant

(*Continued from page* 33)

contract with another company, but I think I'll Mayflower as well. I work best with Mr. Walsh and he says he works best with me, so it's the sane thing to do—work together, I mean, isn't it?"

I agreed that it was.

There is something very vivid about her smile when the red lips part, showing the beautiful, even white teeth. In repose, her face is like a cameo—and as placidly beautiful—but when she smiles and the black eyes dance—'tis then the ancestry of her Irish forebears asserts itself.

"Did you have any theatrical experience when you went with Mr. Griffith?"

"None at all," she answered, as she rose from the depths of the chair to close the windows thru which a chill breeze was blowing. "He was thinking of producing 'The Birth of a Nation' when I first met him, and he said I was the type he wanted for the Southern girl. Then he didn't do it right away and I had forgotten all about it. However, I was glad to accept it, when he came to me with an offer, and it was thru working in this picture that I came to know Mae Marsh. We used to have glorious times between scenes and Mr. Griffith often used to become provoked with us, I'm sure. Mae was very clever and didn't need to concentrate as I did. Then, too, I was a novice, while she had former experience. And I'm afraid I've disappointed Mr. Griffith since, by not devoting my entire time to my work. But now I'll try to realize his hopes. I am going to work steadily."

She spoke of this artist director in glowing terms and the ring of sincerity in her voice was in itself a tribute.

And the talk, taking a theatrical trend, drifted to the Talmadges and her other player friends. I learned of "hen parties," which these girls of filmland have every week or so, when they get together and talk of the little, inconsequential things—things dear to every feminine heart.

"We have the best times. We even leave our husbands behind—those of us who have husbands," laughed Miriam Cooper Walsh. "The next party will be oodles of fun, for it's the first time in ages we've all been East at the same time."

Her anticipation was that which the schoolgirl feels over a secret spread—she is, despite the platinum band upon the proper finger, still a girl, eager, believing and hopeful.

And one might borrow again from the New England poet and paint a true word picture of her—"Ah, fair, in sooth, is the maiden."

A Man of Parts

(*Continued from page* 66)

child. I'm crazy about trapping, hunting and fishing."

"Did you ever work at anything before you went into pictures?"

"Good heavens, yes. My father decided to let me have my own way about a vacation. I went thru High School doing the worst tricks and getting expelled every little while. I was one of those snuff in the stove sort of boys. I'd bring in toads and spiders to frighten the girls—always up to some deviltry.

"After school I sold newspapers on the electric cars running from Santa Monica to Venice, and got a dollar a day. I was always independent. That didn't seem like money enough for the amount of brains I was leading around, so I went into a grocery store. I nibbled up so many cakes and candies, prunes and olives, that they decided I was too expensive for the outfit, and I was canned.

"One day, while I was riding about on a new bronc that I had bought, all togged out in my western things, I passed the studio where Ruth Roland and Micky Neilan were working. They must have thought me in make-up and as they were short a man, asked if I would come in and do a western. At the end of the day I was closing my fingers over two-fifty. That was the easiest money I ever earned, and as the horse turned out to be a backer, pushing down fences and obstacles, they featured me later in a one-reeler with the bronc.

"Just about that time, I began to feel leads coming on. I rode over to the old 101 outfit at Santa Monica and presented myself to Mr. Ince. I persuaded him I was right there with the goods and could play anything from Romeos to cave-men. I was engaged, and got on all right at first, but he gave me a real part with real acting. I rehearsed it, and Mr. Ince said, 'Rotten! You cant act at all. See here! If you want to hang around here and do what you're told, you may learn to act. We'll start you at ten bucks per week.'

"Well, I decided that this meant lots of work in the open, that there was nothing I preferred to it this far, so I signed up. I've been right thru the hottest fire. I've slid off a horse going down a cliff just ten feet before he landed, finding myself hanging on crazily to a wobbly bush while the horse had every rib caved in when he got to the bottom. I was with the outfit when medical services were bargained for by the month, and men died or were injured and nothing got into the papers about it. I played for seven or eight directors daily, and I've been in the saddle riding wildly about clothed as an Indian with a Confederate outfit strapped to the back of the saddle, and a Union suit tucked in front of me.

"For five years I played heavies, and the roughest, toughest sort of work, all day, sometimes all night, and mostly Sundays. I wouldn't live thru that again for any salary offered—yet I wouldn't give up the experience."

Just about this time my regard for Darrell Foss was getting decidedly greater—much greater, and I had liked him from the first. A rich man's son, who might live in ease at home, and who labored in the perspiration of his brow more hours than the ribbon-counter clerk ever puts in, trying to carve out an ambitious career, certainly deserved recognition.

The list of Darrell Foss's characterizations covers a wide field. Recently he did the scapegrace brother in the "Brat" with Nazimova. He has played leads with Olive Thomas, Belle Bennett, Enid Bennett, Mildred Harris, Robert Edeson (juvenile lead, of course), and Viola Dana. Two of May Allison's successes, "The Testing of Mildred Vane" and "The Return of Mary," and Madame Nazimova's "Red Lantern" gave particularly sympathetic rôles to Mr. Foss.

He has done many things—done them well. Truly, he is a man of parts.

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Earle's Elegy in a Churchyard

(*Continued from page* 49)

of the typical society man," she said, "but really he is essentially simple in his tastes and likings. In California, he would be up with the sun, raking and hoeing and digging away. Here in New York, too, a hotel wouldn't do. He had to have a home of some sort and we found it with all sorts of skirmishing and effort. He likes quiet things, too, books and good taste in surroundings, and theaters, and all that sort of thing."

I asked her what it felt like to be the wife of the long indisputable "movie" hero.

"I imagine," she said, with a humorous pretty laugh, "pretty much the same as it feels to be the wife of any man."

Earle Williams is, somehow, different than you imagine he is going to be before you meet him. You imagine, I take it, that he is going to be very fascinating. So he is, but not as you imagine it. He looks, thoroly, the man of the world, superlatively groomed, rather tired-looking, easy, graceful, but with it all, there is an accompanying simplicity of manner, indicating quite thoroly an equal, if not greater, simplicity of heart. There is, about him, quite a potent suggestion of the eternal boy in man. Something unpretentiously *likable*. You assume that he would fit, pre-eminently, in a ballroom and you find him singularly a part of the melancholy of a late October day in a quaint churchyard. You think he should discourse upon Broadway, and you find him talking quite absorbedly anent Pekingese dogs, lettuce beds, kitchenettes and jewelry insurance. You look for some heart-throbbing "copy," and you elicit the information, that the best life affords is work and love and congenial home surroundings. You think of the idol of countless feminine hearts for countless pictures back and you stealthily observe Mr. Williams squeezing his wife's hand. And there you have it! Your deductions are that he is really quite a temperate sort of a person, quite a moderate sort of a person. If he is consumed by flaming ambitions, he is moderate enough not to flaunt them to the four winds. If he has gypsy calls at any time, he has directed the calls. Almost unconsciously, perhaps, he has come upon the philosophy of life which he has adopted and which makes each day worth the living for that day's sake. You'd just plain like him first, and then be fascinated afterward, according to your temperament. At the least and the most, he wouldn't make the effort of sophistication one might expect of him.

A disheveled, tired-out looking group drove into the Vitagraph lot at seven forty-five one morning of the past week. It was at the moment when Studio Manager W. S. Smith arrived at his office. Looking from his window he saw the two carloads of people alight and the thought passed thru his mind:

"Whoever they are, they look rather tired to be starting out on a day's work."

Sauntering out into the yard, he met Bill Duncan.

"Just starting out, 'Dunc'?" asked Mr. Smith.

"Starting out? We're just getting in!" replied Mr. Duncan.



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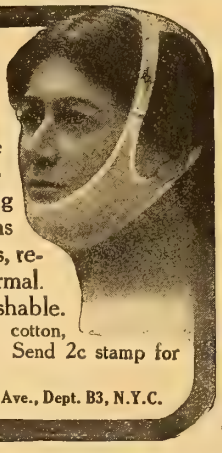
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The Independent Priscilla

(*Continued from page 63*)

of pleasant work, and new adventures, and any number of men ready to show her a good time, she will not marry and spoil it all. And it is a well-known fact, that as soon as a girl begins reasoning that way, and states emphatically that she would not marry the best man in the world, she is about due to meet her Waterloo.

"I went on the stage when I was about four years old," said this decidedly unprecise Priscilla, "with Joseph Jefferson in Rip Van Winkle. I guess almost everyone in the world started in that! Since then, I've appeared in just about everything: melodrama and Shakespearean tragedy on the stage and comedy and melodrama on the screen."

Priscilla Dean's first screen work was with the American Biograph Company in 1911. From there, she went to Pathé, then World, and then Universal, where she has been ever since. Her first starring vehicle was "The Two-Souled Woman" and "The Wildcat of Paris" was her favorite.

"When I was about seven years old," she went on, "I was in a stock company on Fifth Avenue, with Amelia Bingham, James Young (now a prominent director), and Florence Reed. We played the wildest sort of melodrama. I remember one play particularly, in which I was a cripple. I would continually forget under which arm I carried my crutch, with the result that I was never lame in the same leg for two consecutive scenes."

But the real thrill of her career came when, at fourteen—(just the right age)—she played Juliet.

"I was with the Ben Greet players at the time," she said. "We traveled around, appearing at the different colleges and playing anything of Shakespeare's that the students asked for, at any notice or no notice at all. We carried no scenery and we had no stars. I used to play a leading part at one performance and a page at the next. It was, of course, wonderful training."

She was just at the age when beaux make more impression on a girl than at any other time, and she had any number of them. College boys who used to surround her, cut classes for her and bring her candy and flowers. Recently, she met one of these boys again. He is now the Rev. Henry Clark Smith and is the pastor of a large church in Jerome, Arizona. He had been a student of the University of North Carolina and had cut more than one class to be near the little girl actress. Now they are both grown, and in talking over those "kid" days, the minister confessed laughingly that at that time he would have given anything on earth to have been an actor.

And now, what do you think Priscilla Dean's recipe for success could possibly be? Perhaps, if you asked her, she would say "Work! Work! Work! Get as varied a training as you can. Know the technique of your profession." Perhaps she would answer this, but I do not think so. I believe that she would say something a little less conventional, but none the less true, such as:

"Enjoy yourself, be perfectly healthy, get all the fun out of your work you can, and be sure you really want the kind of success you are going after." But whether she advised you to work or play, you could feel sure that she was at the time following her own advice. She is that sort of girl.

During the course of our conversation,

I told her of an experience I had had on the car coming to Universal City.

A little Italian girl about fifteen years old was sitting next to me. She was pretty, quite pretty, when one really looked at her, and she was bubbling over with enthusiastic talk about her wonderful cinematic dreams.

(The navy-blue "middy" that she wore with a red tie, was in imminent need of a rubbing. Her poplin skirt of a different shade of blue, could have stood the same attention. A red woolen "tam" covered, but alas, did not adorn her head.)

She told me that she had been trying to get on the screen for a long time, but without any success.

"I know I could act," this child said, "if I only had the chance. I act naturally; it's nothing to me at all. My mother was an actress and I inherit it."

Priscilla Dean laughed, a one-sided laugh, that had in it as much sympathy as amusement.

"Poor little thing!" she said.

It was then I realized something I had known vaguely all along: that Priscilla Dean has not only youth and health and beauty as a foundation for great success, but that she has had perhaps the most perfect training for stardom of any actress on the screen. And she not only makes pictures, but she also goes to see them. Tho she had been working very hard on "The Virgin of Stamboul" when I saw her (early in the week she had worked straight thru from nine one morning until two the next), she had found time during the week to see something of every picture playing on Broadway. So perhaps the secret of her success may be summed up in one word: enthusiasm!

An Intimate Chat With Bessie

(Continued from page 45)

girl, fitted to take my place among those born to that strata of society. Clothes formed an important part in this evolution, and I gave much serious thought to the selection of everything I wore, suggesting in this manner many vital points which helped develop the rôle.

"I often think," went on Miss Barrisdale, "what fun the future generations will have in studying the dress of the present day thru the medium of motion pictures, for the producing companies are very particular to have their players represent the last word in fashions and with all the little novelties, too. It is indeed a reflection of the life of the minute which will prove interesting in the years to come. Imagine how we would enjoy seeing a group of actors on the screen taken during Queen Elizabeth's reign, or Cleopatra's."

"With your diversity of rôles have you a favorite one?" I queried.

Bessie shook her head. "No," she said, "I love each one as it comes along. Sometimes I think it is a mistake not to establish a definite screen personality and then stick to it."

I did not agree with her, for we who see her in a wide range of characters find a stimulating interest awakened at the mere announcement of a new Barrisdale picture, speculating as to what sort of a rôle this versatile little actress will grace us this time.

"The funniest scene I ever made," said she, laughing as she told it, "was in 'A Corner in Colleens,' where, as a little Irish girl I had to ride a donkey, bareback, in a circus. They had searched for a donkey with a broad back, and as I am not very big, you can imagine the impres-



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bility of my sticking on. I simply couldn't and *didn't!* I fell off just as fast as I could climb on and it was so ridiculous that every one was in hysterics.

"The most terrible experience I ever had was once while making scenes on a ship down at the beach. It was a cold, raw day and I was in the thinnest of evening clothes. This was the action—as the ship caught fire I was to climb into the lifeboat. While it was being lowered, the ropes supporting it would catch fire, throwing me into the ocean. I could not swim a stroke.

"I was simply paralyzed with fear as I looked down into that rolling sea. Oh, of course, I knew there were expert swimmers in rowboats to catch me and there was really no danger of my being drowned, but all the same it was *terrifying.*

"As I plunged down thru the cold air and struck the colder water and went under, I *nearly died.* I fought so hard when I came up to the surface that my rescuers had a stiff struggle to get me out. While shivering on the beach and trying to gain control of myself, the director calmly told me that they had neglected to take any stills and I must do it all over again. That was *once,"* Bessie added, tragically, "that I indulged in a good fit of temperament. I wouldn't go thru that experience again for all the directors in the world. It did one thing tho, for I immediately took a course of swimming lessons."

Bessie Barriscale was born in New York City, and when she was five years old, she made her first appearance on the stage as one of the little tots in "Shore Acres," with that splendid actor, James A. Hearne, and she has been in dramatic work ever since.

She has solved the great feminine problem by successfully combining a career with a happy marriage. In speaking of this, Miss Barriscale said, "When Howard and I were married we determined never to let our work separate us and we never have. This meant many sacrifices while on the stage, for theatrical managers do not like to have married couples in their companies. Now, that Mr. Hickman is my director, we share every hour of the day and I am sure that I am doing better work than ever before.

"The big dream of my life," said Bessie Barriscale, as I arose to leave, "is that I may produce a masterpiece before I retire from the screen. Something that will live, something that will mark a step upward in this great art which I love."

WHO SAID THE CALM BLUE SEA?

Not long ago when a portion of the public began clamoring for Bill Hart to change his characterization from the Western rôles, he decided to do a sea story, just because he always wants to please the folks who go to see his pictures.

Now the sea was something entirely new to Bill, and when he got off into the Pacific on an Alaskan-bound vessel, to take the scenes, he discovered that a ship can buck a whole lot more than a bronco. His manager found him on the deck the first afternoon out looking very dejected, and asked him what was the trouble.

"I cant do this stuff," Bill answered hopelessly. "It's not in my line."

"Dont worry, old man," consoled the manager. "You'll get onto it. You cant keep a good man down, you know."

"It's not a good man, I'm worrying about," retorted Bill gloomily. "It's a good dinner."

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The Story of Anetha Getwell

(*Continued from page 47*)

continuous work before the camera. That was in small rôles with the Emerald Company and in commercial work with the Rothacker Film Corporation. With the latter, I posed for motion pictures demonstrating the use of cosmetics and so on. Limited it was, in its way, but worth a great deal, I believe, in learning how to get the best out of myself before the camera."

That, to date, is the story of Miss Getwell, who, with Blanche McGarity, of San Antonio, Texas; Virginia Brown, of New York City, and Anita Booth, also of New York, won first prize in the Fame and Fortune Contest.

Temperamentally—with a combination of French and Russian—Miss Getwell seems ideally fitted for pictures. She has unusual facility of pantomime. Physically she is quite tall and slender, wears clothes with a certain distinction and, in general, seems an excellent screen possibility. Altho she is distinctly a blending of French and Russian in appearance, Miss Getwell is in reality a typical American girl with all the hopes, ambitions and dreams of the average young woman of our land.

She loves the things the other American girls love.

Next to dancing she loves ice and roller skating. In fact winter sports appeal strongly to her. This is the Russian ancestry asserting itself.

She has always hoped for a screen career and her success in the Fame and Fortune Contest marks a kind of consummation of her girlish dreams.

She knows enough of the screen to realize that there are probably years of hard work ahead before she can attain a big measure of success. But she is ready to meet them.

For anyone so level-headed and so well equipped in every way, success seems sure to come. This, then, is your first interview with Anetha Getwell. You are destined, we feel sure, to read of her many, many times as the months pass. Remember the name. *Anetha Getwell.* And remember she is as much your star as ours, for you, as a reader, are a vital part of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page 75*)

no one dabbling in screen art today who can be relied on for such gorgeous productions as De Mille. He paints with a lavish brush. The sensuous loveliness of his pictures is remembered long after other pallid photoplays have been forgotten. Here Gloria Swanson, indeed a beautifully modeled subject, is the chief mummer for his lavishness. Such glittering costumes of gold, soft furs, rare pearls and shimmering silks! Bebe Daniels and Mildred Reardon also contribute veritable dreams of feminine beauty to the tale, but as one healthy-minded American behind me remarked, sarcastically, "Gee, I bet they'd be a help around the house!" So it happens that in spite of all their graces, like Cinderella, Lila Lee, portraying the part of the maid, Tweenie, only touches the heart-cords of our American audiences. Lila Lee it is who romps away with our sympathy. This is by far the best performance she has ever given and demonstrates not only that she

(*Continued on page 120*)

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Dialog Imaginary

(*Continued from page 78*)

enchanted with the music of the symphony orchestra. You derive pleasure from a Keystone farce, but would you compare that pleasure with mine when I saw Joe Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle" or "The Rivals"? Or one of Bernard Shaw's or Oscar Wilde's satires?

MISS McC.—I think I enjoy the one as much as you enjoy the other?

JACK—You think so, for you evidently have not the capacity of enjoying the higher flights of intellectual fancy. Those who have never tasted olives do not know how delicious they are. I'll wager that you never really enjoyed one of the Drew comedies.

MISS McC.—Oh, yes, I did—I loved them all.

JACK—Then I lose my bet. But I cant understand how the same person can enjoy both jazz and grand opera. The latter must be simply noise to the untrained ear.

MISS McC.—You have made a wager, now I'll make one. I'll wager that you abhor gaiety of all kinds, that you are opposed to dancing, that you hate noise and excitement, that you cant endure seeing people letting loose and enjoying themselves, and that your merriment is confined to a grunt of exultation, which you call smiling within, when you hear or see something which strikes your particular fancy as being extraordinarily bright but which nobody else can see anything funny in.

JACK—You lose your wager on all counts. I have been known to smile more than once during a Keystone farce, and I love to hear others laugh. The principal objections I have to them are that they are so inane, so stupid, so insipid, so silly. They never have the slightest semblance to a plot or story, and they are usually founded on other people's misfortunes. You think it funny to see a man fall off a high roof, or to see him shot in the place he uses to sit down on, or to see his face smeared over with pie or whitewash, or to see him chased by innumerable autos, motorcycles, horses, policemen, and dogs, or to see a door shut on his nose, or to see him thrown over a cliff or into a boiling kettle, and so on, but I see nothing funny in such capers. They are for children and for those who have not the intellectuality to enjoy the higher forms of wit and humor. And above all else, I object to the invariable vulgarity of them.

MISS McC.—Why, I never thought any of them were vulgar.

JACK—Then you must be a very modest, highly bred young lady. Since you are so modest and sensitive, I will not enumerate. Anyway, we probably differ on what is vulgar and what is not. But I might venture to ask if you think those Keystone bathing girls are funny. If not funny, what are they? What are they there for? Do you think them modest young ladies? If you had children, would you like to have them think that it was proper for young ladies to appear in the costumes and in the manner that these Keystone girls do?

MISS McC.—Nobody said that all young ladies should wear such costumes and in such manner. There is a place for everything. They fit the scene and they are not there to set an example.

JACK—You evade answering my question. What are they there for?

MISS McC.—You are apparently one of those prudes who do not approve of the nude in art, and have no admiration for the human form divine.

JACK—On the contrary, the nude in art has no stauncher supporter than I, nor has the human form divine any greater admirer; but, as you say, there is a place for everything. I would not display the human form divine on a church steeple, nor in a barroom, nor on the tennis court, nor in a ballroom. That which is so beautiful that it is sacred should not be subjected to ridicule. What would you say if some actor should attempt to burlesque Jesus the Christ? Besides, it is not for art's sake that pretty girls appear in comedies in scant attire, and nobody claims so. Many of these scenes are indecent because they are suggestive and vulgar. They are intended to be so. *That is what they are there for!*

MISS McC.—Then you object to abbreviated bathing-suits?

JACK—Not at all. I object to the manner of their use in pictures. When bathing-suits become an excuse for showing a practically nude figure in some absurd, ridiculous scene, then it becomes vulgar. Also disgraceful. Also harmful to the morals of the young. Also harmful, vastly harmful, to the motion picture industry. Did you ever yet see one of those bathing scenes wherein somebody did not do some suggestive, if not vulgar, thing? Certainly not. If the object was artistic in its conception, the human form divine would never be shown in a farce. That is not the right place for it.

MISS McC.—You seem to lose sight of the fact that humor is usually founded on an absurdity.

JACK—Not at all. I well know that fact, and I trust that I am as keen as anybody to detect the finest shades of humor in the absurd, when there is any humor to be detected. However, all that is absurd is not funny. For instance, your attitude on these subjects is absurd, but it is not funny. It is painful.

MISS McC.—If I give you pain, I will go.

JACK—No, sit down, pray. I did not say that you gave me a pain, but that it was painful to see a young lady so intelligent as you appear to be with such depraved views.

MISS McC.—My depravity is only exceeded by your insolence, sir!

JACK—Quite so; well, if you must be going——

MISS McC.—Yes, I must or I shall become contaminated with your old-fogy notions.

JACK—I thank you. Come again. Contamination will do you good!

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Every man has in his heart a slumbering hog.—Preault.

How much in love with himself, and that without a rival!—Cicero.

The man who can govern a woman can govern a nation.—Balzac.

Many men know how to flatter; few men know how to praise.—Wendell Phillips.

Art may produce a suit of clothes, but nature must produce a man.—Hume.

A husband is always a sensible man; he never thinks of marrying.—Dumas.

Great men are rarely isolated mountain peaks; they are the summits or ranges.—Higginson.

Limited in his nature, infinite in his desires, man is a fallen god who remembers heaven.—Lamartine.

Great men too often have greater faults than little men can find room for.—Lamartine.



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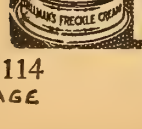
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The Golden Girl

(*Continued from page* 31)

vanity. She is not the type of girl who goes around with a powder puff in her hand. She is not a perfection of grooming or a product of hours spent under a maid's tutelage. She is too vivid too colorful, too full of life to be restricted in any way.

Her golden curls were pinned in a loose knot to her prettily shaped head and they bobbed and danced wildly with each vehement gesture that accompanied her burning words. Her soft, simply made dress of silk didn't quite meet where it should, but she curled her feet under her and chatted on, sublimely unconscious of her looks. She is small, tiny-boned but beautifully rounded. She thinks she would like to be taller and openly enthused because I was shorter than she.

In spite of her care-free girlishness, this Juliet-Mary possesses a very sweet dignity which holds forth the promise of splendid womanhood. During my stay she brought in her grandmother and her sister that I might meet them and introduced them with quaint pride. I have never heard anything sweeter or more womanly than the way she said with bated breath that she thought the greatest thing in life must be to be married to the man you loved and have babies.

"Of course," she added, "I am too young to think of such things and mother wouldn't like me to talk about it, but oh, I do think it would be wonderful, more wonderful than all the fame and money in the world, to have babies of one's very own. That's what God put us on this earth for, after all, didn't He?"

I nodded. Such a moment in a cynical world was too holy for speech.

Then I watched Mary as she was called to manage several business matters over the telephone. She took care of them with a poise lacking in many an accomplished woman. She met one of the reporters of the great dailies and recounted her life's history dutifully.

And when all had been attended to and we were at last alone again, she brimmed over with joy and enthusiasm because it was time to get dressed for dinner and the theater and the rare treat which mamma had promised her . . . a real cabaret!

I hope Realart will give my Golden Girl the opportunity she deserves, for it is indeed seldom that one meets an ingénue with the brains of Mary Miles Minter, the beauty . . . and the genius. She is—truthfully, in spite of her early triumphs, an uncoined mine of gold.

TOM MOORE AS TYPIST

Tom Moore, who is in New York for a short visit between pictures, announces that he has a new accomplishment. He can typewrite! It isn't that the Goldwyn star has any intention of giving up the "movies" to become a stenographer, but that the last picture on which he worked required him to run a typewriter. He satisfied Director Harry Beaumont as he sat at the machine, pounding away with the forefinger of each hand, just as newspaper men even after they graduate into being authors (he is a young author in the picture) always do. Yes, he looked all right, BUT—when at the end of the scene, Moore proudly handed the result of his typing to Beaumont, this is what the astounded director read:

" i w ou$d rath,r - b doWN at The be3ch Thansit$$ng UNd-er this D—— hot Lamp/

3Tom?



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The Binney Blues Cure

(Continued from page 73)

some cases without having even tried it on—she knew that which was suited to her, instinctively, it seemed. I wondered just what wouldn't look well on the charming Miss Binney. As if in answer to my unspoken question she went on, "For instance, I am sure that I am smarter in a one-piece gown and a big, soft coat than I am in tailored suits and shirt waists, tho they certainly suit some types.

"It is terrible," she continued with a woeful expression, "when a perfectly nice looking woman will do all sorts of sinful things to herself just because she feels she must obey Fashion's latest decree. Haven't you seen numbers of those very corpulent women on the Avenue with ridiculous short skirts showing unbeautiful limbs and with just loads of drapery over their enormous hips? Oh, I think it's terrible," with a helpless little smile. "Correctly dressed, even a large woman can be smart, you know."

It seemed quite fitting that Constance should talk about fashions, for in her Realart productions and in all her work on the stage she has been known as a smartly dressed girl. Everyone wants her to pose in his fashions—all the big shops seek her out—but never will she allow Dame Fashion's decree to make her ridiculous.

Suddenly gripping my arm she said in a low tense voice, looking straight at a woman sitting opposite us: "Now, look at that woman. She's dressed in perfect taste—all except the egg-shaped neck of her dress. Her shoulder-bones stand out and glare at you. If she only had a square neck she would look a thousand times better. That's just it! We think that some people are just naturally well dressed, that every thing they put on looks well and is becoming, but I dont believe that is ever the case. To be well dressed you must give every minute detail of your wardrobe thought and care. One little slip may spoil the general appearance of otherwise well chosen clothes. It really is a study, you know," she went on, growing enthusiastic as girls will when frills and furbelows come in for their share of the talk, "and with all the beautiful things the shops are offering it is a fascinating study too. With us of the stage and screen it is, of course, a vitally necessary study, but I think it is the duty of every woman, no matter what her walk in life—to look her honest-to-goodness best, I mean. One of the very best ways is to study a really well-dressed woman of her own type on or off the stage or screen. But let her be sure of the type. Let a blonde choose a blonde, a brunette a brunette. Just suppose a dark girl followed my choice of colors. Suppose a large woman tried to imitate Mary Pickford or a tiny one followed in the footsteps of Dorothy Dalton!"

In the moments of silence which followed I thought of how very lovely she was and with what perfect taste she was dressed. Her great big grey-blue eyes were made bluer by the reflection of some exquisite blue chenille embroidery around the neck of her simple blue tricotine frock. Her hat of soft blue duvetyne was in perfect accord and while I could not see her feet I felt sure they were well shod. There was no doubt that Constance Binney was as well dressed away from the screen—off the stage—as any one could wish.

"Look. Isn't that a perfectly charming hat!" she suddenly said, nodding to-

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wards a woman who had just come in.

"U-m-m," I answered, not wishing to waste any time in which this practical young person before me might discuss clothes.

"Hats," echoed diminutive Constance, "I just love them. I have oodles of them—tried and true old ones of the hack and sport variety, good for rainy days and country wear; and then a lot of lovely new ones to go with every frock and wrap I own and a few especially lovely ones besides to 'chase them blues.' Some of them are blue hats too." Of course, I thought. Lovely woman is never so lovely as when a hat matches her eyes.

"Does shopping always chase away your blues?" I asked.

"Not always," she answered, toying with her club sandwich. "Of course it is just getting away from myself that cures them actually I suppose—blues generally come from too much introspection and thoughts too self-centered, dont they?" and the depths of her blue eyes and her serious mien told me rather eloquently that Miss Binney has other thoughts beside clothes. She has thought out problems one feels sure—thought them out wisely and well.

"Altogether, however," she went on, shaking off the serious mood, "I know of nothing more effective for cheering up any woman's drooping spirits than a bit of new clothing. It may be a new hat, one of the adorable new collars or just a bit of bright ribbon—anything that's pretty and cheery, but it will make you feel a great deal smarter and better dressed. I know that whenever my spirits are low, I go out and buy something to wear. You forget all about having been depressed in the search for your bit of finery and in the pleasure of wearing it."

And so—this is the cure of Constance Binney for the blues which have been the craze of the past musical season; there have been songs about them and one million and one cures prescribed for them—

"Chase them blues!"

Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

(*Continued from page* 82)

stop her on the street with a request for photographs, so she inscribed a small likeness, promised to send a large picture, framed, and then stooped to kiss the most loyal fan any one ever had.

Joe de Grasse is directing Sessue Hayakawa, and his young son has recently pulled off a bit of publicity for Joe which was most embarrassing. The De Grasse family hibernates in Glendale, a very independent and exclusive little village about thirty minutes' *commute* from Los Angeles—that is, when the cars run on schedule, which same they *dont*.

The property trunks of Mr. De Grasse had never been unpacked, and while he was busy at the studio, the heir, just to show he wasn't green Grasse, got busy with the trunks, fitted every kid in the neighborhood with swords, buskins, tights, beards and wigs, helmets and dear knows what—and had a parade. That wouldn't have been so bad, but Mr. De Grasse had packages of handbills for one-night stands, not bearing any particular date, but to be filled in and distributed when they played small towns.

The youngsters had a beautiful time scattering hundreds of these yellow handbills broadcast, throwing them on

(*Continued on page* 118)

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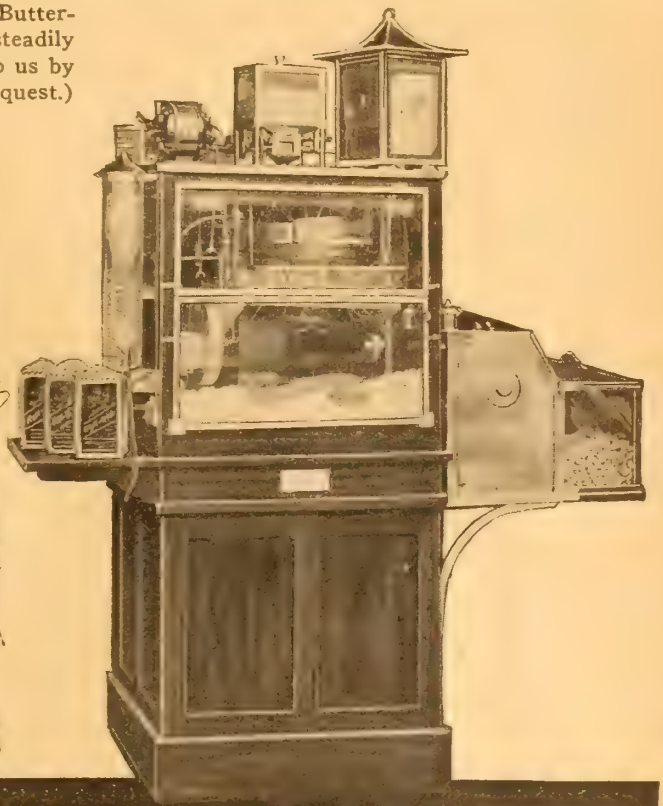
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"We were very much surprised at the amount of business our Butter-Kist Machine did from the very outset. . . . . And business has steadily increased. In one month we did a business of $597.00." (Written to us by drug store located in Cleveland, Ohio. Name gladly given on request.)





$600 to $3,120 From a Little Waste Space

The Butter-Kist Pop Corn and Peanut Machine brings new profits and new trade to stores and theatres

We keep records on what storekeepers and theatre owners are making with the Butter-Kist Machine. And we have the actual figures to prove that the return in net profits is from $600 to $3,120 a year. This means an extra $600 to $3,120 in clear cash profits! And all from the use of a space 26 in. by 32 in., that has been going to waste.

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Makers of Pussywillow Talc de Luxe
1018 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



Sifted through Silk

Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

(*Continued from page* 116)

porches, into stores, along Brand Boulevard, and at the electric railway stations, with the result that the telephone rang frantically all afternoon, inquiring of Mrs. De Grasse when the show would come off. She could not understand the mystery for a long time, and they do say that Poppa Joe intends to build an old-fashioned woodshed on the back lot, because that's the way *he* was brought up.

Mae Marsh is expected back almost any day, for she is signed up for five years with Robertson-Cole, to appear in an entirely different line of stories, which will give her opportunity for her eccentric characterizations and yet be humorously attractive. Her brother-in-law is an assistant director for Haworth.

Some picture folk who sat behind me—daren't divulge the names, but you know them well—were discussing the delightful subtitles in "The Virtuous Vamp." Said one, "They're by Anita Loos. I know her brand—she's a wonder!" The other laughed and remarked, "She's the best subtitle writer in the business; nobody ever gets across so many original inspirations as she does. She just bubbles over night and day with funny ideas." Nice, wasn't it? Did any one notice the *faux pas* in that Constance Talmadge trifle? She's on her honeymoon, and sprawls the left hand very noticeably on Conway Tearle's shoulder, and there's nary a wedding or engagement ring to be seen!

Alice Lake is at last coming into her own. She is featured in "Should a Woman Tell?" and in "Shore Acres," which made a great stage success. Miss Lake was one of the most intimate friends of Natalie Talmadge when the two girls worked at Balboa studio with "Fatty" Arbuckle.

I saw Alice's self-designed frock of brown and gold taffeta, which has a full skirt covered by a bronze net overdrape. There are only little shoulder puffs on the bodice, outside of the bronze net shirring along the décolletage. There's a sash with a brown velvet poppy at front, and I'm wondering how this Brown Betty will look on the screen, for most of the girls stick to shades of blue, pink, red or grey for the softness of coloring.

Hayakawa paid hundreds of dollars per day for the use of the very exclusive Marsh Gardens, Coronado, for the owner is not at all anxious to have them "featured," and it was difficult to persuade him to relinquish them for a few days' location in order that the tea-garden scenes might be shot there Society folk love to visit these entrancing gardens of the landscape artist, and when a pretty little San Diego blonde fluffed into view, Sessue wasn't long making friends.

I ran into Gertrude Norman recently. She is the famous old Englishwoman who has done old-woman parts for years with Marguerite Clarke and Mary Pickford, covering a period of five years with Famous Players alone. She began in the old Biograph days, playing a hag in "Fanchon the Cricket" with Little Mary. Recently she was one of the aunts in "Widow by Proxy," with Miss Clarke, and also appeared with that star in "The Pretty Sister of

José," in which she did a Spanish character part. She's playing that sort of rôle now, and her make-up is wonderful, with its Etruscan earrings, little neckerchief and lace headdress. The most marvelous part of Mrs. Norman's performance is her ability to slink into lameness, misshapen body, or draw in her facial muscles until she assumes the senility of old age without any make-up. Mr. Griffith used to have her do "lame" parts always, but as the Spanish grandmother Mrs. Norman must be straight and stately.

I attended the December 4th opening of the Graumann-Rialto Theater and première of "Male and Female." For hours people stood in a pouring rain, awaiting the opening of the doors, which is a pretty good advertisement for the De Mille forces. Lila Lee jumped blithely out of her machine, a big fuzzy coat over her evening gown of débutante net and lace, with silver-grey hosiery and silver slippers. Her hair is done in the same plain little fashion, the most becoming to her. In a rear loge, the C. B. De Milles received their friends and entertained Gloria Swanson and other celebrities. The foyer was gay with rare blossoms, and a half-dozen beautiful models displayed the gowns worn by Bebe Daniels and Miss Swanson—just before the picture was run. Every one gasped at the pearl-meshed gown worn by Gloria as the Christian slave who prefers death to dishonor. It's as full of air-holes as an old roof! Too bad Miss Swanson was not *in* the costume, which hasn't much before and "little less than 'arf behind." The negligée worn during the exquisite bath scene was another stunning output of the Famous Players modiste, consisting of American Beauty chenille fringe in two lengths, draped in great diagonal curves about the entire figure in a very vampish effect. A Theda Bara type of model displayed this love of a "bathrobe" and got tremendous applause from the mere males present.

Leatrice Joy, the little New Orleans lass who went thru such hard times during the long illness and subsequent death of her father, and who played stock in San Diego as well as a good many pictures in Los Angeles, is having the *rise* of her life, for George Loane Tucker, who put Betty Compson into the stellar firmament, is now giving Leatrice (they've called her Beatrice lately) the lead in "Ladies Must Live." Miss Joy has an adorable Southern accent, but lacks the *dolce far niente* spirit of the South, for she is an indefatigable worker, with a huge ambition—to make life easy for her mother.

Jack Dempsey is here and very chummish with Al St. John, who is quite a little scrapper himself. Mr. Dempsey has taken Fannie Ward's former home on Wilshire Boulevard, and Jack Dean's scented (tainted, one might say, since Jack has departed') boudoir is now being turned into training quarters.

Edith Storey is still *surrounded* by "Sooner," her unclassified "purp," which snaps at the heels of nearly everybody on the old Griffith lot and which has cost his mistress hundreds of dollars in railroad transportation and medical attention since he first yelped at an unfeeling world three years ago. The first six months of his life were spent in moping over multitudinous chastisements and listening to the reproachful voice of his long-suffering mistress, "Oh, why didn't you tell me, Sooner?"



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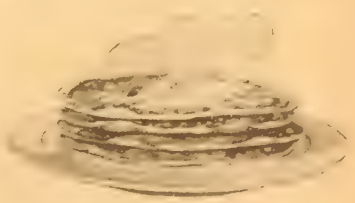
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LIST OF SUBJECTS

Mary Pickford	Theda Bara	Clara Kimball Young
Marguerite Clark	Francis X. Bushman	Alice Joyce
Douglas Fairbanks	Earle Williams	Vivian Martin
Charlie Chaplin	William Farnum	Pauline Frederick
William S. Hart	Charles Ray	Billie Burke
Wallace Reid	Norma Talmadge	Madge Kennedy
Pearl White	Constance Talmadge	Elsie Ferguson
Anita Stewart	Mary Miles Minter	Tom Moore

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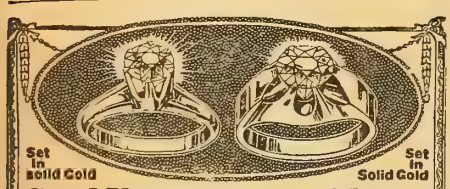
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Prof. I. HUBERT, Toledo, Ohio

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page* 111)

has the courage to go on in small parts and prove her right to stardom, but the ability as well. Thomas Meighan is entirely satisfactory as the butler, Crichton, but I, for one, see nothing in his performance to merit stardom

BLIND HUSBANDS—UNIVERSAL-JEWEL

Here is a photoplay which excels because it is built on the solid foundation of a real idea, namely, the universal carelessness and inattention of husbands to their wives after, in common parlance, they have them securely bound by the gold or platinum band of domestic slavery. Just so long as husbands allow themselves to take their wives for granted, to forget the little attentions and kindnesses after the honeymoon is ended, just so long will pretty young wives be the prey of Don Juans who appease them with pretty sayings and suave signs of devotion. This in the main is the theme of "Blind Husbands," this particular case being set in the Alps and brought to a happy finale by the timely awakening of the husband. As the wife, Francelia Billington uncannily resembles Dorothy Phillips. Miss Billington's performance is excellent at all moments, Eric Von Stroheim is nothing less than delightful as the would-be lover, while Sam de Grasse portrays a husband to the life!

HIS OFFICIAL FIANCEE—FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY

It seems to me that one of the greatest mistakes Paramount ever made was in allowing Vivian Martin to leave their fold. At the present moment she is not only as pretty and popular as any ingénue in the movies, but she is doing better and more subtle work than ever before. Any one who carelessly classes her as a pink bonbon of the celluloid world is unseeing and shows a keen lack of judgment. In "His Official Fiancée" she has less opportunity to demonstrate her ability than in her former picture, "The Third Kiss," nevertheless, her dainty charm and the tastefulness of her costumes makes the story of the little office girl who becomes engaged as a business proposition, decidedly worth while. With Mary Pickford almost ready to step into more mature rôles, with Marguerite Clark at a point where she should do so, and Mary Miles Minter suffering popular forgetfulness because of the recent lapse in her screen releases, Vivian Martin is the best screenic bet in stellar ingénues. Wise will be the company whom she next serves.

JOHN PETTICOATS—INCE-PARAMOUNT

Bill Hart is the hero of this tale, which concerns itself with the adventures of a Northwesterner who finds himself heir to a Southern petticoat shop. He travels to New Orleans, and finds many of his best intentioned actions misconstrued, but in the end he wins the girl whose father he has tried to befriend financially. Unfortunately for my complete approval of the picture, I had but recently visited the wilds of the Northwest and—did I pick the most uncouth or untraveled of the rough element, I am positive he would not be terrified by the antics of an elevator, as was John Petticoats, nor would he be totally unacquainted with the ways of modern dancing. The Northwesterner would and does dress oddly and has his own particular code of manners, but he is acquainted with world progress in a general way. So it was that I found Bill Hart's continued pictured timidity in New Orleans a trifle out of focus. To be truly in character, his fists should have



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been a bit more in evidence while dealing with his rival. But to the dyed-in-the-wool Easterner this picture will be wholly pleasing. Winifred Westover, altho not given credit for her performance on the screen, is a very piquant little heroine for Big Bill.

THE MOTHER AND THE LAW—GRIFFITH

Simply because my space has been so crowded of late, I have not heretofore reviewed this picture, but I feel that I must work in a few lines concerning it. Taken from Griffith's "Intolerance" of several years ago and re-edited, it shows more clearly than ever his supreme power in portraying tragedy. His picture of the fate of the little wife is so pathetic as to actually hurt not only one's throat glands, but one's chest as well. And here we have positive proof that Griffith makes his actors, for Mae Marsh's portrayal is worthy of a Bernhardt, a Nazimova or a Barrymore. Yet never after her departure from the Griffith fold did she do anything that even scratched the surface of our emotions. Miriam Cooper, too, is nothing short of marvelous, altho I found Bobbie Harron not quite capable of appearing rough.

THE UNKNOWN LOVE—PATHÉ

A picture which is hopelessly out of date, dealing with the war in a manner which has already become old-fashioned. Also a picture whose plot has no action further than the reading of notes and letters. Doris Cassinelli's performance is equal to that ordeal only, while E. K. Lincoln has an opportunity to show his bound-up visage—now and then.

THE LIFE LINE—TOURNEUR

Another excellent English melodrama celluloided by that master of light and shade, Maurice Tourneur. I do not find Pauline Starke more than averagely pleasing as the heroine, while Seena Owen is more picturesque than true to life as a gipsy. Jack Holt and Lew Cody are both convincing and pleasing, while Wesley Barry romps away with the honors for realism as an English thug. In this day of numerous picture shipwrecks, Tourneur's is decidedly the most thrilling and awe-inspiring I have seen.

CROOKED STRAIGHT—INCE-PARAMOUNT

Charlie Ray is another of the several stars who can always be depended upon to give an admirable performance. So good, in fact, are his characterizations that he often hoodwinks us into pronouncing ordinary photoplays winners. Here he portrays the part of a young country bumpkin who goes to the city, only to become the victim of confidence men. Penniless, he is starving and turns to burglary as a method of self-preservation, only to turn back to the straight and narrow when his pal is killed. Ray's performance is lovable, while Margery Wilson is dainty as his rural sweetheart.

THE THUNDERBOLT—FIRST NATIONAL

Katherine MacDonald is elevated to stardom in this melodramatic story of a feud existing between two proud families. There are moments of great dramatic strength which unhappily become almost ludicrous because of the constant question regarding a child's prerogative. In the last reel one gets so that one regards the whole as a colossal joke, not to be regarded too seriously. Miss MacDonald is obviously playing her part earnestly but I do not find her performance as effective here as in previous roles. Thomas Meighan is more vivid than usual, but detracts from the realism of his effort by wearing the same or a precisely similar suit thruout the play in spite of a several years' lapse in time.

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We Meet Mary

(*Continued from page 53*)

She said that she rather dislikes public appearances. "People are always disappointed in me," she declared. "Once, at a boys' school, or in front of a group of visiting boys I guess it was, I had on a little gingham frock and garden hat or something equally simple, and as I came along I heard one small boy exclaim "Gee, is *that* Mary? AINT she DINKIE?"

Quite often, on trains, going from place to place, I have heard people say, "Oh, so *that* is Mary Pickford! I dont think so much of *her!*"

Which all goes to show that Mary has the finest of all senses of humor—the brand that does not stop short at herself.

She was quietly, almost unobtrusively clad in navy blue, with simple net collar and cuffs; the celebrated curls were tucked up in genuine grown-up fashion under a cunning blue turban and her only ornaments were her wrist-watch and an odd little diamond cluster at the end of a black ribbon about her throat. She carried a mink top coat with two lavender orchids pinned to the lapel and drew on, as she was leaving, the daintiest of white gloves. She is distinctively, quintessentially dainty, and graciously young and with it all, there is a deliberate air of assurance, almost of efficiency if I may employ the term, which is compositely delightful.

She told us how eagerly she reads the magazines for mention of herself and how delighted she is when she comes across her name or her picture or something and how disappointed she is when the reverse is true . . . and we had thought that Mary, long since, had considered herself past these earlier milestones . . .

Probably her deepest secret is that she has never lost the humanizing touch . . .

When it was time for her to go—and the time came all too briefly—Mr. Smith called a taxi for her and the completely won staff waved her down the steps and into the Black and White, on the step of which she stood and wafted up into the grouped faces above her a friendly little nod and kiss, and the chauffeur, who was in an apparent state of immediate collapse at this honor fallen, as it were, from the heavens upon him, closed the door and she was gone! Probably, for that chauffeur, the ride will ever remain an immemorial occasion.

After she had gone we discussed her pro and con. Her prettiness, of course, her unobtrusiveness of dress and bearing, her youth, her unprecedented popularity, so many times discussed before but assuming a new, a fresh perspective to us, in the immediacy of her presence.

One salient fact was outstanding to each and every one of us—the absolute unspoiltness of her. The way in which she has kept her perfect balance while bearing honors greater than any one slip of a girl has ever known, or probably ever will, at least in our day and age.

She is not unmindful of the whole thing. She is, as she said, a good business woman, and no business woman discounts her assets, personal or otherwise, but she is, none the less, just a girl, able to meet other girls on their own footing, able to talk, even of herself, with a touching, a winsome sort of friendliness; wearing her many honors, but wearing them lightly.

We hope that some day, very soon again, Mary will come back to Duffield Street.



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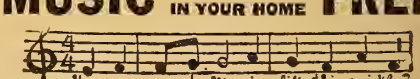
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LUDEN'S

MENTHOL COUGH DROPS
SWEETEN THE BREATH

Corinne Herself

(*Continued from page 65*)

by vivid chiffons and satins thrown over their curved backs.

It lacked but a few days to Christmas when I saw her and, in the course of our conversation, I asked her what she was planning for the festive day—you're bound to talk about homey things with Corinne—holiday preparations, interior decorating, etc., etc.—she is such a normal sort of person—unspeakably comfortable and not at all intense in her living.

Her eyes lost a bit of their brightness—they seemed more blue than anything else just then . . .

"I'm blue this holiday season," she said, taking off the maroon leather turban she had worn in the scene and dropping her head with its bobbed shock of hair into her cupped white hands. "One by one my relatives have found it impossible to get on and have notified me with a letter or a wire. I'd planned a jolly Christmas, too, just like we used to have down home with a tree and everything. And I just cant go down to them—because—it—would—hold up—the—picture," her voice trailing off into a more pronounced musical cadence of the Southland.

She has a keen sense of humor—so keen, in fact, that she laughed when someone told her they were showing her film in the projection-room and she went down to see a beautiful close-up of a cat.

"The film belonged to Griffith, the director," she told me, "but the boy didn't know and when they said the Griffith film he thought it was mine."—and a sense of humor so all-enveloping that it doesn't desert one when one is personally involved is a God-given gift.

But that sense goes hand in hand, so to speak, with the sane sense of balance she has retained, even thru all her success. Nothing has blurred her perspective—not even stardom almost immediately after she was discovered at that New Orleans Mardi Gras where she won the beauty prize and Rollin S. Sturgeon, the Vitagraph director, prevailed upon her to go into the movies.

The longer you talk with her—the more you watch her going about in her quiet little way with a sweet deliberateness—the longer you listen to her talk about people with a great understanding—just that much more do you realize the greatness of her—the spiritual greatness almost . . .

There is a depth to her so placid on the surface, as there is a depth to a clear blue pool . . .

She has found the world too interesting to sit back blasély and watch it pass by—she has derived too keen a pleasure in being a friend to man . . .

Thus far Life has been good to Corinne, but should it call her towards the rugged road instead of the sheltered path she now treads, she would unhesitatingly answer the call. In her veins flows the same blood known to those other women of another generation—those women of the Old South.

And that's what Corinne Griffith suggests—whether she's going thru a scene in the studio or talking with you in her dressing-room—she is the essence of the Old South with its ideals, its pretty sentiments and its romance—ever and always the gentlewoman.

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BILLY—Aw, that's no good. The pictures dont move.

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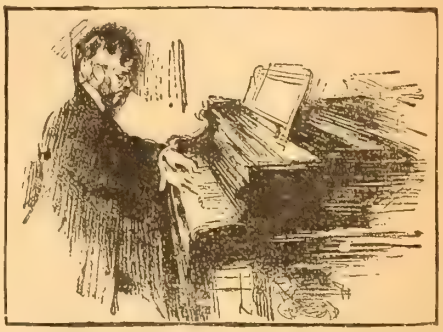
To persons who have not previously heard of my method, this may seem a pretty bold statement. But I will gladly convince you of its accuracy by referring you to any number of my graduates in any part of the world. There isn't a state in the Union that doesn't contain a score or more skilled players of the piano or organ who obtained their *entire* training from me *by mail*.



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I make use of every possible scientific help—many of which are *entirely unknown* to the average teacher. My patented invention, the COLOROTONE, sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use, Transposition—usually a "night-mare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. With my fifth lesson I introduce another important and exclusive invention, QUINN-DEX. Quinn-Dex is a simple, hand-operated moving picture device, which enables you to see, right before your eyes, every movement of my hands at the keyboard. *You actually see the fingers move.* Instead



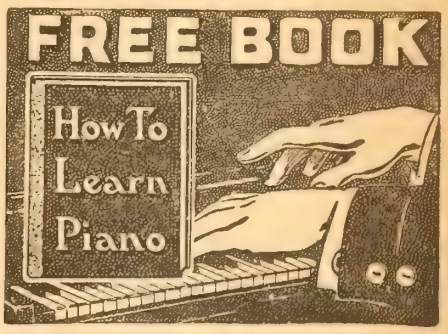
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The Right of Way

(*Continued from page 99*)

breast, fell forward—and the burning timbers covered him from sight. When, working frantically, they dragged the unrecognizable figure of the shoemaker into safety at last and bent above him a murmur of awe rose from many lips. Held close against his breast was the parish register and beneath it a small iron cross, still glowing red. And upon the naked flesh of Charley Steele, the agnostic, was burned indelibly the imprint of the Cross . . .

It was late that evening when the scorched eyelids lifted and the eyes looked up into the anguished face of Rosalie Eventurail, with a puzzled look that gradually darkened with memory. "Kathleen!" murmured Charley Steele's swollen lips. "So—it was you all the time, Kathleen—"

Rosalie Eventurail caught her breath, and then smiled across her wound. "It is, I—Rosalie, Jacques," she soothed him, "dont try to talk, dear——"

But he shook his head. "God in Heaven!" Charley Steele cried, "dont you suppose I know it is you, Rosalie—but—the past has all come back—I remember—everything——"

A great shaggy figure rose up from the chair by the fire and came to the bedside. Joe Portugais touched the bandaged hands with great, incredibly gentle fingers. "She is dead, m'sieur," he said simply; "your wife is dead. I went back to Montreal to find out, and they tol' me. So eet is all right, non? And you can be happy at las', M'sieu?"

Oddly enough it was not the name of the woman he loved that Charley Steele spoke first in this moment when the gates of joy at last swung wide to his hungry eyes, but another Name, spoken reverently as one who at last believes.

"Thank you, God . . ." said Charley Steele.

Slaves of Pride

(*Continued from page 61*)

wound, he found. And, to his surprise, his own tears fell, too, and joined hers. Something in him softened and the shelter he was finding was sweeter, all at once, than the shelter of his palaces had been.

"I'm a wreck, Patricia," he said; "no time now for me to come to you . . . like this . . . too late . . ."

"You're a *man* now, dear," she told him, "at last. This is the way you should always have come to me . . . a man . . . a woman . . ."

"I am poor. *I*——"

"I love you."

"I am disgraced. Humiliated. A laughing stock."

"But I love you."

"They'll hound me out of town, out of the country, by ridicule, by pity which I shall not bear, by contempt."

"Still I love you."

Brewster Howard gave a deep, slow sigh. It came from a profound depth within him, never before perturbed.

"It is enough," he said, "it is all there is."

With pride gone, and wealth gone, happiness came, and serenity and a content as warm as sunlight, as pervasive as dawn.

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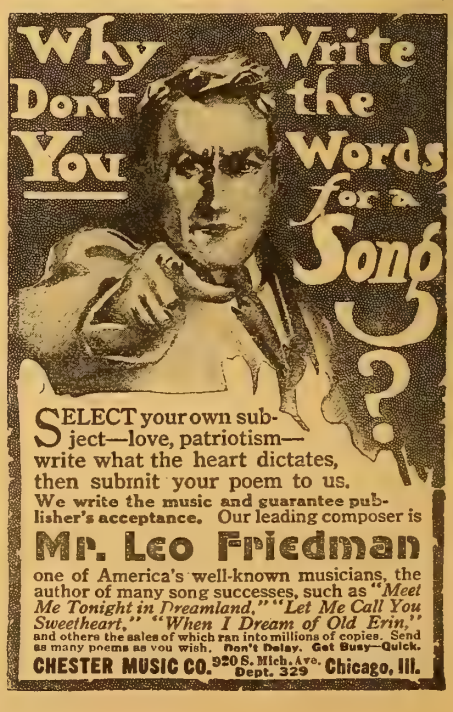
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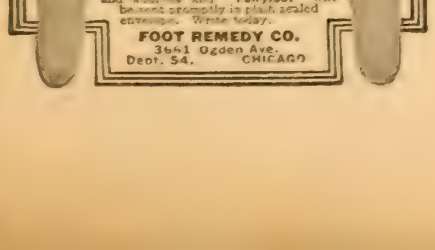
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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 90*)

F. K.—You're like the fellow I took in to have a soda, and he said he would rather have the money. I'll do my best. You can get photographs of the players from the companies they are with. Maude Fealy is not in pictures now. Why, it was Benjamin Franklin who said, "Three may keep a secret if two of them are dead."

Mrs. M. J. H.—You want to know why the Prince of Wales always shakes hands with the soldier boys with his left hand. Never noticed it, and I dont know why. Referred to the British Ministry.

B. F. W.—Derwent Hall Caine was the leading man in "The Deemster." Yes, it takes two to make a bargain, but usually only one gets it. Pauline Frederick in "The Loves of Letty." She also played in "The Paliser Case."

Ima Loo.—You certainly write a very chatty letter. Let her go! Be like Sir George Reid, the noted Englishman, who said, "I have aimed at health and happiness, and when confronted by a formidable obstacle, I have first tried to knock it over; failing in this, to get around it; if not to get under it; and if all these maneuvers failed, I have been content to lie down in its grateful shade, lauding it as a beautiful blessing in disguise." Come in and see me again.

Mrs. B. F.—*Beau retour.* So you cant get a picture out of Eugene O'Brien. Eugene, you're losing lots of friends in that way. You thought you could stick me when you asked me, What was Queen Elizabeth's favorite dish on festal occasions? It was peacock pie. Na-h!

M. C.—So you really like my department. It makes me very happy when you say that, because in my meager way of entertaining you dear readers, I often feel that I am losing my wit and I wish I could say more interesting things. You refer to Jack Pickford in "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come."

C. Carrots.—Why, June Caprice is on the stage now.

Imogene H.—Horrors no, William Hart is not an Indian. What made you think so? I dont agree with anybody who says, "If God had never made women, there wouldn't be any fools in the world." Maybe He made the women to counterbalance the men fools. Mary Thurman is playing with William Desmond in "The Prince and Betty."

S. B. P.—You think we ought to have Viola Dana on the cover soon. Yes, I think we should. New ideas, new plans, new stimuli are the seeds from which new business grows. Our Editor-in-Chief is full of them. Some big ones under way. *Pardonnez moi,* if I offend.

Babe & Pete.—Why, the only foreign destinations to which the two-cent rate applies are Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Panama, Bahamas, British Guiana, British Honduras, Dutch West Indies, Leeward Islands, Newfoundland, Dominican Republic, Trinidad (including Tobago), England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, New Zealand, the city of Shanghai (China), and Windward Islands, including Granada, St. Vincent, the Grenardines and St. Lucia. Put this in your scrapbook too Clara K. Young is not married. Her former husband's wife is Clara Whipple now.

Jazz Baby.—You address me "Dear Essence of Knowledge." Yes, to be taken in small doses only. You say you want pages and pages of info. about Ralph Graves. Forest Stanley opposite Dorothy Dalton in "Other Men's Wives." So you think I am wealthy, and about to retire.



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You have been eating mince pie and have had a nightmare.

A JINX.—Yes, send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of the film manufacturers. You want Gloria Swanson to leave off her patent leather coiffure. Prefer a dull finish? I'm out of politics, but William Gibbs McAdoo was the first Director-General of Railroads, built the first tunnel under the Hudson River, completed in 1904, and the first traffic tunnel between New York and Hoboken, opened in 1908, and became Wilson's Secretary of the Treasury. Is that enough to make him President?

JUNE S.—You say "Put that in your pipe and smoke it." I'm afraid it would explode. You know my pipe is particular about what it smokes. Why, Dustin Farnum was born in Hampton Beach, N. H., in 1876, and William Farnum in Buckport, Me. Geraldine Farrar in Melrose, Mass. Go away! Why, Jupiter is 1,300 times as large as the earth.

NO MAN'S LAND.—No, no, you have them mixed. There is a Jack Holt and an Earle Williams. But mighty popular. You're right, but when a lover gives, he demands—and much more than he has given. Woman gives and forgives—man gets and forgets. This cant be said too many times.

THELMA.—Yes, Wallace Reid has a son. Leah Baird is playing in "Cynthia of the Minute." May Allison in "The Walk-Off's." Why didn't you look it up—Popocatepetl is the loftiest volcano in Mexico and means "smoking mountain"—from the Aztec *popoca*, "he smokes," and *tepetl*, "a mountain." Your letter was a gem.

FAR HELL.—Why, I usually retire about 10:00 P. M. Sometimes I do my own cooking. My hall-room wasn't any too warm this winter. I had iced cream every morning Sure, come in and see me. Elsie Fuller, with Vitagraph, is a Danish actress. Dont say hate—hatred is nothing more than settled anger. Yes, writers are immortal, but that does not buy bread.

ARTHUR C.—That's some philosophy you have. Pauline Frederick is not—well, yes, she is married. Yes, but 'tis one thing to carry on a flirtation and quite another to carry off an heiress. Mabel Normand in "Cynthia of the Minute." She has renewed her contract with Goldwyn.

INQUISITIVE FLOREY.—Yes, Bessie Love was going to school and playing in pictures at the same time. I got you the first time. But the insidious banana peel always hits a man behind his back—I sat down to think of this.

GRACE M.—Harrison Ford is with Lasky in Los Angeles. Thanks for the capsules. You people do like to have fun with your old Answer Man, dont you? Why, castor oil is produced from the seeds of the castor plant. It grows in Kansas, Missouri, Illinois. One bushel of seed will produce two gallons of castor oil. In cocoanuts, the oil is obtained by boiling the cocoanuts over a slow fire, and the oil rises to the top and is skimmed off. A quart of oil is obtained from six or seven cocoanuts. That's all I know about it.

R. R. LONGMONT.—Makes me feel very happy to be able to help a sick person. Miriam Cooper in "The Mother and the Law." Gertrude Short and Herbert Rawlinson, you mean. Robert Harron was born in New York in 1894. He is now in New York. Yes, Mr. Fox is going to put up a $1,000,000 theater for us in Brooklyn.

NAUGHTY NINA.—Haven't recovered from my blushes since reading your naughty epistle. Try the *Police Gazette*,



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maybe they can answer you. You ask for close-ups of Annette Kellerman.

BERNICE P.—Both players you speak of have made a graceful exit from the screen. Frances Nelson in "The Stolen Voice." Nance O'Neil is playing in "The Passion Flower" on the stage.

BATTLING ELMER.—Thanks for the sympathy. I need it. Mollie King with American Cinema; Mary Miles Minter, Realart, and Wanda Hawley with Paramount. Send along another artistic effort, the last was a masterpiece.

BUSHRANGER.—Well, it's this way. Thinking is to the mind what digestion is to the body. Yes, I liked Wallace Reid in "The Lottery Man." Marjorie Daw in that. Hope you succeed in getting that raise for me.

ELSIE H.—Top of the morning, Elsie! Haven't heard of the player you mention. Of course I read a lot. Good books are not only a nourishment to the mind, but they enlighten and expand it. Elsie Ferguson's stage play is "Sacred and Profane Love." Quite a combination.

MARIE.—Sessue Hayakawa a butler—I should say not—leading man or rather star. Vola Vale is in Los Angeles. No, I'm not a Methodist. As I understand it the term, Methodist, was applied to Charles Wesley, and it was applied as a term of ridicule. He must have been a stickler for method, for he was always using the word and thus gained him the nickname "Methodist." Sure write again.

M. H. T.—Constance Talmadge never played in a picture with Robert Harron. Harrison Ford in "The Temperamental Wife." Oh, I cant kick, I'm happy. Living is well worth the present high cost if you make it so.

NANCY LEE.—Great guns! You want a list of the players with addresses who will send their photos. There aint no such list. Of course, I want you to write often. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

GEORGE C. C.—Hello, George! You say there are no more wooden shoes used in Denmark than there are in New York City. No, and did you know that chop suey is not eaten in China or Japan? Fear not, my boy, I'll never die of wood alcohol. George Walsh is starring in "Find the Woman." How can you find her when she never has been lost? You cant lose them.

CLOWN PRINCE.—What a nom-de-plume to take for yourself. No, Charlie Chaplin is not being paid by Essanay and Exhibitors' Mutual. They are old releases. Your joke is good, but mighty ancient. Why is a bankrupt like a clock? Because he must either stop or go on tick.

MICKEY Z.—Why, yes, the Suez Canal was built by De Lesseps in 1869. The money was secured by Egyptians who put about $85,000,000 into it, but the money came from England and the majority of the stock was sold to England. Burton Holmes is showing a series of travelogs of Belgium. No, I haven't seen them as yet. Expect to, tho. Marion Davies, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

JUNIOR JESS.—Yes, Peggy Hyland is English, quite English you know.

CORA G.—No, I didn't.

TEXAS HATTIE.—So you hail from the Lone Star State, do ye? You have got me on some of those old stage questions. You know I've never followed the stage. In fact, I've only followed the pictures but never caught up yet. Why dont you get in touch with the *Dramatic Mirror?* Good luck, old chap.

LULU W. W.—No, I try not to be stingy, but you know it soon becomes a confirmed habit and increases with our years. Your letter was a jewel, and you



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must write often. Why, the members of the correspondence clubs write to one another about the pictures they have seen, criticise, praise, etc., etc.

LOYAL PEARL.—I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the kind things you say about my department. I try to make both ends meet.

REGINA H.—Yes, I know there is a certain kind of pleasure in weeping; grief is soothed and alleviated by tears. But it's been a long time since I've been up to Bedford Park. Yes, it is true that Ralph Ince is now playing in pictures. He'd rather show us what he can do than to tell other people what to do. 'Member when he used to play for Vitagraph?

M. Z. L.—Yes, indeed, my beard is as long as in the picture. That's a very good likeness of me. Of course I go to church. Well, I think there should be a Bible in every home. Do you know that the largest Bible in existence is in the royal library at Stockholm? The covers are made of solid planks, four inches thick, and the pages measure a yard in length. It is estimated that 100 asses' skins must have been used to furnish the 200 parchment leaves of this colossal book. It is considered priceless. It would be a little too large for my room. Run in again.

GREEN EYED EVELYN.—Surprised to read the cynical closing lines of your letter that you "wouldn't marry the best man living." I'm sorry you feel that way about me, but I appreciate the compliment. Pauline Frederick in "Roads of Destiny" from the stage play. Grace Darmond is also playing with her.

MARY BELL MC.—Yes, Dorothy Gish has been wearing a wig.

MARY.—That's right, but everyone is an architect of his own fortune. I'm forever building castles. Better give up the idea of scenario writing.

RAE.—You're right about Louise Huff. Yes, our early geographies showed what was called the Great American Desert. The dry area now coincides with the whole map—more map revision necessary and it's dry work. Pass the buttermilk. Send for a list of the clubs, Rae.

DOUG, JR.—Thanks for the invitation, Doug, but I wont be able to spend a Sunday with you. That's the day I have to do my mending. And then I do some knitting too. Silver Spurs is a Southerner.

YE SHIMMEY.—I'm afraid you're dying a slow death. Thanks, but great minds have a right to change their opinion. I always try to carry a few proverbs with me for constant use. Didn't you recognize Charles Arling as ye villain in "Old Kentucky Days?" He of the Pathé Western fame. No, I prefer mine frappéd.

THE MOTH.—He sure was double jointed; Lon Chaney was The Frog in "The Miracle Man." Yes, "Soldiers of Fortune" was some picture. No, it's not well to be too stingy in our praise, for men will do more to support a character than to raise one. So be liberal.

MRS. REJECTED GLOOGOOS.—You sure do write a clever letter. Come on in again.

FLUFF.—Yes, Marguerite Courtot was the Belgian girl. "The Passion Flower" was produced in 1912. Yes, Gladys Leslie. Not so long ago a wise Westerner dropped in to see me and left this glittering aphorism: "Figures wont lie, but liars will figure." And he reminded me of what you said.

CATHERINE G. Q.—Yes, I can see Norma Talmadge is your favorite. She used to run in to see us very often. In fact she was present the day a good many of my dear readers presented me with a wonderful loving cup, which I possess with much joy.

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

MARCH NUMBER

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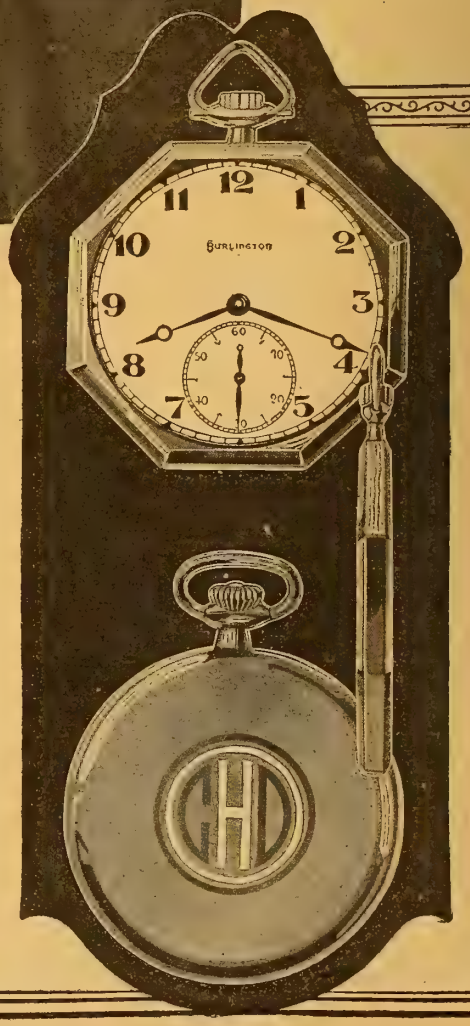
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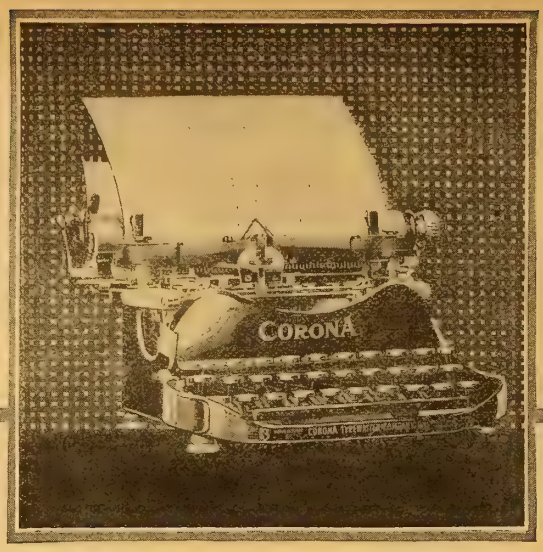
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When born..... Birthplace.....Eyes (color).....

Hair (color) .....Complexion.....

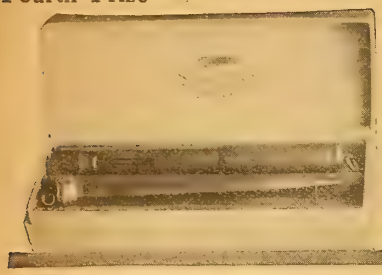
Third Prize



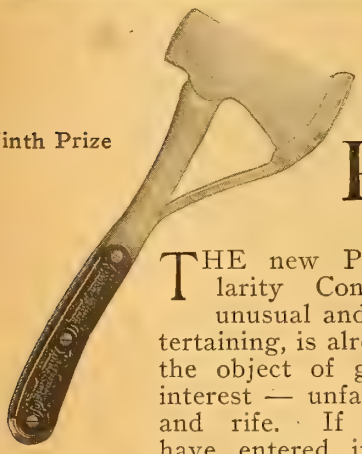
Second Prize



Fourth Prize



Ninth Prize



Sixth Prize



Popularity Contest Awards

THE new Popularity Contest, unusual and entertaining, is already the object of great interest — unfailing and rife. If you have entered it or have read the announcements which have appeared, and will appear, from time to time, containing the rules and regulations, you know it is actually a double contest—a contest in which both the public and players are equally interested.

The prizes depicted above and below were selected after much careful thought and attention and each one is destined to make some one happier, from the beautiful Crescent phonograph which suggests a twilight hour with the gems musical genii have given to the world, to the Marble nickel-plated axe which brings to mind a jolly time in some invitingly green woodland.

Perhaps you have not yet decided to enter the contest—if not do so *now*. Dont lose an opportunity of enjoying the unique entertainment it affords or of capturing one of the lovely and useful awards.

FIRST PRIZE

Crescent Phonograph, piano mahogany finish (value $160). Plays all makes of disc records: Victor, Columbia, Pathe, Edison, Emerson, etc., without the use of extra attachments or intricate adjustments; a simple turn of the sound-box is all that is necessary in changing from a lateral cut record to playing a hill and dale cut record.

A Crescent owner can enjoy a repertoire of the greatest opera singers, popular songs, dance music or anything that is turned out of the disc record. The tone of the Crescent is full, round, deep and mellow. It has a large compartment for records.

First Prize



SECOND PRIZE

Movette Camera and three packages of films (value $65). Compact, light, efficient, easily operated. Think of the possibilities during your vacation trip — your canoe trip—in pictures —pictures of your family or friends—living pictures that you can project at any time in your home. A priceless record of your life.

THIRD PRIZE

Corona Typewriter with case (value $50); an all-round portable typewriter, light enough and small enough to be carried anywhere, and strong enough to stand any possible condition of travel. It is trim and symmetrical and does not give one's study the atmosphere of a business office. Fold it up and take it with you anywhere.

FOURTH PRIZE

Sheaffer "Giftie" Combination Set, consisting of a Sheaffer Fountain Pen and a Sheaffer Sharp-Point Pencil, in a handsome plush-lined box. Gold filled, warranted twenty years. Cannot blot or leak. A beautiful and perfect writing instrument.

FIFTH PRIZE

Bristol steel Casting Rod agate guide, cork grip, strong and durable. Packed in linen case. Can be easily put in traveling bag.

SIXTH PRIZE

Loughlin Safety Self-Filling Fountain Pen. No extensions to remember, no locks to forget.

SEVENTH PRIZE

Star Vibrator, handsomely finished in nickel plate with three attachments. Alternating current. Excellent for massage. Use it in your own home.

EIGHTH PRIZE

Same as Seventh Prize.

NINTH PRIZE

Marble nickel-plated pocket axe of tool steel, carefully tempered and sharpened. Indispensable in camp or woods.



Fifth Prize

Seventh and Eighth Prize



Greatest of All Popularity Contests

Unique Competition in Which the Voters Share in the Prizes

WHO IS THE ONE GREAT STAR OF THE SCREEN?

Is it CHARLIE CHAPLIN or ELSIE FERGUSON?
Is it RICHARD BARTHELMESS or WILLIAM S. HART?

Concerning this matter there is great difference of opinion. Every fan, in fact, has his own idol. The Wall street broker swears by MARY PICKFORD; his wife thinks TOM MIX is the best actor the cinema has produced; the office boy has a "crush" on THEDA BARA and the stenographer collects photographs of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

What do **you** think? If you had a vote would you give it to NAZIMOVA or to LILLIAN GISH? Would you vote for a man or a woman or for little BEN ALEXANDER?

Shadowland, Motion Picture Magazine, and **Motion Picture Classic**—the three great magazines of the Motion Picture world—have decided to refer this question to their readers by taking a popular, world-wide vote. In regard to matters concerning the stage and theater their audience is the most intelligent and discerning; the most wide-awake and well-informed in the world today. If any picture patrons can pick out the leading star, it will be those who read **Shadowland,** the **Magazine** and **Classic.**

The coupons will show you how to enter your own name and the name of your favorite player. But you may vote on an ordinary sheet of paper provided you make it the same size and follow the wording of these coupons. We prefer the printed coupons for uniformity and convenience in counting.

There will be prizes for voters and prizes for stars.

Votes registered in Class Number 1 will probably be cast by favor. Votes registered in Class Number 2 will call for a wide knowledge of the Motion Picture business, keen powers of perception and skill at detecting the trend of popular favor. You cannot guess the winner offhand.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The Contest will open on December 1, 1919, and close on June 30, 1920.
2. There will be seven ballots as follows:

December	1919 ballot
January	1920 ballot
February	1920 ballot
March	1920 ballot
April	1920 ballot
May	1920 ballot
June	1920 ballot

3. The result of each month's ballot will be published in each one of our magazines the second month following such ballot.
4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.
5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules thereof shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for **Shadowland** every month, and the same for **Motion Picture Magazine** and yet again the same for **Classic.** Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

Class Number 1
Shadowland, Magazine and **Classic:**
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I consider ..... the most popular player in the entire field of Motion Pictures.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....
Country.....
(Dated).....

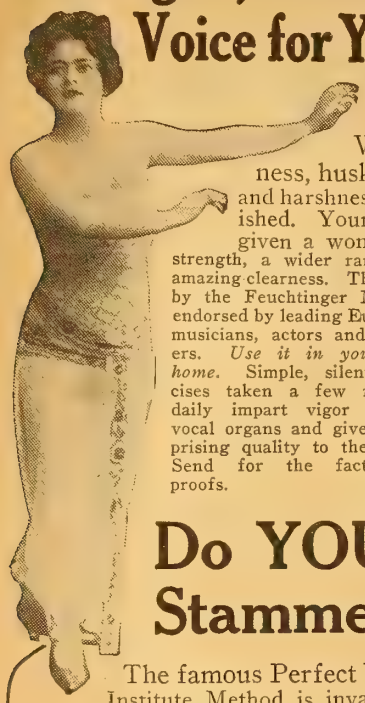
Class Number 2
Shadowland, Magazine and **Classic:**
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I believe that ..... will win the Big Three Popularity Contest with ..... votes.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....
Country.....
(Dated).....

Remember! This is the greatest player contest in history.

Stronger, Clearer Voice for You!



Weakness, huskiness and harshness banished. Your voice given a wonderful strength, a wider range, an amazing clearness. This done by the Feuchtinger Method, endorsed by leading European musicians, actors and speakers. *Use it in your own home.* Simple, silent exercises taken a few minutes daily impart vigor to the vocal organs and give a surprising quality to the tones. Send for the facts and proofs.

Do YOU Stammer?

The famous Perfect Voice Institute Method is invaluable to those who stammer or lisp. A special course of training for those with an impediment in their speech has been prepared by a famous European director. It will give you command of muscles and cords which reproduce vocal sounds. You should not hesitate for one minute to secure this valuable training. It will give you the self-confidence so necessary to your business and social success. Write at once for special offer.

Write for Valuable Book on Voice Culture

Send the coupon for interesting, illustrated book entitled "Voice Culture." We will tell you just what this method is, how it is used and what it will do for you. No matter how hopeless your case may seem, the Feuchtinger Method will improve your voice 300%. No obligation to you in asking for this information. Just mail coupon.

---Perfect Voice Institute---

Studio 1543—1772 Wilson Ave., CHICAGO

Send me the book and facts about the Feuchtinger Method. I have put X opposite subject that interests me most.

☐ Singing ☐ Speaking ☐ Stammering ☐ Lisping

Name.....

Address.....

.....



EVERYBODY ADMIRES A SLIM FIGURE

Reduce your superfluous flesh by using

FLO-RA-ZO-NA BATH CARTONS

in the daily bath. Positively harmless and effective—no dieting—no exercising. Its perfumed properties add pleasure to the bath.

14 cartons for 14 baths, $2. At your druggist, or write to

Royal Phar. & Perfumery Co.
Dept. F 1090 Madison Ave New York

Free from Epsom Salts or Alum

FAME AND FORTUNE WINNER NOW AT UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA.

Pretty Virginia Brown Becomes Universal Star and Virginia Faire Simultaneously.

About a month ago the Universal Film Company offered little Virginia Brown, one of the Fame and Fortune winners of The Motion Picture Magazine, Motion Picture Classic and Shadowland, a five-year contract. A few days later she signed said contract, becoming a Universal star and Virginia Faire at the same time, taking her mother's family name for professional use.

About a week after that, she and her mother boarded the *Twentieth Century Limited* and left for Universal City in Los Angeles, where Virginia is now at work on her first picture, "Running Straight," in which she plays opposite "Hoot" Gibson.

Her contract, every one agrees, is a very excellent one, and assures her of no little success. The salary itself which graduates, becoming a few hundred dollars more weekly every six months or every year, is a most generous one.

And today, Virginia, the star, is the same little Virginia, the girl who entered the Fame and Fortune Contest shortly after its inception. Letters and postcards came from her to Mr. Brewster and the members of the staff from various points all along her way, describing her journey with an enthusiasm both wholesome and girlish.

Here is one of the letters which came and which will be interesting to read over a few months from now, when Virginia has proved her right to stardom. It was written en route on the California *Limited* in a wobbly and shaky hand, caused by the constant jouncing of the train which was swiftly bearing her to sunny California and—stardom!

"Dear People—Your wonderful basket of fruit and candy was a most pleasant surprise. You really cant realize my appreciation of it. I wish I had you all here to hug—not only because of the basket but because you have been so wonderfully good to me.

"And please dont mind this writing. The engineer believes in 'Treat 'Em Rough.' I think your eyes are about worn out trying to make out this scribbling, so I'll say good-by.

"Lovingly,
"Virginia (Brown) Faire."

The Screen Time-Table

(*Continued from page 98*)

Dawn—D-7.
Breamer, Gordon—Blackton Production.

Please Get Married—F-7.
Viola Dana—Metro.

The Broken Butterfly—D-6.
Tourneur Production.

The Bandbox—D-6.
Doris Kenyon—De Luxe.

The Miracle Man—D-11.
Meighan, Compson—Tucker Production.

Bill Henry—D-8.
Charles Ray—Paramount.

Heart of the Hills—D-10.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.

The Virtuous Vamp—CD-9.
Constance Talmadge—Select.

Fair and Warmer—F-9.
May Allison—Metro.

The Country Cousin—D-7.
Elaine Hammerstein—Selznick.

To Exhibitors:

For rights to

"A Dream of Fair Women"

communicate at once with

Motion Picture Magazine or write direct to

Murray W. Garsson, Mgr
Foundation Film, Inc
1600 Broadway, New York

Keeps Skin Smooth, Firm, Fresh — Youthful Looking



To dispel the tell-tale lines of age, illness or worry—to overcome flabbiness and improve facial contour—there is nothing quite so good as plain

Powdered SAXOLITE

Effective for wrinkles, crowsfeet, enlarged pores, etc., because it "tightens" and tones the skin and underlying tissue. No harm to tenderest skin. Get an ounce package, follow the simple directions—see what just one application will do. Sold at all drug stores.



The POLICE KEY

is as serviceable as a whole bunch of ordinary keys; opens almost everything; every house-owner should have one. Sent postpaid on receipt of 20 cents; three for 50 cents. Safety Key Holder free with every key.

SHARPE MFG. CO., Paterson, N. J.



WHAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW

This book is written by Margaret Sanger, and although it was SUPPRESSED by the Postal Authorities, we are now permitted to send it to you

PREPAID ONLY 50c.

It contains information never before published. Those reading this book cannot help but be benefited. Send us your order at once. Don't delay.

TRUTH PUB. CO., 1400 B'dway, N.Y.C.

STAMMER

If you stammer attend no stammering school till you get my big new FREE book and special rate. Largest and most successful schoolin the world curing all forms of defective speech by advanced natural method. Write today. **North-Western School for Stammerers, Inc., 2363 Grand Ave., Milwaukee. Wis.**

FREE Wonderful Book

Tells how to learn to mount *birds, animals, game-heads and tan skins.*



Learn by mail. A necessity for hunters and nature lovers. Quickly learned by men and women. Fascinating. *Success guaranteed.* Decorate your home and den with splendid art. Make big profits from your spare time. Write today for illustrated book. It'll delight you.

N.W. School of Taxidermy 1543 Elwood Bldg., Omaha

FREE



$20

TENOR BANJO Ukulele, Hawaiian Guitar, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Cornet or Banjo

Wonderful new system of teaching note music by mail. To first pupils in each locality we give a $20 superb Violin Mandolin, Ukulele, Guitar, Hawaiin Guitar, Cornet, Tenor Banjo or Banjo absolutely free. Very small charge for lessons only. We guarantee success or no charge Complete outfit free. Write now. No obligation.

SLINGERLAND SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Inc. Dept. 52 CHICAGO, ILL.

This Book FREE



Photoplay Ideas Bring $25 to $200
Cash in your "happy thoughts" writing in spare time. **No previous experience necessary.** Our easy home course affords thorough instruction and turns out successful scenario writers. Write at once for our FREE Book. Special Price and Prize Offer.
Chicago Photoplaywright College, Box 278-Cl-2



How Luxuriant Lashes Aid the Expression



JOY



SORROW



MIRTH



PRIDE



"VAMP"



INNOCENCE

LASHLUX means long, luxuriant, silken eyelashes that enhance good looks and charm.

"Real Beauty is in the Eyes"

WHATEVER your expression may be, beautiful eyes make it doubly captivating.

Who knows indeed, of any famous beauty, in social life, in history, on the stage or on the "screen," whose eyes have not been her paramount attraction? What man, in his quest for beauty, fails to search for it in woman's eyes? None; for there is where *real* beauty lies.

When your eyes "register" emotions, they speak "straight from the soul" if you have long, luxuriant lashes.

You can have beautiful eyelashes and brows to enhance *your* charm, by massaging a tiny bit of LASHLUX into them at night before retiring.

LASHLUX is like no other preparation. It may be used during the day after the face has been powdered, supplying the natural nourishment which the powder has absorbed. It is a harmless cream which darkens eyelashes instantly and is made in two shades, BROWN and DARK. It is thus adaptable to any complexion. It is also uncolored, should you prefer to use it at night only.

It is ever so delicately scented and contains properties that actually cause lashes to grow long, silken, luxuriant.

The attractive brown box is only 50c. Accept no substitutes.

Remember—"Real Beauty is in the Eyes."

Sold by most Drug and Department Stores or Direct from the makers.

ROSS CHEMICAL CO., 22 East 23d Street New York

LASHLUX

means luxuriant lashes



50c



THE charm of a beautiful complexion merits none but the finest and daintiest of face powders.

Freeman's
FACE POWDER

For 40 years the choice of women who prize their beauty. Of lovely fragrance and closely clinging.

All tints at all toilet counters 50c (double the quantity of old 25c size) plus 2c war tax. Miniature box mailed for 4c plus 1c war tax.

THE FREEMAN PERFUME CO.,
Dept. 100 Cincinnati, O.

Reduce Your Flesh

Exactly where desired by wearing

Dr. Walter's
Famous Medicated Reducing

Rubber Garments
For Men and Women

Cover the entire body or any part. Endorsed by leading physicians. Send for illustrated Booklet.



Dr. Jeanne M. P. Walter
353 Fifth Ave., New York
(Billings Building, 4th Floor (Ent. on 34th St., 3d Door East)

Bust Reducer, Price $6.00
Chin Reducer, Price $2.50

End Gray Hair
Let Science Show You How



Now the way has been found for scientifically restoring gray hair to its natural color. And it is offered to women in Mary T. Goldman's Scientific Hair Color Restorer.

No treatments are required. You apply it yourself, easily, quickly and surely.

We urge you to make a trial test. It will cost you nothing.

Mary T. Goldman's
Scientific Hair Color Restorer

A Free Test

Cut out the coupon. Mark on it the exact color of your hair. Mail it to us, and we will send you free a trial bottle of MARY T. GOLDMAN'S and one of our special combs. Try it on a lock of your hair. Note the results. Then you will know why thousands of women have already used this scientific hair color restorer.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
1573 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Accept no Imitations—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

Mary T. Goldman, 1573 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me your *free* trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer. The natural color of my hair is

black____ jet black____ dark brown____
medium brown____ light brown____

Name _____
Street _____ Town _____
Co. _____ State _____

Popular Players Puzzle

Perhaps the book has proved dull; and the game, whatever it is, which has entertained the family for the last few nights, has exhausted itself. Here, then, is the very thing for the evening. It will entertain every member of the family circle.

Take it under the living-room lamp and work over it together—many heads are always better than one, and besides the keen interest and fascination which it contains, there are worth-while prizes offered as an incentive.

Every one is a movie fan, from grandmother to little sister, and it may surprise you to see just how familiar you all are with the stellar folk of filmdom.

Here's the way to do it:—

By inserting names of popular players with as many letters as there are dashes where you see a word has been omitted you will complete a little story.

For instance in a sentence:—

The poor girl's face turned as ———— as chalk, you would say: The poor girl's face turned as *White* (Pearl) as chalk.

In each case it will be well to insert the other name of the player in parentheses, as the competitor giving the most information will receive first consideration. Cleanliness and attractiveness, decorativeness of any design and originality in submitting will also be taken into consideration where more than one person proves equally competent in solving the missing names.

No puzzle solutions will be opened which are postmarked later than March 15th, and the winners will be published in the July MAGAZINE, which will be on all stands June 1st.

That means you must get busy right away so that you will be able to take advantage of every minute from now until the close of the contest.

Write on one side of the paper only and address all puzzles to The Popular Players Puzzle Editor, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Here, then, are the prizes:—

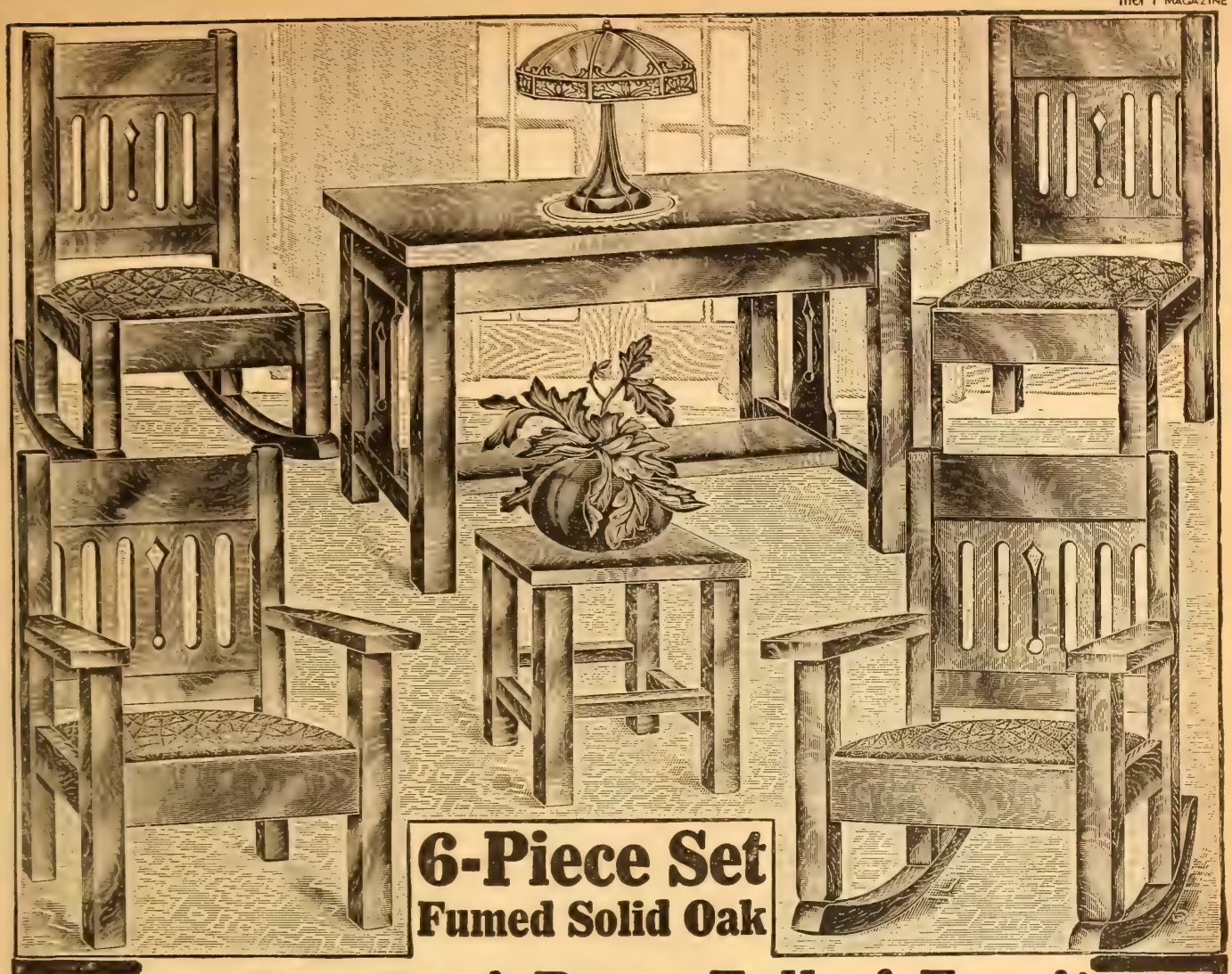
First Prize.....$10.00 in cash
Second Prize.....Year's subscription to MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND.
Third Prize..... Year's subscription to any two of the publications of THE BIG THREE.
Fourth Prize.....Year's subscription to any one of the publications of THE BIG THREE.
Fifth Prize..... Six months' subscription to any one of THE BIG THREE PUBLICATIONS.

Long ago, on a ——— day, when the world was ———————, there lived a ——————— girl of ——————— disposition and ————— to look upon. Her thoughts were as pure as ————. One day, she left her home and wandered into the ——————— beyond, in search of the enchanted ————————. As she walked she turned the ——————— in her ——————— book and read about ——— ———————. Dressed in her simple frock of ——————— and looking very ————————, she thought she would search for the fairies. She met a ————— who she later learned was a ——————— of some ——————— men working on the building of a house near her own. He was one of those good ——————————— whom every one likes, of ——————— will of ————— like form, and the fading sun cast a ———— of light about him as she saw him ———————————— against one of the trees with its beautiful ————————— leaves, as he whittled a ————— from one of the branches. Before she had come upon him he had been hunting, and two animals lay in the grass at his feet. One was a ————— and the other a ————. He seemed to have killed ——————— than he could ——————— and was evidently in a ————— about his lack of strength.

He seemed ————, and when he laughed at her and offered her a drink, he brightened up again as tho of a ———————————— turn of mind.

Now the child realized she was lost, so she asked the man to take her back home. Because of his great ————— of children he said he would and they started to ———————————— the distance. They wended their way toward the ————————— and finally over the ————————. The little tot was a good ——————————— and they both were happy. Soon the big ————————————, the child's home loomed up before them.

And when the little girl's mother met them in the ————, and clasped her child in her arms, there was a great re————ing.



6-Piece Set
Fumed Solid Oak

$2.00 Down
6 Pieces

A Room Full of Furniture

Send only $2.00 and we will ship you this handsome 6-piece library set. Only $2.00 down, then $2.90 a month, or only $32.90 in all. A positively staggering value and one of the biggest bargains we have ever offered. Look at the massive set, clip the coupon below and have it shipped on approval. Then see for yourself what a beautiful set it is. If you do not like it, return it in 30 days and we will return your money. All you have to do is to send the coupon with $2.00. This magnificent library set is not shown in our regular catalog. The value is so wonderful and the demand so great that there aren't enough to go around, so send today—sure. Either have set sent for you to see, or tell us to mail catalog.

This superb six-piece library set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich dull waxed, brown fumed oak. Large arm rocker and arm chair are 36 inches high, seats 19 x 19 inches. Sewing rocker and reception chair are 36 inches high, seats 17 x 17 inches. All four pieces are padded, seats upholstered in brown imitation Spanish leather. Library table has 24 x 34 inch top, with roomy magazine shelf below, and beautifully designed ends. Jardiniere stand measures 17 inches high, with 12 inch top. Clip the coupon below, and send it to us with $2.00, and we will ship the entire six pieces, subject to your approval. **No C. O. D.** Shipped knocked down so as to save you as much as one-half of the freight charges. Easy to set up. Shipping weight about 175 pounds. **Order by No. B5971A. Send $2.00 cash with order; $2.90 monthly. Price $32.90. No discount for cash.**

Act Now—While This Special Offer Lasts

Don't wait a day longer. Sit down today and send in the coupon for this 6-piece fumed Solid Oak Library Set. For a limited time only we are able to offer you this stupendous bargain. Prices, as you know, on everything are going up, up, up. It is impossible to tell just what day it will be necessary for us to increase the price of this wonderful fumed Solid Oak Library Set. So act, but act quick. Fill out the coupon and send it to us with the first small payment and we will ship you this wonderful 6-piece fumed Solid Oak Library Set **Pieces not sold separately.**

Easy Payments!

Open an account with us. We trust honest people, no matter where you live. Send for this wonderful bargain shown above or choose from our big catalog. One price to all cash or credit. **No discount for cash.** Not one penny extra for credit. Do not ask for a special cash price. We cannot offer any discount from these sensational prices. **No C. O. D.**

30 Days Trial

Our guarantee protects you. If not entirely satisfied, return the article at our expense within 30 days and get your money back—and pay freight both ways. Could any offer be fairer?

Free Bargain Catalog

Send for it. Shows thousands of bargains in furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, silverware, **stoves, porch and lawn furniture,** women's, men's and children's wearing apparel. Send the coupon today.

Send This Coupon

Along with $2.00 to us now. Have this fine library set shipped on 30 days' trial. We will also send our big Bargain Catalog listing thousands of amazing bargains. Only a small first payment and balance in monthly payments for anything you want. Send the coupon today.

STRAUS & SCHRAM Dept. 1543 **W. 35th Street** **CHICAGO, ILL.**

Free Trial Coupon

Straus & Schram
Dept. 1543 **West 35th Street CHICAGO, ILL.**

Enclosed find $2.00. Ship special advertised 6-piece Fumed Oak Library Suite. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If I keep the suite, I will pay you $2.90 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the suite within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight charges I paid.

☐ 6-Piece Library Set, No. B5971A. $32.90.

Name .....

St. R.F.D. or Box No. .....

Shipping Point .....

Post Office ..... *State* .....

If you ONLY want catalog put X in proper box below

☐ Furniture, Stoves and Jewelry

☐ Men's, Women's and Children's Clothing

The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

The History of a Word

THE trade-mark "KODAK" was first applied, in 1888, to a camera manufactured by us and intended for amateur use. It had no "derivation." It was simply invented—made up from letters of the alphabet to meet our trade-mark requirements.

It was short and euphonious and likely to stick in the public mind, and therefore seemed to us to be admirably adapted to use in exploiting our new product.

It was, of course, immediately registered, and so is ours, both by such registration and by common law. Its first application was to the Kodak Camera. Since then we have applied it to other goods of our manufacture, as, for instance, Kodak Tripods, Kodak Portrait Attachments, Kodak Film, Kodak Film Tanks and Kodak Amateur Printers.

The name "Kodak" does not mean that these goods must be used in connection with a Kodak camera for as a matter of fact any of them may be used with other apparatus or goods. It simply means that they originated with, and are manufactured by, the Eastman Kodak Company.

"Kodak" being our registered and common law trade-mark can not be rightly applied except to goods of our manufacture.

If you ask at the store for a Kodak Camera, or Kodak Film, or other Kodak goods and are handed something not of our manufacture, you are not getting what you specified, which is obviously unfair both to you and to us.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

THE WILLIAM G. HEWITT PRESS, 61-67 NAVY ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

COLGATE'S



Florient

Flowers of the Orient

Awarded first place—even above imported perfumes—by an impartial jury of discriminating women

One can almost hear the conversation swing from husbands to hats—then from hats to complexions—and then from complexions to perfumes.

"Yes, my dear," remarks the girl in blue, "I thought the same until I made 'The Perfume Test'. Then I found that it isn't the foreign label or the elaborate, fancy bottle that makes a perfume what it should be."

"How did you?" asks the hostess. "What is it then?"

"The character of it," comes the answer. "'The Perfume Test' showed me that my own taste—which I think is good—guided me straight to Florient."

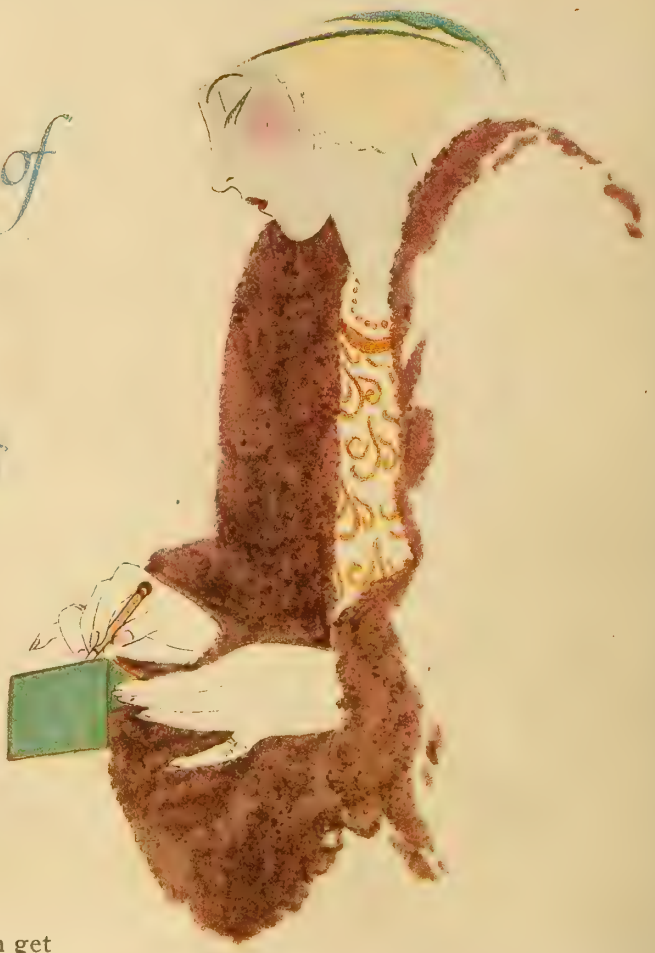
Florient — Flowers of the Orient

The Test was made by an impartial jury of women who compared three of the most popular foreign perfumes with three Colgate Perfumes. There was no glamour of foreign names or labels—the perfumes were served by numbers only, and were judged by their quality alone. More than half of this jury, nearly all of whom said first stated that they preferred the foreign perfumes, chose Colgate's — Florient being the favorite.

Full details of the Test and materials for making it yourself will be sent on receipt of 2c in stamps. Address Colgate & Co., Dept. H, 199 Fulton St., New York.



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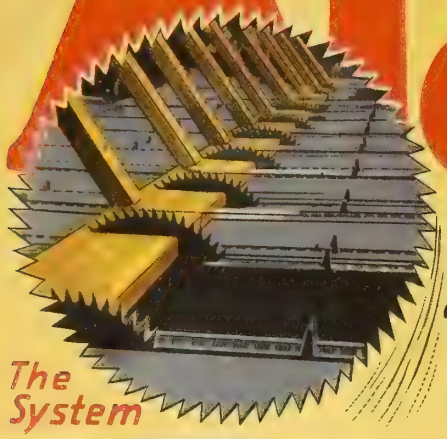
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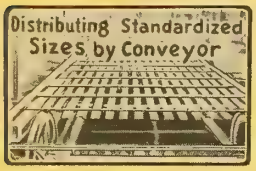


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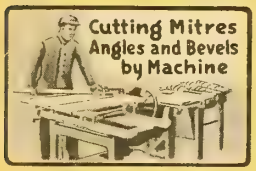
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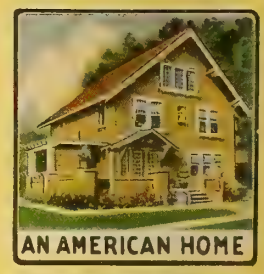
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Vol. XIX APRIL-MAY, 1920 No. 3--4

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Almost a decade ago, when the art of the screen was first pronounced worthy of depicting life's dramas, this Magazine was founded. From the first, it aimed to be the voice of the Silent Drama—the friend of those in front, and of the shadowed players. It has always been ready to encourage all that is good, and eager to wield its power against all that is unworthy. Every word, every picture in this Magazine is printed for you, the reader; hence it is your magazine, and the official organ of the Motion Picture public.

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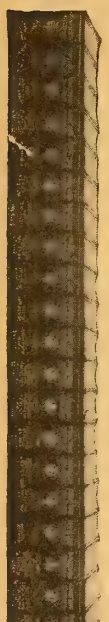
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STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

By "JUNIUS"

Astor.—Fay Bainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American. Racial barriers seem insurmountable, but there is a happy and surprising ending. Has all the ingredients of popular drama.

Booth.—"The Purple Mask," with Leo Ditrichstein. A stirring, romantic melodrama of the days of the First Consulate in France; tense, colorful and highly interesting. One of the best evening's entertainment in New York. Mr. Ditrichstein is delightful as the royalist brigand, the Purple Mask; Brandon Tynan is admirable as the republican police agent, Brisquet; Lily Cahill is a charming heroine, and Boots Wooster makes her bit of a peasant girl stand out.

Broadhurst.—"Smilin' Through," with Jane Cowl. An odd, but effective, drama which purports to show how those who have gone before influence and watch over our lives. Miss Cowl is exceedingly good as a piquant Irish girl and also as a spirit maid whose death occurred fifty years before. "Smilin' Through" will evoke your smiles and tears.

Casino.—"The Little Whopper." Lively and amusing musical comedy with tuneful score by Rudolf Friml. Vivienne Segal pleasantly heads the cast, which also numbers Harry C. Browne, who does excellent work; Mildred Richardson and W. J. Ferguson.

Central.—"As You Were," with Irene Bordoni and Sam Bernard. A delightful musical show in which Miss Bordoni dazzles as the various sirens of history. Pleasant music and a pleasant chorus lend effective aid.

Cort.—"Abraham Lincoln." You should see this if you see nothing else on the New York stage. John Drinkwater's play is a noteworthy literary and dramatic achievement, for he makes the Great American live again. "Abraham Lincoln" can not fail to make you a better American. Moreover, it is absorbing as a play. Frank McGlyn, a discovery, is a brilliant Lincoln.

Comedy.—"My Lady Friends." Highly amusing entertainment adapted from a Continental farce. Much of the humor is due to the able work of Clifton Crawford in the rôle of the guileless young publisher of Bibles whose efforts to spend money get him into all sorts of difficulties. June Walker scores in Mr. Crawford's support.

Century.—"Aphrodite." Highly colored and lavish presentation of a drama based upon Pierre Louys' exotic novel of ancient Alexandria. Superbly staged adaptation of the play that caused a sensation in Paris. Dorothy Dalton, the screen star, returns to the stage in the principal rôle of the Galilean courtesan, Chrysis, and scores. McKay Morris is admirable in the principal male rôle.

Eltinge.—"Breakfast in Bed," with Florence Moore. A rather amusing farce satirizing the movies with vaudeville's lady clown, Miss Moore, working very hard to put it over.

Empire.—"Déclassée," with Ethel Barrymore. One of the big things of the dramatic season is this clever play by Zoe Akins. Whether or not it has the basis of truth, it is brilliantly written and is well played by Miss Barrymore.

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Globe.—"Apple Blossoms." The ambitious and *much* heralded operetta of Fritz Kreisler and Victor Jacobi plus colorful Joseph Urban settings. An offering far above the musical average. John Charles Thomas sings admirably, Wilda Bennett is an attractive heroine and Florence Shirley lends a piquant personality to the proceedings.

Harris.—"Wedding Bells." A bright and highly amusing comedy by Salisbury Field. Admirably written and charmingly played by Margaret Lawrence and Wallace Eddinger. One of the things you should see.

Hippodrome.—"Happy Days." Big and spectacular production typical of the Hippodrome. The diving girls are again a feature, disporting in the huge "Hip" tank.

Hudson.—"Clarence," Booth Tarkington's delightful comedy, built about the way a returned soldier reunited a disturbed but typically American household. Superb performances by Alfred Lunt, Glenn Hunter and Helen Hayes give the comedy a fine verve.

Knickerbocker.—"Shavings." A pleasant, bucolic entertainment based upon Joseph C. Lincoln's familiar Cape Cod stories. Harry Beresford is featured in a gentle, whimsical characterization.

Maxine Elliott's.—"The Cat Bird," with John Drew. A leisurely little play by Rupert Hughes, dealing with an elderly ecologist who straightens out the romances of several people according to the principles derived from his studies among flowers and insects. Mr. Drew returns to the New York stage after an absence of two years as the ecologist. A suave evening's amusement.

Morosco.—"Sacred and Profane Love," with Elsie Ferguson. An absorbing—if loosely conceived—drama by Arnold Bennett, which marks the return of Miss Ferguson to the speaking stage. It is the story of a remarkable love, a keenly mental authoress and a musical genius who slips into the slough of drugs. Miss Ferguson has many admirable moments, and Jose Ruben contributes some brilliant playing as the drug wreck.

Thirty-ninth Street Theater.—"Scandal," Cosmo Hamilton's daring drama which Constance Talmadge played on the screen. Francine Larrimore and Charles Cherry have the leading rôles in the excellent footlight production.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1919." A typical girly garden show in which the famous runway gets plenty of use. The revue presents a number of travesties upon current attractions, particularly colorful being that of "The Jest," with Charles Winninger doing a clever burlesque of Lionel Barrymore.

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Letters to the Editor

A plea for true English types—not caricatures:

MY DEAR EDITOR—Ever since the first issue of your MAGAZINE I have been a subscriber, also to your CLASSIC—and now to SHADOWLAND. And as I am an ardent picture fan and believe your publications the best of the kind issued, I am wondering why the picture folks are so at a loss to get good English types. Their idea of an Englishman seems to be some man with an idiotic expression, overdressed (but one who usually wears clothes poorly) and some one that usually overacts until he reaches the point of ridiculousness. This is anything but the portrayal of a real English gentleman of means and social position. Cant the moving picture directors recognize a gentleman—are English types so scarce that they are not available? The intelligent public doesn't want some one looking like a butler or waiter!

Thank you for this much of your valuable time and may your magazines continue their success—they surely merit it.

Very truly yours,
EDITH B. L.

New York City.

Wont some one correspond with our little Arizona reader?

DEAR EDITOR—I thought I would write a letter that you might publish in your MAGAZINE. I like to read your MAGAZINE very much and thought maybe some of the readers would write letters to me.

I am a little girl of fourteen years and the only fun I have is going to the movies.

Of all the stars, I love best—Mary Pickford, Alice Brady and Marie Walcamp.

Hoping some one will write to me soon, I am.

Sincerely yours,
MARIE CANCHOLA.

Box 2457, Globe, Arizona.

Isn't Doug as clever as he used to be? This reader says no.

DEAR EDITOR—What has happened to Douglas Fairbanks? There was a time when his pictures were enjoyable, but this cannot be said of the last I have seen.

In "Say, Young Fellow" and "Mr. Fix It" it was wearying to keep track of him and he reminded me very much of a grasshopper, jumping always—never quiet.

In his Triangle days, Doug could certainly go some when the story called for it, but there were breathing spells when he would now and then behave like a rational human being.

It is so very easy for farce to become slapstick—and for a good actor to become a clown.

Please, Doug, give us some more like "The Half Breed" and "The Good Bad Man," and forget some of the acrobatics now and then.

With best wishes,
MAISIE D. FOUNTAIN.

81 Grafton Road, Auckland, N. Z.

The movies find a champion—they do not need one particularly, perhaps, but it is always pleasant to hear praise as well as adverse criticism:

DEAR EDITOR—Here I am again! Not to air a grievance this time, but just a little reply to two of your correspondents—one of them in the September number of the MAGAZINE states that he thinks the pictures are in their second childhood—it is true we haven't seen the particular picture to which he refers, but we do not share his opinion in Australia.

The pictures have never been better



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than they are now. Of course, there are some very "flat pictures"—most uninteresting and boring, but that is the exception to the rule.

For instance, what could be better than "Daddy Long Legs," "Raffles," "The Temple of Dusk," "The Squaw Man," and the many other productions shown these days—not to mention the pictures directed by Griffith, De Mille, Tourneur, Ince, and the many others? And the other pictures with artists like "Little Mary," as we love to call Mary Pickford, Chaplin, Hart and Fairbanks.

Up to the present I think I am safe in saying that pictures are very fine and it is not likely that they will "retreat" unless thru the fault of the audience in not giving the good and the better photoplays their support.

As for the acting—that also is greatly improved. One sometimes wonders, in fact, if it can be improved more. Take Ann Little in "The Squaw Man," and Mary Pickford in "Stella Maris"—they were rare bits of realistic acting.

On the whole, the cinema art is becoming greater and greater. And for this we must thank the great directors, the stars, and every one else connected with the industry, for having raised the movie from a mere show to the greatest entertainment known today.

And now in answer to a correspondent—a Sydney girl—who said in the October issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE that Alice Brady is the greatest favorite in Australia. Miss Brady is certainly a great favorite here and we all love her, but it would hardly be fair to the other stars to say that Miss Brady is the *only* favorite. In fact, we love all the screen players and, of course, our own Australians too. In this respect we have but one regret and that is that we do not see enough of Louise Lovely.

I must also add that we are glad to read, now that the war is over, that most of our old favorites who left the screen to bear arms will return.

And now, dear Editor, having given you "another side to the question," I will close with every best wish to you, and for a still wider popularity of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and CLASSIC and the success of SHADOWLAND.

Your very sincere reader,
ALMA P. THOMPSON.
197 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, Australia.

Sisters of stars are not always able to act, so says this correspondent, and the thought is worth while:

DEAR EDITOR—It is because I think that only by public criticism will the screen art move forward that I write this letter.

Are we to believe that because a famous actress has a sister that the sister must be able to act too? I dont think so. Take for instance, Marguerite Marsh. I, for one, do not think she can act. I dont for one minute say she will never be able to do so, but the public should not suffer until a girl becomes capable. There must be a training school which will teach people how to use their talent—if they have one—to overcome little crudities—and which will give them some subtlety.

Of course, there are exceptions to the sister rule—such as the adorable Talmadges. Constance would be a star even were it not for Norma. The Gish sisters too. They are both artists.

Wishing the MAGAZINE the best of luck and hoping it will grow so large that by the time I have finished one number the next will be out, I am, Yours truly,

EVELYN THEODORE DARE.
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The MAY SHADOWLAND will be exceptionally fine from its artistic cover to the wisdom of the Court of the Sage.

Interspersed between these two are the latest and most attractive pictures—pictures colored richly as Titian or Rembrandt might have colored them, interesting articles, clever interviews and charming novelizations of the latest feature-plays. In this issue there is an unusual interview with

JOHN DRINKWATER

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Another interview in which MAURICE TOURNEUR speaks entertainingly of the faults of the photoplay.

The two brilliant writers, Hadi Barron and Saxon Cone, have collaborated again and have given us a play with a novel theme, entitled "Forever." There will be the latest news of Paris and American fashion, the development of the drama and the screen will be brilliantly presented and illustrated in the May

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NEW YORK

CONTENTS

APRIL--MAY, 1920

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

Cover portrait of Lillian Gish by Leo Sielke, after a photograph by Charles Albin

Ethereal—with an essence of the spiritual almost—a little lyric lady is Lillian Gish with wonderment in her blue eyes and soft gold lights in her hair. One of the first players to win stardom on the screen, then, as now, under the guidance of D. W. Griffith, Lillian has given many artistic portrayals. But her Little Lucy in "Broken Blossoms" stands forth with a gem-like rareness. Lillian—a personification of innocent childhood—Lillian—with a beauty like that of the Easter lilies!

		PAGE
Gallery of Players New portrait studies in gravure of Alice Brady, Olive Thomas, Pell Trenton, Betty Blythe, Vincent Coleman, Virginia Faire, Gloria Swanson, Lucille Stewart and Madge Kennedy.		19-28
Step Out of Your Character!	*Editorial*	29
"Lights!" Says Lillian! In which you meet Lillian Gish, Director.	*Gladys Hall*	30
The Caveman Cavalier Rockcliffe Fellowes returns to the silversheet.	*Adele Whitely Fletcher*	32
Tonyesque Tennis With Tony on the court.		34
Matrimony, Motion Pictures and Millinery Jackie Saunders knows about all three.	*Peggy Gaddis*	35
The One-Man Movie John Emerson and Anita Loos talk.	*Isador M. Stern*	36
Lloyd: Laughsmith The comedy hero visits New York.	*James Fredericks*	38
The 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest Opens Again we seek new cinema stars!		40
Alice à la Mode Clothes as Miss Joyce sees them.	*Betsy Bruce*	42
The Walk-Offs A novelette of the new May Allison production.	*Grace Lamb*	43
Sick-A-Bed-Lady Jean Paige finds illness non-interviewer proof.	*Adele Whitely Fletcher*	48
The Domestic DeHavens		50
Eastertide Posed by Corinne Griffith.		51
Some Claytonesque Conceptions Ethel Clayton is interviewed in her Hollywood home.	*Doris Delvigne*	52
N. B.—Take Notice of Nigel Barrie	*Sally Roberts*	54
The Fan Fad of Frederick		56
The Woman Gives The new Norma Talmadge offering in short-story form.	*Janet Reid*	57
Anita's Ambitions Revealing the girl in Anita Stewart.	*Truman B. Handy*	62
The Mellow Art of Aitken Depicting a screen veteran on his hearthstone.	*Doris Delvigne*	64
The Stage Mother Comes to the Screen Emma Dunn plays in "Old Lady 31" for silversheet.	*Maude S. Cheatham*	65
Touring the Missions Dorothy Phillips snapped while on vacation.		66
That's Out	*Tamar Lane*	67
Lowe—and Behold! Edmund Lowe comes to the screen.	*Gladys Hall*	68
Paris Green A fictionization of the latest Charles Ray photoplay.	*Norman Bruce*	69
How Motion Pictures Aid Navy Recruiting What movies mean to the Navy.	*Logan E. Ruggles, U. S. N.*	73
Across the Silversheet A review of current offerings.	*Hazel Simpson Naylor*	74
Mary Pickford Heads Popularity Contest Votes coming in thick and fast as contest opens.		76
Our Animated Movie Monthly of News and Views Gossip from the movie colony.	*Sally Roberts*	78
The Answer Man Wit, wisdom and information galore.	*Himself*	86
The Screen Time-table A critique which can be read at a glance.		91

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"DO *you like this soft gray chintz scattered with sweet old-fashioned nose-gays? Or this silk from China?—very 'different,' with its large vivid birds on queer boughs. And for your own boudoir, madame, these filmy lengths of mauve and rose chiffon—*"

Be sure that you choose just the fabric you like. No material is too exquisite, none too delicate to wash the gentle Lux way. The laundry, the cleaners' bills—these are but silly fears of the past. You can trust to Lux any material that water alone will not hurt.

Cretonnes, silks, satins, the merest clouds of chiffon, come from these wonderful suds unharmed. No cake soap to rub in. No rubbing to get the soap and dirt out. Just pure bubbling suds that whisk the dirt away and leave the colors clear and bright.

Never let a fine fabric really get soiled

Dirt that is allowed to stay in actually cuts the tiny fibres. If you even *suspect* that striped taffeta slip cover or those yellow silk hangings of looking less bright, slip them into a big bowlful of the pure Lux suds. Let Lux take care of all your beautiful draperies and find out how long they *can* last. Your grocer, druggist, or department store has Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

How to wash silks and colored fabrics

Use one tablespoonful of Lux to a gallon of water. Whisk into a rich lather in very hot water, then add cold water till lukewarm. Colors should be washed quickly to prevent running. Dip the fabric up and down in the foamy suds. Squeeze the suds through the soiled spots —*do not rub.* Rinse in three lukewarm waters. When possible, roll silks in a towel to dry. If colored fabrics are hung up to dry, they should be hung in the shade. Press with a warm iron.



There's nothing like Lux for fine hangings

LUX

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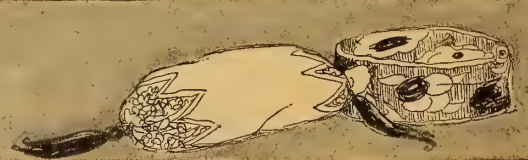




Photo by Evans, L. A.

PELL TRENTON

Pell played the rôle of Youth in "Everywoman" in his legitimate stage days and it was altogether fitting and proper that he should do this. "Fair and Warmer" and "The Willow Tree" are the two latest offerings with him as leading man and tho his rôles in these are widely varied we find him giving excellent characterizations in both.



Photo by Hoover Art Co.

BETTY BLYTHE

Betty has come to feel a sense of responsibility, knowing as she does, the predictions which folks have made concerning her. However, those who have witnessed her performance with Mahlon Hamilton in "The Third Generation" declare that she will have no difficulty in living up to what is expected of her.



Photo by Lumière

VINCENT COLEMAN

Vincent's latest endeavors are reflected in the Goldwyn Eminent Authors' production, "Prisoners of the Night," in which he is well cast. Vincent has an advantage over most leading men in the fact that he is quite able to take care of any fight scenes, being a wrestler of no mean ability.



Photo by Jack Freulich

VIRGINIA FAIRE

Virginia with her dark curls and brown eyes has realized just what a busy existence a movie star must lead since she won the Fame and Fortune Contest and signed with Universal. She has completed her first picture, "Running Straight," in which she plays with Hoot Gibson, and the Universal Powers-That-Be are most enthusiastic over her—our pretty little protégée.



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

GLORIA SWANSON

Gloria, vivid and exotic in her beauty, is now busily at work in the De Mille production, "Dont Change Your Wife." There is no one who wears just the gowns that Gloria wears—and one might go so far as to say that it is doubtful if there is any one who could wear them—at least in just the way that Gloria does.



LUCILLE LEE STEWART

Lucille has added the touch of feminine beauty to Eugene O'Brien and William Russell productions recently, flitting from Select to Fox as was necessary. Now, however, she is back under the Select banner.



Photo by Clarence S. Bull

MADGE KENNEDY

The silversheet would be dimmer by far without the Madgesque sparkle which it has known for the last few years. Her comedy, every one agrees, is unlike any we have previously known, but one and all we find her irresistible. Having completed "The Blooming Angel," she is now at work on "Trimmed in Red."



Stearns

Day Dream Face Powder

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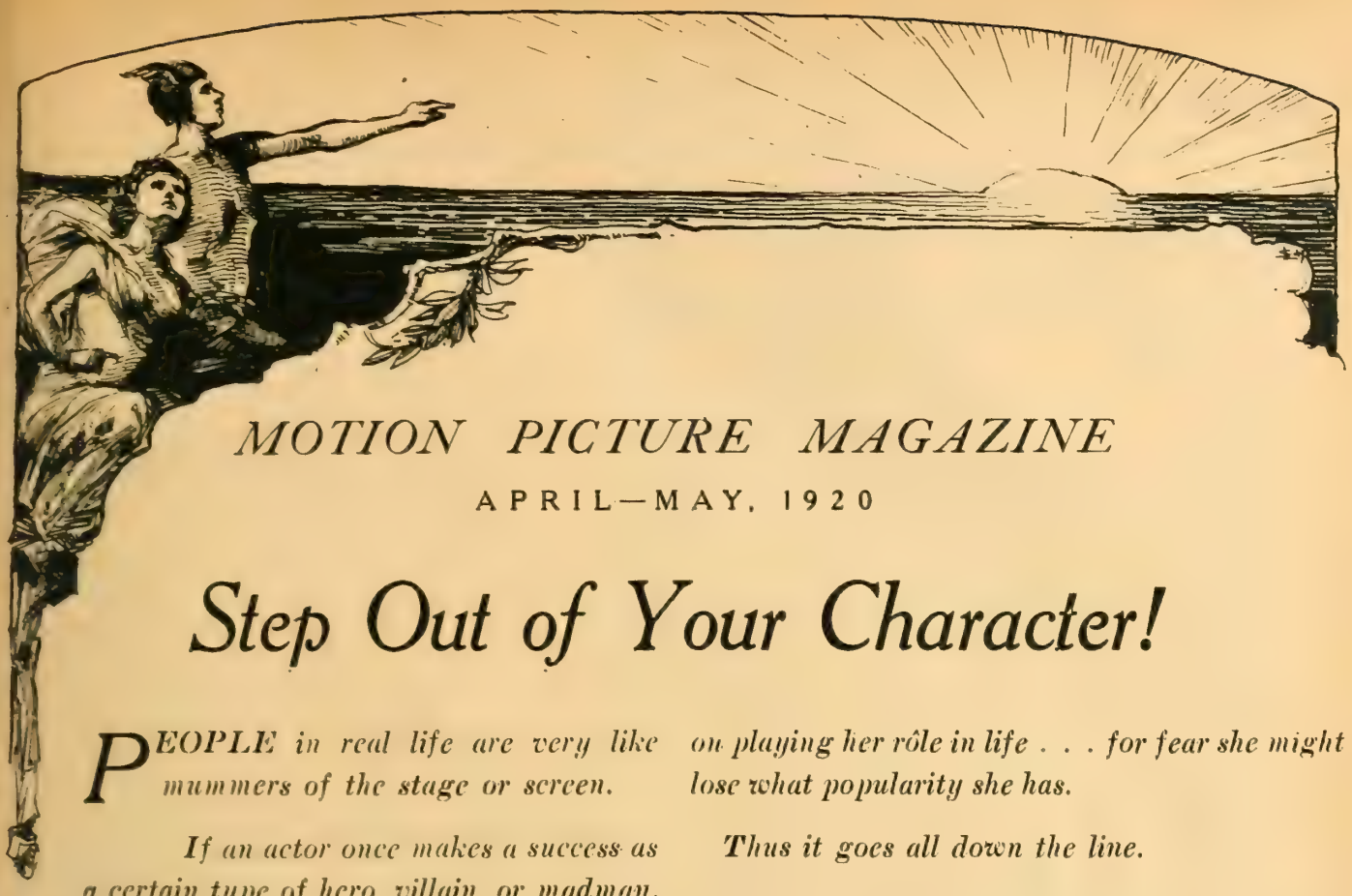
A POWDER, so soft and silken, so charming in its delicate, lasting fragrance, and yet, with all its wonderful charm, possessing those necessary qualities which make it such a favorite with the discriminating woman—practical invisibility and an ability to actually stay on—that is Day Dream Face Powder.

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STEARNS, *Perfumer*
DETROIT





MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

APRIL—MAY, 1920

Step Out of Your Character!

PEOPLE in real life are very like mummers of the stage or screen.

If an actor once makes a success as a certain type of hero, villain, or madman, he is doomed to play madmen or heroes, as the case may be, to the end of his career.

In a like manner people allow themselves to become catalogued in life's drama. One is always a stern man, another a weepy woman, a third a perennial ingénue. There are the perpetually abused wife, the good-fellow, the crank, the clinging vine, the individualist, the tiresome optimist, the whining pessimist, and countless others.

For years they have played the same character in life. Erroneously, they think that the world expects nothing else of them, that the world would stop its twirling to gasp at them should they reveal any other than their accustomed phase.

The crank probably has a heart of gold, but he is afraid to show it. He fears to bare the best there is in him . . . some one might laugh. The ingénue is weary of her curls; she has a brain beneath them and would like to talk out and up to men, but they expect nothing more than round eyes and baby-stares from her, and so she keeps on playing her rôle in life . . . for fear she might lose what popularity she has.

Thus it goes all down the line.

Few of us realize that the big surprise is what makes humanity sit up and take notice, that it is the unusual that piques our interest, the unexpected that thrills us.

Let the pugilist preach if he wants to, let the atheist practice altruism as he has longed to all along, let the writer try painting, the actor writing.

Try following the dictates of your own heart and mind and will and desire. At least you will advance, for to stand still is death.

Let that impulse—if it is a good impulse—have full sway. If it is a bad one, you will conquer it much more quickly by letting it come out in broad daylight than by stifling it. Daylight exposure will show you its true defects, which the moonlight of your thought veils with glamour.

Dont force yourself into a groove!

Cast aside fear!

Come out of your shell!

Step out of your character!

"Lights!" Says Lillian!



Photo by Sarony, N. Y.



Because Lillian had always been so sweet, and so kind, and so willing to do each and every one of the men a favor, she was reaping the rewards of years. They were retaliating on this job. Above, a new portrait; center, directing a scene, and below, helping Dorothy prepare her black wig for the next scene



I CONFESS that, before I made my entry into the old Thanhouser studio in New Rochelle, I couldn't decide what to think. Wisely, I decided not to think at all—just to wait and see. See Lillian Gish as a director. See her, in fact, directing, which was my intriguing mission in New Rochelle. See her directing her sister Dorothy. I couldn't seem to get a prescient impression. I would hardly go so far as to say that it didn't seem *possible,* because to those few among us who possess the quality of greatness, either in its evanescent manifestation or a hardier one, *all* things are possible. Still, one thinks, I believe, of a director as a more or less lusty gentleman—with a megaphone, more likely than not. One thinks of shouted orders and a general state of virile activity. Now and then, or this may be the old order and so passing away, a state of equally virile profanity. And so in no possible way did Lillian Gish fit into these mental landscapes. How, I wondered, was she going to achieve the directorial state? How transform herself so as to make it possible?

In direct contradiction to what I might have thought, if I *had* thought, which I observed above that I hadn't, Lillian directed by the simple—not so simple as it might seem, perhaps—expedient of being herself, *of not changing at all,* either her policies or her personality. The little, timid air, the wistfulness we have all come to know, the tentativeness, the quietude imbued with that touch of poesy which gives to her work on the screen that lyrical atmosphere it has . . . all these qualities were

By GLADYS HALL

still there—*and were getting the results.* It seemed, almost, as tho some soft, beguiling spirit of whimsy was dealing, and successfully dealing, with cumbrous things such as sets and lights (the lights are Lillian's despair). Dealing, too, tho hardly seeming to, with the force of men operating the lights, the camera and the multifarious general details. Not to mention, all this while, the cast.

Said Mr. Griffith's general manager, "Lillian is reaping now the rewards of years. Because she has always been, to every one of the men, to everybody, so sweet and so kind and so willing to do each and every one of them a favor, they are retaliating, on this job, in kind. There isn't one of them who wont want to elope with her when this picture is finished. She is just the same now, never loses patience, never seems to be tired, will go over and over the same thing with the most limitless good humor and quietude."



Photo by Sarony, N. Y.



She remains the most un-movie-like person ever interviewed; eager and ready to learn from everybody, almost humble in her gentleness, devoted to her family and undesirous of fame. Above, another new portrait; center, talking over the script with Dorothy at their studio luncheon, and below, rehearsing Dorothy in a scene.



And then he elaborated the difficulties she has had! With Mr. Griffith and a company away, the new Mamaroneck studio in its raw state, Lillian has had practically to lay the groundwork for the new studio, aside from directing her first picture, part of which she does in the Mamaroneck place and part in the rented studio at New Rochelle, where I talked with her. "All the little things, the annoying things attendant upon a new place," said he, "will have been done when Mr. Griffith and the others return. Doubtless some individual among them will remark that he cant see why we had any trouble *here!* We have sworn a solemn oath to kill that man!"

Upon the subject of her directing, Lillian herself was all but mute. Her hands raised toward heaven and her eyes in the same direction told all that words did not. Gathering that there seemed to be nothing anent directing that she particularly liked, I asked her what, specifically or in general, she *didn't* like. Again that heaven-turned face, and then, with difficulty, I caught the one expressive anathema, *"Lights!"*

I could not persuade her to enlarge upon the subject and, with consummate delicacy, as

(*Continued on page* 102)

The Caveman Cavalier



Photo by White, N. Y.

"I have been in Siberia most of the time," said Rockcliffe Fellowes. "I joined the Canadian forces and went over with them, staying in Siberia about seven months. I dont know whether I was fortunate — or unfortunate." Below with Constance Talmadge in "In Search of a Sinner"



IT is not impossible—a senseless alliteration, that title. Such a person *exists*—I met him and talked with him and, being feminine, liked him. Rockcliffe Fellowes is a caveman cavalier—a caveman cavalier exactly.

When I asked him for an interview and told him I didn't care to see him at the studios, he suggested his apartment, explaining, in a not at all obvious way, that there was a very charming woman in said apartment, his wife—and—a maid. So I went there to find it in the most exclusive section of New York, the very substantial and quiet air of the street itself breathing the aristocracy of the residents. On every side were homes—nay, palaces—housing those whose names mean much in the social annals of Manhattan.

Rockcliffe Fellowes likes the good things of life. I found him before a burning wood fire with his smokes and an old blue leather volume of "Lord Chesterfield's Letters." He quite emanated an air of well-being and contentment. It was a pleasant air, and not irritating or disquieting, as it would have been displayed by some when you had come in from the cold night and the first snow-fall of the season. He seems a part of good things, somehow—as tho they were his birthright, his heritage.

He is a genial host, so genial that I overstayed the time I had mentally allotted myself and lingered on, quite unheedful of the passing minutes, listening to him talk of democracy

By
ADELE
WHITELY
FLETCHER

and Lord Chesterfield — really Lord Chesterfield more than anything else, for he is a Chesterfield enthusiast, as it were, and quite a captive to the beauty and smooth-flowing style of that old English gentleman.

He had told me that he had just finished "In Search of a Sinner," with Constance Talmadge, and that he found her delightful and clever—very clever—and I had asked him where he had been. It seemed some time since I had seen him in World productions with June Elvidge and Ethel Clayton.

"I have been in Siberia most of that time you speak of," he said, rising to flick the ash of his cigaret onto the crackling pine logs. "I joined the Canadian forces and went over with them. I was in Siberia about seven months. I dont know whether I was fortunate"—he hesitated for an almost imperceptible second—"or unfortunate."



Photo by White Studios

I felt he considered himself unfortunate and thought that it was because Siberia had been quite awful, so I asked him about it, mentioning Siberia, no doubt, in awed tones. We've come to feel that necessary.

"Siberia isn't just what stereopticon views picture it," he said and he smiled. "I meant I was unfortunate in not getting right at the fighting. Siberia is quite like any other place under the sun—not quite as nice as New York or the world's other representative cities, perhaps, in fact, not particularly nice, but not at all as one feels it is going to be. The people are genial and perhaps better behaved than they always are in other parts of the world."

Of course, he could have played the hero beautifully. I was quite ready to picture him in snow-bound Siberia, freezing even while he bundled up in furs.

Courteous, genial and gallant to a degree, he is too independent to take any stand or say anything he doesn't feel for the sake of appearances. He has the courage of his convictions, yet he doesn't foist them upon people. He does not expect you to think as he does—and he is open to conviction.

Too, he is well-dressed, not with any foppish result, rather, he suggests the professional man, the banker and financier—he brings to mind Pall Mall, one might say.

Perhaps it is a dynamic force within him—I am not sure exactly what it is, but he would not brook any exaggeration, any silliness or any radicalism. But more than that it is quite unlikely that anyone would exhibit it before him

When he was in California, while at work on "The Cup of Fury," the Rupert Hughes story of Goldwyn and the first work he did after his months in service, he did not live in the city, but quite away from everything, on the banks of the Pacific, where he would go down on the sands with his dog and pipe and watch the gulls. He had a horse, too—a horse he rented at first but finally purchased, as he grew attached to it and it to him. He spoke of the rides over the California hills with no small amount of pleasure.

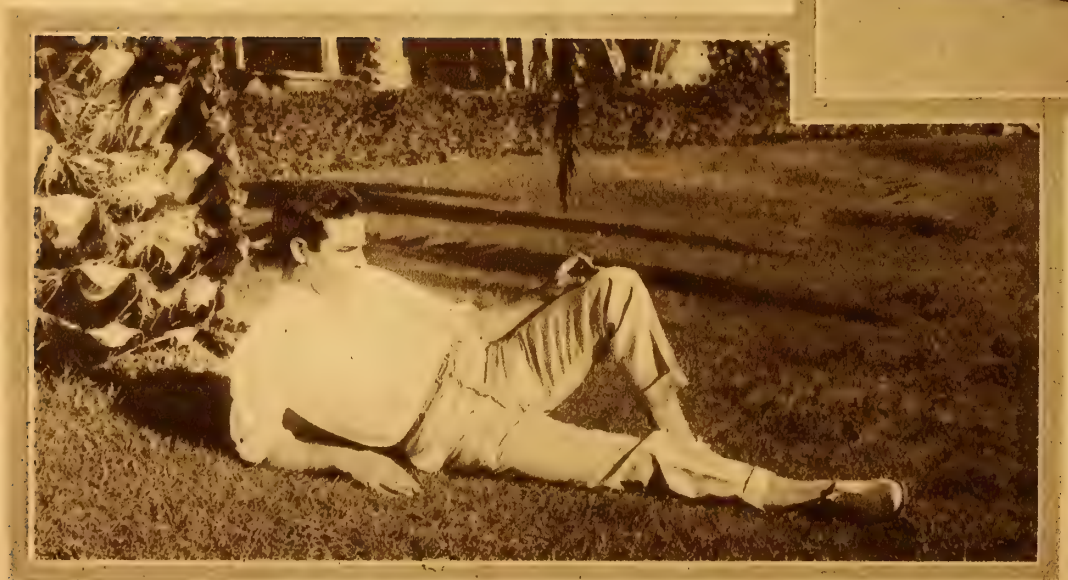
(Continued on page 96)

Tonyesque Tennis





Tony plays tennis as he does everything else—with a vim and a dash of a typical Moreno flavor. Away from the Vitagraph studios and his new serial, he makes a bee-line for the courts where he devotes his energy to batting about the white ball. And, incidentally, Tony fears few opponents.



Between games, as it were. And we wouldn't be surprised if Tony was thinking about the story with the Spanish atmosphere which he contemplates doing soon.

Matrimony, Motion Pictures and Millinery

By PEGGY GADDIS

WHEN the maid answered my ring, she assured me that Miss Saunders would be out in just a moment, and would I please make myself at home? I agreed with pleasure, for the big, high-ceiled room was a most interesting one, and I welcomed an opportunity to take in its many interesting details before my hostess appeared.

There was a gorgeous teakwood table, inlaid with mother-of-pearl; over it was flung a wonderful piece of orange-colored satin, heavily embroidered and bound with gold. The wide, open fireplace was flanked on each side by shallow white bookcases low enough to be reached comfortably from either of the two big, comfy-looking chairs which stood on either side of the fireplace and seemed to beg one to rest and read.



Photo © by Ira L. Hill



Photo © by Ira L. Hill



Jackie Saunders is the same little slim, straight figure, with the same warm, blue eyes that she was three years ago when she waved au revoir to the screen for motherhood. Above and below two new and exclusive portraits of Jackie; center, in her California garden

And just as I reached this point of my investigation, I literally stumbled over a small, rumpled bundle of blue linen, white-cuffed and collared. A pair of very blue eyes looked into mine, steadily and curiously; a pair of fat, pink legs straightened themselves, and the two tiny hands which were so busily absorbed in an earnest and very systematic search of a handsome, black patent-leather hand-bag were stilled for a moment.

Somewhat disconcerted by the steady, unwavering scrutiny of the blue eyes, I said, a little uncertainly, "Oh—er—how do you do?"

"How do?" bobbed the small blonde head, and then waited for further remarks from me. Heaven only knows what I would have done or said if, just at this moment, Jackie Saunders had not stood in the doorway—the same trim, exquisitely well-groomed Jackie Saunders I had last seen nearly three years ago—the same straight, slim little figure, the same wide, warmly

(Continued on page 92)

The One-Man Movie



"I know that the average amateur is sure the professional will not give him a chance. Any one who will learn the rules, get out into the lot and learn to know the technical side—any one who will do these things has the greatest opportunity in the world to make good," said that sub-débish person, Anita pictured above. Center, Mr. and Mrs. Emerson preparing a manuscript and below, cutting film





IT seems to be simply a matter of logic, of undistributed middle and a well-grounded major premise. Mr. Emerson and Miss Loos state it very simply in the form of the irrefutable classic theorum.

Major premise: There are about one-twentieth as many photoplay writers as there are calls for the same by the studios thruout the country.

Minor premise: Amateurs will have a chance for success equal to that of the veterans during the coming season when the one-man movie system of photoplay making comes into general use.

Conclusion: Be a motion picture play writer—author, studio manager, director, all in one. And get the combined salaries of them all.

Miss Loos curled comfortably in a corner of the big lounge where countless Emerson-Loos plays for Douglas Fairbanks, Mae Marsh, Elsie Ferguson and the Talmadges have first taken form, looked very pretty and a bit sleepy and was very firm in her contention that nothing today offers a wider field for the ambitious young person than motion picture writing.

A tiny brunette person of decidedly subdéb appearance is Anita Loos. The interviewer found it hard to realize that she is no amateur, but that she has written successful screen plays since she was sixteen, when John Barrymore played in her first story, "The New York Hat." Now as Mrs. Emerson she is combining dramatics with housekeeping in her charming, livable apartment just off Park Avenue in the upper seventies. As she talked she watched the wiry, six-foot John, whose steady pace up and down the room suggested the days when he played the neurotic detective of his own Broadway play, "The Conspiracy."

Suddenly he picked up a private projection machine from the big mahogany table, took it apart and began to put it together again.

By ISADOR M. STERN

Miss Loos smiled dreamily. "I'm always so glad when he does that to something he *can* put together again," she said; "he's so fond of that iconoclastic stuff."

The interviewer felt that the one-man movie was escaping. "You were going to tell me," he began.

"There's a good idea there," Miss Loos smiled at her husband; "a man who tears things down for the sheer joy of putting them together again."

Mr. Emerson looked at her with pride. "We'll put it into the 'Search of a Sinner,'" he said, enthusiastically. "Cant we make that Western hero a sort of iconoclast?—good foil for Constance," meaning Constance Talmadge.

"But," insisted the one-ideaed interviewer, "the one-man movie—the chance for amateurs, and all that?"

Then they explained, and as they both talked, any possible doubt as to their ability to coöperate was dispelled.

"In the last few months," the little lady began,





"It was like the Ford factory," Mr. Emerson explained, "each man to his special job. It was even known as the factory method."

"They've changed all that." Miss Loos curled up more comfortably against the soft pillows. "Producers are beginning to see that only one brain can successfully produce one work of art. A Ford may be useful, but hardly—art."

"Every big screen play of the past year has been the result of an experiment along this line."

"Art cant be created thru quantity production

(*Continued on page* 103)

"studios thruout the country have changed their production methods."

"Photoplays have so far been the work of many men," the masculine half of the partnership inserted. "There were the original author, the continuity writer, the studio staff of directors and camera-men, and the actors."

"Each," Anita added, "with his finger in the pie."

"The amateur finds it hard to have to learn," Mr. Emerson said, "and he does have to. He has to learn how to write sub-titles—to know what can be done with a camera—then, the world's his oyster." Above, a portrait of Mr. Emerson; center, examining some film, and below, watching a picture in their own home



Lloyd: Laughsmith



THE incongruity of interviewing Harold Lloyd at the Claridge—the Times Squariest of all Times Square hostelries—may not quite impress film fans who have watched him cavorting amid a chorus of celluloid beauties. Sophistication might well be expected of him.

But he isn't. Lloyd is very boyish. That shines out of everything, from his ambitious plans to his glee at seeing his name in electric lights outside the big New York theaters. Most of all, it is apparent in his sheer joy of living.

Our interview occurred just after Lloyd had emerged from a Los Angeles hospital, coming East to rest and consult specialists. His odd—but almost fatal—accident is now well known. Lloyd posed with a bomb for a comic photograph, lighting a cigaret with the fuse. The bomb proved to be the real thing and the young comedian came very near being lost eternally to the screen.

"I shall never forget that bolt from the blue," he told us. "It was so unexpected. I put my hand to my face and it seemed blown away . . . it was a mass of blood . . . I was blinded . . . then I almost lost my nerve. 'I'm disfigured,' I thought. 'My career is over, no one will ever care for me now!' I cant express the blackness of that moment."

But Lloyd escaped. Surgeons rescued his eyesight, restored his face without a scar and, save for injuries to his right hand, the comedian came thru unscathed.

Fate for once did the right thing. As we talked with Lloyd, accidents and pain seemed far away. There was just that sheer boyishness, undaunted, unconquered.

"I want to turn from acting to directing some day," says Lloyd, "but not yet. I want to go on as I am, furnishing folks with laughter. It is odd," he continued, "how every one seems to have the impression that I have suddenly flashed upon the film horizon. In reality, I have struggled for years."

"Let's go back to the beginning," we prompted.

"Denver was my home, but I started my so-called public career as a mere boy with the old Burwood Stock Company in Omaha. Frank Bacon, the now famous star of 'Lightnin',' was the comedian. Only the other night I reminded Mr. Bacon of it back-stage at 'Lightnin',' and we had a good laugh.

"I stayed there twelve months, playing child parts in 'Nell Gwynn,' 'The Private Secretary,' 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' and other plays. Mr. Bacon wanted to take me in vaudeville, but my folks objected and put me back in school.

"Coming thru my gawky age, I still clung to the

Lloyd is very boyish. That shines out of everything, from his ambitious plans to his glee at seeing his name in electric lights outside the big New York theaters

By JAMES FREDERICKS

theater. I was call boy in a burlesque theater, property boy in another and I even sold candy 'out front.'

"I kept at it. Finally I got back behind the footlights. Never did I try my hand at comedy, however. I always did character rôles. I drifted to California and landed with the old Edison Company at Long Beach. Laura Sawyer was the leading woman. From Edison I went to Universal. I was having a hard time of it, working now and then. Another struggler with me at Universal in those days was Louise Fazenda.

"Then I went to Hal Roach, who is now my producer. Roach had the idea he wanted to direct comedies, and I decided to be a comedian. Roach paid me seven dollars a day and we began grinding out hobo farces.

"The lure of high salaries hit me just about that time and I decided that I was underpaid. So I went over to Mack Sennett as a juvenile. Sennett seemed to like me, but Roach came back with an offer of fifty dollars a week.

"Fifty looked mighty big to me and I told Sennett I was leaving. 'All right, young fellow,' said Sennett, 'come back when you get to it—I can use you.'

"But I have been with Roach ever since. We created the 'Lonesome Luke' series for Pathé. They proved popular, but I was always dissatisfied. I felt that every one believed I was a mere imitator and I wanted to do something absolutely original.

"I hit upon the idea of my present bespectacled character, but it was no easy matter to persuade any one to let me drop the more or less popular Luke for an untried idea. But I finally got it over."

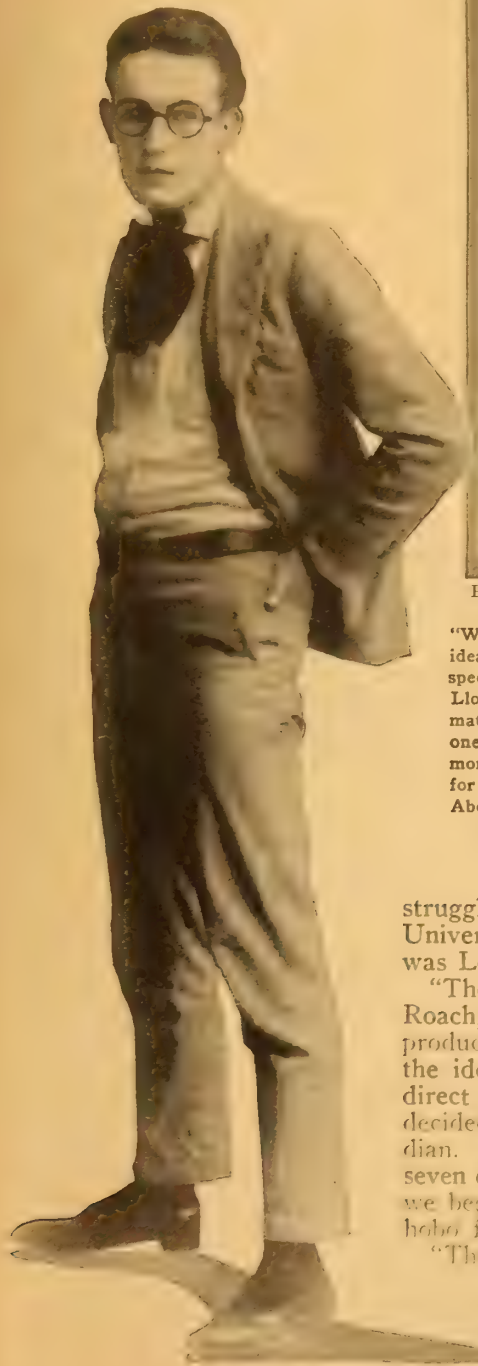
Lloyd believes that two things are essential to film farce: a basic idea for each comedy and plenty of new "business," as film by-play is called. "Plain slapstick—rush, rough-and-tumble stuff—is going to pass," declares Lloyd. "I believe Sennett will survive, because his comedies have a great deal of original by play. But the others are doomed."

Lloyd might have added another essential: a central character in which the audience has a sympathetic interest. Hence the success of Chaplin—and now of Harold Lloyd.

For Lloyd is human, above all else.



Photo by Sarony, N. Y.



"When I hit upon the idea of my present bespectacled character," said Lloyd, "it was no easy matter to persuade any one to let me drop the more or less popular Luke for an untried idea." Above, a new portrait of the hero-comedian

The 1920 Fame Contest



Photo by Albin, N. Y.

Above, Helen DeWitt, of Bellerose, N. Y., and, right, Ada Victor, of Detroit, Michigan

THE old adage, "Opportunity knocks but once," is not true in so far as motion picture aspirants are concerned, for the M. P. Publishing Co. has instituted the Fame and Fortune Contest as a yearly feature.

In connection with this present contest we are supervising a series of contests which will present unusual opportunities to local beauty and talent. Announcements in the current issues of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND give the details, which we shall here review.

Our production of the 1919 contest, "A Dream of Fair Women," has been assembled by experts, and it is a two-reel feature which incorporates the test scenes of the honor roll beauties taken at Roslyn, N. Y. It is a good story, artistically handled. From this picture you will gain a definite and concise idea of the preparations and selections of judges which were made in order that latent talent might be recognized and appreciated.

At the time of showing this picture, local theaters will run contests for the purpose of discovering screen possibilities among their patrons. The winners of these campaigns will be placed on our honor roll, thereby giving them a splendid chance to gain a place among our prize beauties. Herein lies your individual responsibility. See the manager of your moving picture theater personally; ask him about his contest; assure him of your heartiest support and he will give you what you want. If the manager of your local theater has not secured information concerning the film of last year's contest, "A Dream of Fair Women," and the contests, it would be well to show him our announcements or tell him to write to Mr. Murray W. Garsson, Foundation Film Corporation, 1600 Broadway, New York City. Mr. Garsson is our distributor and will give any information desired as to the picture and the local contests.

We are, in the present contest, producing a larger and more pretentious picture than that produced last year. It is to be a *five-reel feature,* founded upon a story which has recently



and Fortune Opens

been selected, and we feel safe in promising you something worth while and quite away from the beaten path of the usual photoplay. Even were it produced by an unknown organization, this picture would command marked attention. However, to those who are acquainted with our publications and the last contest and its film, "A Dream of Fair Women," it is unnecessary to say that this new picture—sponsored by us and allied with our contest—will be the product of an organization that is far from unknown. A fact of further interest is that the cast will be drawn almost entirely from the contestants of our new 1920 contest. And in addition to the rôles calling for youth and beauty there are several strong character parts for both sexes. Any one wishing to



Photo by Lumière, N. Y.



Above, Ermine Gagnon, of New York City, N. Y., and, left, Dorothy Williams, of Spokane, Washington

apply for one of these parts will kindly state so on the entrance coupon as well as by a letter accompanying their photograph. We are now starting production on this play, but it will not be released until late fall, since as a special feature it will contain the test scenes of the honor roll beauties of the present contest, again taken at Roslyn, that beauty spot of Long Island.

In the last contest there were few and unpromising entries among the men of the country, possibly due to some misunderstanding on their part as to entry. Now we wish to have it understood that the contest is open to *everybody*, except those who have already played prominent parts on the stage or screen. A little experience in these lines is permissible, however, and will help if you are fortunate enough to be a winner or to secure a place in the cast of our production. Both men and women are eligible, and so are all nationalities. There is no age limit either way. In short, the only excluding qualification is professional stage or screen work in leading parts.

In choosing your photograph, bear in mind that no pictures will be returned. Be sure to do yourself justice by

(*Continued on page* 94)

Alice à la Mode

By BETSY BRUCE



"Funds make everything easier," said Alice Joyce, "yet one must not feel that the lack of them means any necessity for unbecoming clothes"

ONE would, of course, rate it a privilege, watching Alice Joyce make her toilette for a dinner scene in one of her productions. Instinctively, too, you would feel that it would not be a hurried, haphazard affair, but something receiving its rightful share of thought and attention. It was—just that!

And, watching her, you would talk of many inconsequential things, perhaps, but clothes, being pertinent, would monopolize the talk generally. They did!

"Clothes are so very kind to us," smiled Alice, as she knotted her black tresses simply at the nape of her neck, "yet many fail to give them the importance which is their due; are really unheedful, it would seem, of their ability to make or mar, of their undisputed value."

She readjusted one of the pins in her hair thoughtfully, then:

"Always I am very sorry for the father, brother or husband who leaves in the morning with memories of the woman of his home in a state of dishabille. Perhaps the man is not always to blame when he ceases, after marriage, to tell his wife she is beautiful." She smiled whimsically. "Perhaps very often she has ceased, simply thru her own carelessness, to be beautiful. It is a pity, isn't it?"

I thought of the soft negligées which would solve a hasty toilette, negligées and robes of soft fabrics, quite attractive, too, with the essential feminine note.

"Yes, I think such things quite all right," stopping to put on the silver slipper she had removed from its tree. "Every woman cannot wear the same sort of thing, tho, as we all know. Some may wear the frills and furbelows with assurance; others look infinitely better in more severe things, illuminated

(*Continued on page* 110)





The Walk-Offs

By GRACE LAMB

"IT is such muck as the Rutherford divorce case," said the Kentuckian, "that makes it sloppy walking for persons who endeavor to have clean feet."

Kathleen raised her brows. Of course, the man did not know to whom he was talking. He was crude, but it was hardly possible that he would refer to the Rutherford "muck" directly to Schuyler Rutherford's sister. Still . . . Patently, the ingenuous person had not heard her name. Curiosity and a lurking sense of humor impelled her to keep up the deception until he should have emptied the vials of his righteous scorn upon her. It might prove to be stingingly amusing in a world where few things were. She said:

"Really . . . I seldom read the papers, you know. What was it all about? A nice juicy little scandal, I take it?"

"Several of them," said the Kentuckian. "It seems Rutherford had married his wife, in the first place, out of love for her, despite the fact that she had a million in her own name. After he had got her—and the million—he began to make ducks and drakes of both. He didn't appreciate either one. He didn't do anything *big*—he wasn't man enough for that. He just played about, with one woman after another. Treated his wife to an endless chain of petty humiliations, all financed, it would appear, by *her* money. He was a play-boy. He didn't, I understand, even have the courage to tell her the truth about anything. He just frittered away time—the truth—and, finally, her love. Love, even a woman's love, isn't inexhaustible. He got mixed up, the last time, with some little dancer or other, and his wife justifiably exposed him and divorced him. Now he is reduced to the penniless state of a walk-off, and will have to conduct his affairs, I take it, on a somewhat lower level than when he had his wife's money to adorn his little peccadillos. Somehow or other, tho, it is his sister who struck me, thru the whole thing, as being the most despicable one of the rather despicable lot."

Kathleen asked why. She asked why with some asperity. The man had been riding his hobby with a very evident disregard of the fact that her eyes were bluer than his own Kentucky blue-grass and that her lips were redder than the midheat of his Southern Junes. The asperity may have had to do, too, with the fact that his impending answer carried with it more than a modicum of fear. There are pleasanter things than to have one's delectable self raked over coals undeniably burning. If she had been seeking a sensation, then, for once, she had found——

"Because," he said, "she had nothing to get out of the whole thing but a parasitic comfort. Her brother married a woman of wealth, didn't play cricket, and the sister lived on sucking what she could from the whole affair. She was less of a woman than her brother was a man. I cant abide a parasite. I hate a thing that crawls. I hate a leech, and most of all in the guise of a woman. I hear that she was beautiful. That makes it all the worse."

"Why?"

"It makes her more of a pander. She was a cheap pound of flesh. She didn't even have the red blood in her to stand by her own sex. She didn't have self-respect."



"Because," he said, "she had nothing to get out of the whole thing but a parasitic comfort. Her brother married a woman of wealth, didn't play cricket, and the sister lived on sucking what she could from the whole affair. . . ."

Kathleen caught his eye. "What would you have such people as these *do?*" she asked.

The Kentuckian smiled. It went thru Kathleen like a pang. She didn't know why.

"I'd have them strip off the gewgaws," he said, "and go back *home*. I'd advocate the simplest sort of things—things so simple I shouldn't have to enumerate them. I'd have them work by day for the sake of the work, and rest by night, because the night was made for rest. I'd have them stick together, man and woman, as God meant them to. I'd have them value most the things which seem to them least. There's nothing to all this . . . not a thing . . ."

"What would you do, specifically," asked Kathleen, "to—to Rutherford's sister?"

Robert Winston laughed out loud, an out-of-place laugh in the shrouded drapings and dim lightings of the studio. "I expect I might *beat* her first," he proclaimed; "she'd need it before the most elementary lessons could be drilled into her vacuous skull. After that, I'd set her to work—at the nearest thing at hand, and I'd jolly well see that the work was *done*. I'd feed her on good, substantial food, which she probably has not intelligence enough to select for herself, and I'd put her to bed at a respectable and a regular hour at night. I'd censure her reading, which is probably nauseous or *she* wouldn't be. And, finally, when I'd got her into the shape a self-respecting man might look upon without a blush, I'd marry her to some solid, comfortable farmer and have her bring into the world and rear a family of ruddy children. Then I'd feel that I'd made a woman of a painted, jointed doll."

Winston wondered, afterward, why the fair-haired girl to whom he had been exploiting the disgust that had filled him since his arrival in New York left him so abruptly. She looked, he thought, like a nice little thing. Probably she was not used to this atmosphere . . . incense and manifold cigarets and rank perfumes, and all that . . . there were only a few seasoned fools who could stand it. . . .

He did not see her again until, later in the afternoon, she was formally presented to him as Miss Ford, a stenographer, and, in an undertone, "rather in need of employment just at present."

They were then left alone. It did not occur to Winston as odd. Things didn't. It *did* occur to him, tho, that he had talked the better part of an hour to this girl on what he thought of divorce, light living, lighter loving, and that she had seemed to be in sympathetic, if silent, accord with him. It occurred to him, too, that he needed a great deal of secretarial work done during his stay in the city . . . and she needed the work to do . . . and, quite a great while after she had

THE WALK-OFFS

Adapted in short story form by permission of Metro Pictures Corporation, from the scenario of June Mathis and A. P. Younger, based on the Oliver Morosco stage success by Frederic and Fanny Hatton. Directed by Herbert Blaché, under the personal supervision of Maxwell Karger, and starring May Allison. The cast:

Kathleen Rutherford	May Allison
Robert Shirley Winston	Emory Johnson
Caroline Rutherford	Effie Conley
Schuyler Rutherford	Darrell Foss
Murray Van Allen	Joseph Kilgour
Judge Brent	Richard Morris
Mrs. Elliott	Claire Du Brey
Mrs. Asterbilt	Estelle Evans
Mary Carter, a sculptress	Kathleen Kerrigan
Sonia, a model	Yvonne Pavis

consented to take the position, it occurred to him that she was singularly beautiful . . .

It wasn't very hard for Kathleen Rutherford—the work she had set herself to do, secretarial and otherwise. She had always had a rather grim determination hidden away, biding its time, under her silken covering. She had even used it, variously, and, generally, wrongly. From her smallest infancy she had been taught to do as little as possible for as much as possible. She had been taught to parasite, gracefully, indifferently, and *always*. When her brother Schuyler had married the young heiress, Caroline Van Alstyne, she had accepted it as a windfall for both of them. It had never presented itself to her as other than a very golden opportunity. Any reason for her not having installed herself, along with her brother, in his wife's home, would have struck her as lunacy. She would have said that she hoped she was not a lunatic. When Schuyler began to tire of the jewelled leading strings, held, admittedly, ever so lightly by Caroline, and his foibles began to be public, Kathleen accepted that, too, as part of the game and not, in any sense, part or parcel of her concern. Things were pleasant as they were . . . what was it all about?

Then this meeting with Robert Winston. It had struck her like a blow between the eyes. The fool did not know to whom he had been talking—but even so! He knew whom he had been talking *of*. He had given a description how veracious Kathleen hid fiercely from her conscious admittance. He had aroused her, not to reformation, but to battle. There was only one way she knew of to fight. There were only a few weapons she had. But they, she knew, were powerful ones. Her eyes . . . her lips . . . the reed-like grace of her . . . she would make him think of her as typifying his slender blue-grass of his native State . . . she would bring him to his knees, with a prayer on his lips . . . she would force him to retract . . . it would be, she thought, easy . . .

It was easy. It was easy because, the first day she came to work for him, simple in blue serge and white linen, neatly coiffed, demure, Winston had known her for his woman. She wouldn't have had to try. When it came it came suddenly, one night, just as the sun, like a pool of blood, was cooling its fiery pain in the grey waters of the bay. She had finished and was standing, too, by the window. The glow lit her hair and touched her eyes with strange lights. All at once an awareness ran thru her and she heard Winston say, "When we have done this work, my dear, I have other work for you. I . . . Kate, do you remember what I said about the simple things? About home and children? A man and a woman? About the type I detest and the type—I worship? I love you, dear. I want you. Perhaps you would like to know that I have never before wanted any woman in all my life."

Kathleen turned and faced him, with a smile. It was unlike her usual smile. Perhaps the sun's baneful death gave it its cruelty.

"No doubt," she said, "your novitiate makes you so ignorant of what you *do* want—and so mistaken." She stared into his widening eyes. "I am Kathleen Rutherford," she said. "The joke's on you."

He did not see her again until, later in the afternoon, she was formally presented to him as Miss Ford, a stenographer, and, in an undertone, "rather in need of employment just at present"



Almost always Kathleen liked tense pauses. They were, as a rule, the precursors of amusingly emotional moments, the flavors of which she had a habit of sampling, delicately and deliberately. There was something about this silence peculiarly like the silence before the tolling of a bell. In it a heart seemed to beat, disturbingly, brokenly. Then his voice came, amazingly, gently:

"I wouldn't call it a joke, Miss Rutherford. I would call it, rather, a serious mistake—made by me. I apologize. It was crude of me, unnecessary and, at least, impolitic, to speak as I did of a young woman who I might have known was likely to be among those present. This is the sort of thing that happens to man, I suppose, when he is out of his element. If there is anything between us to forgive, my dear, I feel that it is you who should forgive me. Do you?"

Kathleen tried to pass it off with another light laugh. She couldn't, somehow, manage the laugh. In the face of such utter simplicity of standards, such unflinching self-appraisement—what could she do? She had the distinctly uncomfortable sensation that this is the stuff men are made of. It was not, she knew, *her* stuff.

Winston was speaking again, again gently: "You see," he said, "I am not in the least bit discouraged. I dont retract for one instant the probably unwelcome statement I just made. I dont believe, you see, that you are any more Kathleen Rutherford than you are Kate Ford, the girl who has so sweetly, so conscientiously, so earnestly helped me these past weeks. I think I can see you as a small child . . . and the guidance you didn't have, and the poor little, brave little mask you have covered yourself with that the world you live and have your being in, the world that laughs at the things of *my* world, would not laugh at *you*. I can understand that. We, none of us, like to be laughed at by our worlds. The ultimate courage is to be able to accept that laughter. It hasn't been your fault. It will be your fault if you go on, now. I think, tho you do not tell me so, that you know me to be right. Kate . . . down in Kentucky there is a wide-verandaed old homestead, covered in summer with honeysuckles and shaded by giant trees that have watched families growing up beneath them for centuries and centuries. There are wide, hospitable rooms, book-filled and flower-filled. There is an old piano, and, in the evening, when the candles are lit in their sconces on the wall, and the old pictures catch and give back little smiles, little imaginary nods, I have pictured a fair-haired woman with a gracious touch making the ivoried keys sing—for me. I have pictured a great deal more, my dear. And when I met you I knew that you fitted the picture as those old canvases fit into their frames. You are as much a part of those rooms as the flowers that fill them, as the candlelight that illumines them, as the lonely man who has waited in them—for you."

Kathleen pulled out her wavy hair, flaunted her slender hands and shook her head.

"You are in your novitiate," she persisted. "You draw pretty pictures—when you want to—and exceedingly ugly ones—*when you want to.* Probably you just do a little reverse trick with the picture frame, and there you have it! You see, I have no desire to be 'beaten first,' then set to work at the 'nearest thing at hand,' 'eat substantial food,' go to bed at ten bells, read Bunyan and Æsop. No, my dear! You have picked the wrong little lady for your experimentation. You might, I admit, get a less seasoned



These thoughts led to his promising Sonia a fur coat which should envelop her from the tip of her topping curls to the winged arch of her pink foot if she would cajole Robert Winston into kissing her on some occasion when Kathleen Rutherford was about to enter the room

veteran with your word pictures. They are awf'ly graphic. Kathleen moved over to where her fur cape, (purchased with Caroline's money just before Sky's last peccadillo brought the heavens upon them), threw it about her, and moved toward the door of the office. On the threshold she turned and said, lightly, "I take it my services will no longer be required. Which is just as well . . . I'm about to announce my engagement to Murray Van Allen. He's rather a dear and not troubled with hygiene in his love-making. Ta, ta!"



He didn't ask why. He just bent down and kist her. Then he said: "I love you—Kate"

Kathleen was not engaged to Van Allen when she told Winston she was, but she knew that that could be speedily contrived. It was, that evening. And it fell, for Kathleen, rather flat. Van Allen did it up well, no doubt about that. But . . . Kathleen could not get beyond the *but*. Annoyingly enough, she kept hearing Winston's voice, saying, "the guidance you didn't have," and she thought of her pallid, money-mad mother, and her club-going, debt-ridden father, and right in the midst of the crescendo of Van Allen's passion she burst into laughter, which she managed to turn into tears just in time to prevent this catch from slipping away from her into the shallow waters from which she had baited him.

The announcement of Kathleen's engagement interested everybody excepting Robert Winston. He, maddeningly enough, treated it with the mild, slightly hurt tolerance one treats the rather persistent foible of a dearly loved child. He would correct it if he could, and, it seemed, he believed that he could, given time.

He took all the time he could contrive. And he contrived, in one way or another, to take more time than Van Allen did. When Mary Carter, the young sculptress at whose studio he had first met Kathleen, gave teas, Winston attended, breathing in incense and gulping down Russian tea with nothing more palpable of regret than a fixed and stoic smile. When Kathleen went shopping there were always various Kentuckians in the vague shapes of women relatives who needed like wearables, and could Kathleen refuse him her valuable advice? At the small apartment to which Kathleen and Schuyler, the latter now quite chastened, had come, Winston was a frequent caller. If Kathleen was not at home, Schuyler generally was, and very desirous of having some one into whose at least presumably attentive ear he could pour forth his wrongs and the bias that had been put upon him, and the purity of his original intents, in general.

This was not what Van Allen had got himself engaged for. The way out of it was *Winston* out of it, and that way was to prove to Kathleen, who, tho not admitting it, looked upon the Kentuckian as a sort of Galahad, trailing, spotlessly, his way among lesser mortals with feet of clay.

Van Allen thought it over, and happened to be thinking it over in the presence of Sonia Orloff, a bit of Russian femininity calculated to turn a heart of brass. It occurred to him that it wouldn't be the least bit difficult for Sonia to make Winston forget his chivalric principles, his old home and the family pew . . . it was never, Van Allen decided, eyeing the small model again, difficult for Sonia to induce forgetfulness in any man . . . On his oath, he'd swear to that . . . By gad . . . These thoughts led to his promising Sonia a fur coat which should envelop her from the tip of her topping curls to the winged arch of her pink foot if she would cajole Robert Winston into kissing her on some occasion when Kathleen Rutherford was about to enter the room. Sonia was shy about it. In her heart she rather liked the Kentuckian herself. Being shy was becoming to Sonia. It gave her a sort of super-witchery not to be resisted. Van Allen gave a little short laugh, seized her and kist her fully and rather violently upon her pursed and meditative lips. With a sort of boomerangish effect, Kathleen stepped in at that instant . . .

Kathleen, on the way home that evening, thru the

(*Continued on page* 116)





"I dont like 'sticky candy' parts," she said. "I like real parts—pages from Life itself with all the wonder and beauty which Life owns"



Sick-a-Bed-Lady

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

IT was with wonderings, vague and incoherent, that I set out to see Jean Paige—wonderings over the contagion of tonsillitis germs. But I realized, too, that Jean Paige had *her* point of view—it's not very pleasant to be interviewed the very first day the doctor has permitted you to sit up. But it just had to be—there was no alternative, for the Vitagraph powers-that-be had requested her to pack up for a trip to California. And seeing that they made her a star in the same breath, she couldn't very well refuse, even if a week is a very short time to prepare for such a change in one's life. However, the tonsillitis postponed the trip, of course, but only for a day or two, as she was leaving the very first day she had strength enough to get to the train.

Even while we talked—Jean propped up in a low wicker chair before the long window, diamond-paned, scrim-hung and cretonne-framed, which ran the entire length of her room—her "Aunt Emmy," who lives with her and watches over her, would wrap up some toilet article and stick it into the recesses of one of the huge wardrobe trunks, all the while murmuring:

"You just cant go for a few days at the least, Jean dear; you wont be equal to it."

Then Jean would settle her head more comfortably against the melon-shaped cushion of rose-silk and say:

"Oh, I feel much better, Aunt Emmy, much better, and if we leave this week



we'll be able to stop off and visit with mother and father for a few days. And I just know that a rest there, with all the good home cooking, will put me back on my feet."

And there would be a wistful note in her voice.

I have seen screen stars galore, but never have I seen a screen personage who proved to be so entirely as he or she was on the screen. When I went into the room and saw her sitting at the window, I felt that I was stepping into the scene of one of her pictures. She has the same naturalness and simplicity of manner which mark her work—the same girlish expression and the same utter lack of sophistication. Not that she isn't cognizant of the world going on about her—she is, with decided ideas upon everything—but she is understanding, tolerant and remotely removed from anything pertinent to the cynic.

"I dont like 'sticky candy' parts," she said, twisting the silken cord of her soft, dull lounging gown of an almost indeterminate purple, "and I dont like tragedies or melodrama. I like real parts—pages from Life itself, with all the wonder and beauty which Life owns."

One expected Jean Paige to think Life quite wonderful, to take it for granted, as it were, and not to delve deep or tear Life's fine fabric apart, examining the weave of the threads—Youth doesn't do that, and she is Youth incarnate. And, because it doesn't do those things, Youth is pleasingly refreshing and splendid, encouraging and wonderfully inspiring.

"Aunt Emmy here is really responsible for my being in the movies," Jean told me, with a merry little laugh. "I had no idea of such a thing and was studying elocution with every intention in the world of becoming a reader when I saw my first real artistic motion picture. I wrote to Aunt Emmy, who was here in New York, asked her if she remembered having suggested the movies and telling her that I thought favorably of them. She promised to care for me, so I came.

(*Continued on page* 108)



One expected Jean Paige to think Life quite wonderful—to take it for granted, as it were—and not to delve deep or tear Life's fine fabric apart, examining the weave of the threads. Youth doesn't do that and she is Youth incarnate. Above, with Earle Williams in "The Fortune Hunter"

The Domestic DeHavens





The DeHavens bring to mind the Sidney Drews with their domestic comedies, and "A Hoodoo," their new Paramount production, is quite the best thing they have done in some time. Mr. and Mrs. Carter DeHaven left the musical comedy stage to bring the humor of Everyday to the screen. They are quite as domestic in private life as they appear in their comedies with two children, both of whom are often seen with them upon the silversheet

Eastertide

Posed by
CORINNE GRIFFITH



She is a resurrection and a life
Of youth that springs, supernal,
From a grave, where lilies grow,
White flames to deathlessness.

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Some Claytonesque Conceptions



All photos by Browers

SOMEWHERE I remember reading that it was difficult to get at the heart of Ethel Clayton. Interviewers had come and gone, unsatisfied, unable to "draw out" the elusively beautiful young woman.

I was just thirty minutes late when I slowed up at 6928 Hawthorne Avenue. Pretty name, isn't it? Sorta reminds one of blush roses and English hedges; of modest, fair-haired maids hanging over garden gates and——

But my reveries were interrupted by the shrill bark of a brown Pekingese. Ethel herself opened the door of the English-looking mansion and invited me inside to a seat before the blazing logs. Outside the day was spring-like, but California houses are like Juliet's tomb—dampish and chilly.

"I've lived here ever since I bought the house in August," smiled my hostess. "Dont look at the furniture, for I am getting just one piece at a time, and meantime the decorators are lending me odd pieces, tho mine have been ordered for months. It seems discouraging to be without them for Christmas. Why, my bedroom set is upholstered in some makeshift material while we wait for the red damask to be turned out by an Eastern mill."

"Delightfully confidential," I mused. Had any one really said Miss Clayton made poor copy because she refused to chat of the things intimately connected with her? She broke my momentary silence with the sound of tongs shifting bright loglets. As the sparks





"Every three months I have a trip," said Ethel. "I get restless. This fall I bundled up Mother and Brother—Father was East—and we travelled Northward exploring." Above a new portrait. Center and below portraits of Miss Clayton taken at her home

By DORIS DELVIGNE

danced up the broad chimney, I took hurried survey of Miss Clayton's downstairs, for you see, the rooms open into each other, and that's another reason for chilliness. The dining-room was furnished in bird of paradise-colored chintzes—chairs and hangings—wicker work, lots of ferns and silver, glass and sunshine. Just an impression. There was no time for detailed inventory.

Everywhere the Oriental influence is noticed, for Ethel took a trip to China and Japan last summer in company with her mother and brother. Donald wasn't sure he was going to be able to go, as he was waiting for discharge from Camp Kearny, near San Diego. At the last minute he was released, and thru the skill of a Los Angeles attorney and frantic use of a long-distance telephone, he managed to obtain passports in San Francisco in time to join the others at Seattle.

So much I learnt without effort, while I admired a handsome Chinese drape over the piano and quaint carved figures on tables, writing desk and mantel.

"We arrived in Japan just in time for the Cherry Blossom festival," continued Miss Clayton. "I often think, when I see photoplays based on the marriage of an Oriental with an American or a European, how utterly unreal it is. 'Never the twain shall meet' came home to me for the first time when I saw those little people.

"There, for the first time, too, I saw what real art and beauty may mean. People on this side often confuse the Geisha girls with the demi-mondaine. In reality, they are government institutions, carefully educated, coached and taught the most wonderfully graceful dances. I raved over their kimonos!" (Miss Clayton puts the accent on the *kim,* which keeps one from thinking of flannelette horrors trimmed with cheap satin bands and topped off by *kid-kurlers* and open-mesh *kaps!*)





All photos by Browers

"Tolstoy," smiled Ethel Clayton, "has said it is a greater work to raise children whom one has not borne and to do it well than to love and rear one's own. That's a theory upon which I shall work." Above and below two pictures of her in her home

"You should be inspired to do a Japanese play yourself, Miss Clayton."

"I shall some day. A strongly emotional story of real life. All Japanese—not a white girl and a yellow man—I saw it happen, read about it, heard the details minutely.

(*Continued on page* 100)

N. B.

That Means "Take Notice" of Nigel Barrie



"Ssh! I'm proud of this outfit—embroidered the holes in these trouser knees myself. I dont want to tell you the story and spoil Miss MacDonald's picture. I'm the son of wealthy parents, caught in Europe by the war. Before I am ready to go home I am penniless. In New York I've a collection of art treasures—pictures I'm not allowed to sell and a house in which I am to live. So I cross as a stowaway. I dont want my friends to see me until I am settled, so I keep up the disguise. Yesterday, when we were at the San Pedro harbor with a lot of pretty rough-looking sailors—Chinese, Japanese and Mexican mostly—a job agent asked me if I wanted a job.

"'Not me. I hate work.' You should have seen the surprised look on his face!"

"Did you prefer musical comedy to the screen, Mr. Barrie?"

"I dont prefer anything to the screen. I'm California mad and I am screen mad. When I was in Canada, 32 below zero, or up in the air, 62 below, I'd say to myself, 'If I live thru this I'm going to California to thaw out, and I'll never leave.' It kept up my courage.

"About a year ago a motion picture magazine published a pic-



"I dont prefer anything to the screen," enthused Nigel Barrie. "I'm California mad and screen mad." Above, Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Barrie at their bungalow, center, in his new racer, and below, a portrait taken while he was in the Royal Flying Corps

"THEY had me lugging in the biggest trunk in the world," said the man with the blue cap, labeled "Janitor."

"They're planning to throw me downstairs this afternoon," the other responded, moodily.

I was sitting at the side of a stage at the former Ince studios on George Street, not far from busy downtown Los Angeles. Around me lights were switched on and off, voices called thru megaphones. Out there I knew must be Nigel Barrie, once of the Royal Flying Corps.

I had lost interest in the rough-looking workmen about me when a "character" in a slouch hat and with a three days' growth of beard dashed by. I paid no attention to him until, dashing back, he spoke, breathlessly:

"I say, I beg your pardon! Didn't see you. Knew you were waiting somewhere. I'm Nigel Barrie. Excuse my dirty hands."

That the handsome Nigel Barrie! The man I've matinée idoled in "Bab's Diary" scenes with Marguerite Clark! Nigel Barrie, who had tramped over my heart in Clara Kimball Young's "The Marionettes"!

"My word!" I cried, because Nigel's English, you know, and because I couldn't think fast enough to be American and intelligent.

"Let's sit down." He has the most entrancingly musical baritone voice, dear fans. He smiled so brilliantly that even the Hooligan outfit lit up.

"Is the well-groomed leading man going to try rough comedy?" I asked.



By
SALLY ROBERTS

ture of Mrs. Barrie and me, with the caption that we had just been married. It was a shame to disappoint romance-loving fans who longed to see me on a honeymoon, but we had been married four years."

The Irish of Mr. Barrie loves a joke, for altho he calls himself English, his mother was Irish, and from her he inherits wit, black hair and a love of mimicry.

"Did you act in England?"

"I began in Julia Neilson's company, playing juveniles. I was in the chorus of a musical comedy, 'The Count of Luxemburg,' and I understudied the lead and finally had a chance to play his part. Since then I've had no difficulty."



All photos by Evans, L. A.



He is so fond of country life that he may, one of these days, forsake lovely Katherine MacDonald and the other famous screen beauties to take up ranching in California

"With whom did you first play in America?"

"With Grace George in 'Half and Half,' and then a lead in 'The Laughing Husband.' Finally I went into that queer screen serial, 'Beatrice Fairfax.'"

Then we drifted to modern ventures and I asked about Mr. Barrie's experience as instructor in aviation.

"Were you of a mechanical turn of mind before you began to fly?"

"No. I learnt it all in the government school. Of course, I understood gasoline engines. No; there's no special danger in flying if a man keeps his head and obeys rules. In Canada the landings are a bit hard, for it's all cut up into small fields and there are hedges and windbreaks into which an unskilled aviator might descend, but here in California, where it is all so open, there should be practically no accidents."

"Is it true that you flew alone after six hours' instruction?"

He admitted it, laughing. "Still, I dont think I'll fly again. My wife objects, tho I tell her it's safer than guiding a car thru the downtown streets of Los Angeles. I've just

(*Continued on page* 104)

The Fan Fad of Frederick



Fans of gay colors, of beautiful feathers; fans of painted satin with hand-carved ivory sticks; fans from Paree and far-away Japan . . . All these and more has Polly Frederick in her collection. Fans were a fad with her long ago—even before Dame Fashion decreed them the vogue, and today, with this feminine artifice the finishing touch to the evening toilette, she finds she owns a fan for every gown

The Woman Gives

By JANET REID

"WHY did you do this thing?" the man groped for his cigarets and shot his question forth, almost with venom.

Inga, from her low chair by the window, smiled gently.

"Out of gratitude," she said.

"You take a strange way of showing it . . . unnecessary, I might add."

Inga's serene face did not change. "I am sorry that you think so," she said. "My way was probably not quite what it should have been, but I did what I thought best at the time. I had to decide hastily, you see. As for the unnecessary part, I am afraid that I cannot agree with you as to that."

"Indeed! Your reasons?"

"You know them, Mr. Garford."

"I want to know them again . . ." There was a sneer in his voice, as tho in contemptuous deprecation of any reasons she might be able to give.

Inga's wise eyes smiled with her lips. Garford was, to her, a child who was hurt and ill and, as such, was to be humored in any whim he might exhibit. She was caring for him here in her home and she owed him the graciousness of hospitality which is to accede to a wish.

"You never used to care for repetition," she reminded him, "of anything . . . but I never tire of the repetition of this . . . this . . . all this you have done for me. It . . . it gave me the sympathy I feel for all men . . . it gave me faith when faith was very low . . . it gave me the sweet strength to . . . to love . . ."

Garford broke in upon her, abruptly, "As you love Terry Costello," he said.

Inga's eyes fired. "As I love Terry," she assented, "of course . . . but I am off my story. You see, I came to you, three years ago, a model, not a very successful one, without confidence, without much of any belief in myself or any one else. I . . . why, I was even hungry and pretty badly frightened. You were wealthy and successful and busy, very, very busy, yet you had time to stop and teach me all the many things I didn't know; you had time to introduce me to all your friends and to say a word of commendation and praise for me; you had time to stop the work you were doing and paint the portrait of me that made me famous . . . the portrait of me as a nun."

"And me, too . . . incidentally . . ." broke in the man, drily . .

Inga shook her head. "You were that already, my friend," she said; "it was all for me. It made me famous and it gave me the power to make money, to make *myself*. After that, you helped me thru the course I took, with money . . ."

"Which you have paid back, insisted upon paying, to the last farthing."

"The good-will back of it . . . the kind heart . . . that I can *never* repay," the girl said, and her eyes misted over with memory of the kindliness done. "Then, at last, you got me my contract with the magazine and I turn forth a full-fledged illustrator, a happy woman . . . a . . . a very grateful one."

"And yet . . . last night . . ." said the man, "you would have flung most of all this away to help a man who came to your home, dead drunk, insulted you by his presence . . . you would have relinquished the respect of the eminently respectable gathering you had about you . . . you would have sown suspicion in the heart of the man you love . . . why . . . just gratitude?"

"Of course," said the girl. She put by the sketching she was doing and went over to the couch on which he had spent the



"You had time," she said—"time to stop the work you were doing and paint the portrait of me that made me famous . . . the portrait of me as a nun"



Inga shook her head. "You were that already, my friend," she said; "it was all for me. . . . Then, after that, you helped me thru the course I took by money. . ."

night. Once upon a time she would not have dared to go to him so, to so assail his dignity. That was gone now. It hung about him in pitiful shreds. He had been, she could tell, bitterly hurt. This raillery . . . this sardonicism . . . that drink last night . . . this wasted frame and weary eyes . . . what had done these things to him?

Stroking his brow with her temperate fingertips, she asked him. For quite a long while there was silence. Inga felt that he was doing battle with the reticence he had used, heretofore, as a wall, a barrier, between himself and infringement. Then he began to speak, in rushes of words, fragmentarily, detachedly.

"You know that I was married . . ." he began, almost in an accusatory tone; "I . . . I was in love, too. In love with my wife. Odd . . . terribly in love with her. I was jealous, too. I hated the eyes of other men upon her; the hands of other men to touch her; the thoughts of other men to prey upon her. I used to feel that, if ever I saw another man kiss her, I would go mad . . . or die. I used to pray, at nights, by her side, that life would spare me this one unbearable thing. It . . . it didn't. One night I went home from my studio, awfully happy. She had been tender that morning and it was the eve of our wedding anniversary. She hadn't mentioned it in the morning, and I thought that she had kept silence because she believed *I* had forgotten and she didn't want to appear indelicate. It was she—who had forgotten. On my way home that night I bought bride's roses, great quantities of them. I wanted to fill her room with them, have them on our table, see them on her breast. I sang little snatches of song on my way I think the snatches were from the song *you* had been singing that day when you came to see me, in the afternoon. Your visit that day is vivid to me . . . still. Strange. Well . . . I reached home. I was earlier than usual . . . my eagerness, no doubt. I went in quietly, thinking to surprise her. I did. She was in the arms of some other man, a man I knew slightly. He was her lover. She was using endearments to him she had used to me. The tones of her voice were the same tones, the cling of her arms held the same tenderness, the light that illumined her face was the light that had remade my world for me. I thought of the title, 'False Dawn.'

"I suppose I lost my head. I suppose I went raving mad. I know that I shrieked and tore at things. I know that I saw red and black shot with red, and thru the mad swirl of the murder tints her white, disdainful face. I knew that it was disdainful, that it continued disdainful thruout. I knew, clearly, in the midst of my rage, that she did not love me, never had, never would. I knew, too, that she did not love this man who had been on her breast, nor could she ever love any man. This, somehow, was the bitterest thought of all. It was the ultimate futility. I told her I would never see her again . . . never. I . . ." Garford's voice sank down, lost its strength. "I . . . never have," he said.

Inga's fingers, tense during his recital, resumed their careful stroking. She did not speak for a moment, then she said, very calmly, "You must not excite yourself, you know, dear friend. That is what the doctor warned against last night. That is why I kept you here. You are not awfully fit, just now."

Garford rose, lighting another cigaret. "You talk well," he said, swaying almost in rhythm to each syllable; "you talk well—you always did. But—you're a woman. You're a woman. That's enough. There's no gratitude in any woman. I know. You see, I know. Just the

same—thanks awfully—for whatever it was you did."

And he was gone.

Late that night, their work done, Terry and Inga sat together watching the shadows etch curious forms and shapes above and about the waiting immobility, the almost conscious patience, of the city. They were unusually silent, for, being at one in their chosen work of illustrating, as in their profound love, they had, almost always, more to say than there was time to say it in. But tonight they had had their talk, bitter at first, on the part of Terry, mellowing at the last to a sense of understanding.

"It was all underestimation of you, Inga," the boy had said. "I failed you, in a sense, because it did not come to me as it should have, knowing you, that a woman could be so splendidly defiant, so courageously tender for a man she felt only . . . only gratitude for. I had thought women did things like that . . . just for . . . love."

"A woman does those things for love, in a certain sense," the woman had answered him, "the love of all mankind, the maternal love of all men, springing, always, from the deep source of her love for the *one* man. I could not have done that, dear, as I did, from the motives I had, if it were not—for you."

"Then you do love me, Inga?"

The girl did not answer him, but, there in the shadows, the smile that touched her lips was answer enough. After a while she said, "I can give a bountiful sympathy to all men. I can give love to one man. I am like that, deathlessly.

The day following her talk with Terry, Inga went to see Garford's wife, living, still, in the rather sumptuous home they had occupied during their brief life together. It *was* sumptuous, Inga admitted that, waiting an unduly long time for Mrs. Garford to receive her . . . but how, she thought, this very sumptuousness must have offended him. Inga knew his delicate sensibilities, his almost painfully fastidious and discriminating reaction to color and form, and she marveled at how he had been able to endure the lavishness of the color schemes, the thoughtlessness of the groupings. It was all unlike him, antagonistic to him. How he must have, subconsciously, which is the keenest way of all, suffered!

When Mrs. Garford did come into the room, Inga had the same curious sense she had had about the house . . . the woman was overcolored and her grouping, in some figurative way, was all wrong. And again Inga felt that, because of her, despite his fervidly fancied love for her, Garford must have suffered, rather horridly. There had been vandalism going on here, Inga knew. However greatly he had thought himself hurt, he had *thought* it rather than actually experienced it. But then, Inga knew, too, that, with a man of Garford's resilient, æsthetic type, what he thought were the facts of his life; the things, the only things, potent enough to hurt him.

Almost at once she saw, too, that an appeal to this woman would be quite useless. It would be sensational in its results, she did not doubt. It would get a great deal of surface response. Then, upon her departure, the



She would not, she said rather loudly, be surprised at anything Miss Sonderson had to tell her . . . not at anything. Daniel had made her suffer for her silly little faults, mere childish foibles, while he. . . while he . . . good heavens, what was he not capable of?

fallow ground would turn itself again and the seed would be disrupted.

Inga was right. Mrs. Garford wept over "poor, silly Dan's" alcoholic failings and intimated, with not too much reserve, that she had suspected this failing for some time prior to his unfortunate "scene" and disappearance. She would not, she said, rather loudly, be surprised at anything Miss Sonderson had to tell her . . . not at anything. Daniel had made her suffer for her silly little faults, mere childish foibles, while he . . . while he . . . good heavens! what was he not capable of? She concluded by thanking Inga with an insulting profusion for her intermediacy in behalf of Daniel . . . unfortunately, she could not see her way clear nor bolster up the inclination in that direction which had long since failed her. Inga departed with a vague, disgusted sense of having heard a remark anent other fish in the sea, etc., etc., *ad nauseam*. The woman was, of course, impossible. Inga could almost have found it in her heart to condemn Garford for the crass misplacement of his love had she not been wisely aware of the futility of ever blaming anybody for the law of attraction, operative and strong. There *might* be, she admitted, there *might* even be persons, widely scattered, no doubt, to whom Terry would not seem the omnipotent, all-sufficing, godlike being he was to her . . .

There are occasional circumstances, or sets of circumstances, which place upon one individual the moral responsibility of another, with apparent irrelevance. It was so, during that particular winter, with Inga and Garford. No matter what she was doing, or whom she was with, or what her activities, he was there . . . the man, needing . . . and she found that she could almost less resist his need of her than Terry's love of her . . . a tormented love as, more and more, she strove to save Garford from the depths into which he sloughed and sunk.

"I am only paying him what I owe him," she told Terry, over and over, "only paying a debt of honor."

"You must love him," the young lover would reiterate, thru grim, hurt lips.

"Love has nothing to do with it," Inga would say, adding, almost always, "Oh, Terry, *cant* you understand how I feel?"

"No," the boy would answer; "no, I cant."

"Then," Inga would make answer, "you are extracting from me a steeper price than I had thought to pay . . ."

"But you will go right on paying . . ."

"I must. It is a debt."

Later, it became a more terrible debt when Garford found that Inga had become for him, not his benefactress, his redeemer, but the woman he loved. This burden, too, he laid upon her.

"It happened to me the night you came to that opium den," he told her, "and the chink told you I was an habitué. I could see you thru the smoke, white as alabastine, with your wide, despairful eyes, your clasped hands, almost as tho you were praying . . . and you *were* praying . . . there in that hole . . . for *me*. It came to me, all at once, that just *that* was what I had been waiting for; that where I had been, up to then, all wrong, I was, suddenly, all right. My conception was straight at last. A veil of illusion had been torn away. Inga, how I loved you on that deep night!"

"If you love me," the girl told him, "then you will stand erect, no matter what, no matter where. Love is the master-builder. It does not permit of failure."

Almost like a child hanging desperately to the firm grip of a guiding hand, Garford, holding on to Inga, struggled up, slipping now and again, always rescued by her, gaining a little, losing a little, struggled up and back, and then, very painfully, very slowly, gained beyond the point he had reached when his break came. And then, at last, the day when they felt, both of them, that the fight had been won, the day saved.

They were quite alone in Inga's studio, the studio where she had kept Garford the night of his first illness, when, having just left his wife and irate at the noise above him, he had broken in on them, reeling drunk,



"It happened to me that night you came to that opium den," he told her, "and the chink told you I was an habitué. I could see you thru the smoke, white as alabastine, with your wide despairful eyes, your clasped hands, almost as tho you were praying . . . and you were praying . . . there in that hole for me"

and recognized Inga. It was late afternoon, and she had given him tea, while he told her about his latest success, and the portrait commissions coming in to him.

"I knew you could do it," she said, her eyes shining with the luminosity they always held for the triumphs of others dear to her.

"It is because of that," said the man, "that I could. Solely. Wholly. Inga, dear . . ."

"Please . . ."

Garford bent to her. "You love me, my girl," he said; "you must . . . you couldn't have beaconed the way for me as you did . . . you couldn't have come down into the mire, the degradation . . . it wouldn't be humanly possible. Only love of a woman for a man does that . . . only the great love of a *great* woman—for her mate."

Inga shook her head, with unsmiling lips. "You are wrong, dear friend," she said; "I gave you my sympathy, a warm thing, from my heart. I have given my heart . . . to Terry."

Garford spoke eagerly. "But he doesn't seem to want it now, my child. He believes . . . things . . . unworthy things . . ."

Inga smiled then. "Terry is so young," she said, "younger than I, by far, in spite of years. He just doesn't understand, and for what we do not understand we must not be condemned. He doesn't know the vast amount the human heart can hold. But even if he never learns, that makes no difference. If you love me, my dear, you will know the truth of this. I love him—that is all that matters."

Garford rose, a little later, to go. Standing in the doorway, his old reliant self in his eyes, he gripped her two hands close. "It has been wonderful, Inga," he told her, "all of it. You haven't been able to give me love, but you have given me faith, my dear, in myself and in mankind . . . and womankind. You have restored a shattered thing and cleansed a stained thing. You have healed and made whole, *and it shall not be in vain.* I love you—that *is* all that matters—and it shall be enough. Terry will come to you. Be sure of that. Good-by for the present. Good luck . . . God bless you!"

An hour later Terry came in and found Inga still sitting in the gloaming where Garford had left her.

"Garford is well again," she announced, as Terry sank into a chair across the room from her and stared at her with deliberately reproachful eyes; "Garford is well again, entirely well. I have paid . . . my debt of honor."

Terry still stared at her. "I hear," he said, finally, with some difficulty in enunciation, "I hear that you . . . you are to be married . . . Inga, I cant believe this of you . . . I cant . . ."

Inga looked at him, quite seriously. "I dont know what you mean, Terry," she said. "Why shouldn't you believe it of me, you, of all people? It seems to me to be a logical conclusion."

"I suppose so," the man groaned, "but you . . . you and I . . . and now . . ."

"Yes, Terry, and now . . .?"

"To be going to *marry* . . . so soon. It is like turning from a corpse to kiss a passerby. It . . . it seems to me . . . sitting here . . . in *our* window . . . gazing into *our* streets, peopled by the dreams we dreamed together . . ."

"Terry, I am going to be married. You may as well know it, finally and definitely. I am going to be married *soon,* just as soon as he will have me. Oh, Terry, to the man I love!"

(*Continued on page* 114)



"Terry, I am going to be married," she told him. "You may as well know it, finally and definitely. I am going to be married soon—just as soon as he will have me. Oh, Terry—to the man I love"

THE WOMAN GIVES

Fictionized by permission from the scenario of Grant Carpenter and Waldo Walker, based on the novel of the same name by Owen Johnson. Released by First National and directed by Roy Neil, starring Norma Talmadge. The cast:

Inga Sonderson	Norma Talmadge
Terry	Edmond Lowe
Mr. Garford	John Holiday
Mrs. Garford	Lucille Lee Stewart
Bowden	Edward Kepler
Pansy	De Lacia Savill
Cornelius	John Smiley

Anita's Ambitions



Photo by Campbell Studios

YES, she would be downstairs quite shortly, her mother said—as soon as she could possibly finish the thirty-five various cheques that simply had to be in the mail that very morning.

"Anita never lets me do anything for her any more," Mamma Stewart sighed. "She's all grown up now, and I never have a chance to attend to anything for her like I used to. Back East, I always did her business for her; now I just live a life of ease, with nothing to do but pick flowers in the garden."

There's been a great change in Anita Stewart. Of course, she has the same vivacious charm of manner, the same spontaneous conversational brilliance, the same fascinating way of smiling girlishly that she had in the old Vitagraph days when she did "The Goddess" and "A Million Bid," but, nevertheless, in her palatial home, which, from its point of vantage atop a hill in Hollywood, overlooks the entire city of Los Angeles, you feel that stardom has actually brought this girl out, developed her, as it were, from a sense of the flapper into the real, lovely woman.

When Anita—pardon, Mrs. Randolph Cameron—journeyed west to make photoplays, she left behind her the memories of a happy life spent in the days when the picture world was young. She was as happy at the time she received twenty-five dollars a week and had one evening gown as she is now with her $11,000 imported limousine, her trunksful of gorgeous attire, her strings of pearl and jade.

For then, when she, her mother and her younger brother lived in a comfort-

Stardom has actually brought out this girl—developed her, as it were, from a sense of the flapper into the real and lovely woman. Above, a new portrait, and below, with her mother and "Cliquot" at her new California home



By TRUMAN B. HANDY

able little thirty-five-dollar-a-month flat in New York, strings of pearls and imported limousines were, with her, an ambition. Which, having been realized, is now a mere passing fancy.

Ambitions are an ideal with Miss Stewart. A long time ago she hitched her wagon to a star and Fate has been kind to her. She has everything that money can buy. However, she fails to be satisfied.

"It always seems," she remarked, "that in this world we try to get what we haven't, and when we have it we dont want it. I used to want to be a gleaming screen personality. Now—well, I see my name in large letters over my own productions, I work very hard in them, but every once in a while along comes a picture like 'Virtuous Wives' which could get along just as well without me. Here I've been working night and day for a year now, and I cant see what I've done.

"My ambition, my *true* ambition? The same as any other girl's. I have a wonderful husband. Some day I may have lovely children, but I dont want them until I can look back over my life and feel that I have really made myself a success. It's something every parent owes the next generation."

Never worry about *success*; the more you worry, the less you get. That's the Stewart maxim. Do as she's done—work hard, give yourself to your work, and you stand a good chance of succeeding as she has.



Photo by Steckel, L. A.



Photo by Campbell Studios



"We of the profession," explained Anita, "are just as human as the people we entertain. We get sick every once in a while and call the doctor; we eat three meals a day, more if we're hungry; we play the game of humanness and humanity; and some day we're bound to die and be buried exactly after the fashion of everybody else." Above and below, two new portraits, and center, Anita perched upon the wall of the rose arbor

"I dont dread getting old or out of pictures," she adds. "I'm saving my money, and when I *do* reach old age I shall have plenty.

"I never want to leave pictures, nevertheless, and I think I shall always be connected with them in some way. Secretly, I always rather wanted to be a dancer or a singer, because dancing and singing is an art. When I can no longer act I should like to direct, technically, dress sets and design them; in short, add the artistic touches to a production. I'm going to do this, too—you watch."

Anita has shown the utmost delicacy in the appointment of her home. The house itself has quite a history. It's in Laughlin Park, immediately next door to the abode of Cecil B. De Mille. Originally, Charlie and Mildred Harris Chaplin lived there. Shortly after their removal, George Loane Tucker had it, and last summer, when Fred Stone was making pictures, he and his family lived there.

It is a wonderful white-stone manse set in the midst of a garden. In fact, all of California is a vast garden to Miss Stewart, and her home, she says, is

(*Continued on page* 104)

The Mellow Art of Aitken

By DORIS DELVIGNE



Photo by Witzel, L. A.



He reminds one of the poet Longfellow. There is the same gentle simplicity, the high idealism, the intense love of children — the poetic soul of a dreamer. Above, a portrait, center, an informal picture of him on the steps of his bungalow, and below, with his children

THERE is ripeness in an actor! The fulfilment of years of carefully garnered experiences, the mellowness which comes to old wine, old friends, old books. The ripened actor has that to give which warms the memory even as the mellowed grape-juice colors the blood. So I found Spottiswoode Aitken, one yellowish-hazy morning. Crowned by "the silver livery of advised age," he sat among his household gods.

Mr. Aitken reminds one of the poet Longfellow. There is the same gentle simplicity, the high idealism, the intense love of children—and there are three of the kiddies—the poetic soul of a dreamer. I discovered him cuddling the baby to sleep with all the tenderness of a mother. Frances, the oldest, has been in pictures and is now in the screen production of Longfellow's "Evangeline." She is the picture of her little French mother. "Spot" has seen the spotlight focussed on him many times; he is the junior, and also resembles his mother. But the cherub of the family is Shirley—a name famed on stage and screen.

Spottiswoode Aitken has all the fine traits of benevolence, kindness, deep affection and sympathy. One finds him often musing, always ready to praise a friend, yet apt to speak depreciatingly of his own attainments. Yet they have been so multitudinous that a recital of his achievements would be like a chronology of plays past and present, and of association with almost every company nationally known in spoken and silent drama.

Mr. Aitken was born in Edinburgh, and there his first cousin, Sir Donald MacAllister, is dean of the University today. The Aitkens objected so strongly to their son's hope of a stage career that three times young Spottiswoode ran away from home.

Mrs. Aitken is the direct antithesis of "Spotty," a nickname given the actor at all the studios. She came of the famous Corday family, of France, and for the past hundred years nearly every member of her family has been on the stage.

"Dont you want to try the screen, Mrs. Aitken?" I asked.

"No, I've no desire whatever to be a screen success. Isn't that odd? I just dote on the excitement of the stage, the traveling about, seeing new cities, new faces, endeavoring to win applause from strange audiences—to me that is exhilaration. I suppose because of my foreign ancestry I love my wine

(*Continued on page* 106)



The Stage Mother Comes to the Screen

By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM



Photos by Evans, L. A.

TO Emma Dunn belongs the honor of having created a new and distinct type of stage heroine, and she has played her way into the hearts of many audiences with her marvelous portrayals of motherhood, always touching the finest and most sacred emotions, tenderly and sweetly.

She is now bringing her splendid talents to motion pictures and is making a film version of her greatest dramatic success, "Old Lady 31."

Meeting Miss Dunn in her dressing-room at the Metro studio in Hollywood, I instantly fell under the charm of her vivid, sparkling personality, which seems to sweep every one and everything before it.

The warm, cordial handclasp, the rich, full voice, the impulsive enthusiasm of this vivacious little woman quickly betrays her intense love of life and leaves no doubt that she finds it all worth while.

During the nineteen months previous to coming West, Miss Dunn lived quietly at her home on Long Island, enjoying a much-needed rest, and she declares that this was the best possible preparation, as it left her mind receptive to the demands of this new art.

"Not in all my career, not even while winning my early stage successes, have I experienced the thrills that came to me during my first week in pictures," she exclaimed, with a girlish eagerness to share her new found joy. "I seemed to live in a world apart, and the wonder, the marvel of it all, kept me up on a high plane. Now, after three weeks of steady work, I am beginning to feel the grind of it all. Oh, I still have thrills, many of them, but the work is hard and the hours long.



"There was a time," said the stage mother, "when I believed that a play to be true to life should have an unhappy ending. I have grown wiser with observation. Perfection is our heritage and ultimate happiness should crown each effort, providing a stimulating incentive for Life's struggles"



Above, two new portraits, right, as "Old Lady 31"

Photo by White

"On the stage I live my rôle at the highest emotional tension and have not yet learnt enough of the mechanical to conserve my strength during the three or four rehearsals which precede the taking of each scene, so you may understand why I am completely exhausted at the end of the day. But oh, my *dear*, I am finding it so wonderful, so *inspiring!* I wouldn't have missed this opportunity for worlds. Already it has opened up new vistas in the realm of acting of which I had never dreamed. It is so new, as an art, that my imagination leaps ahead of the present attainments and I am spellbound by its infinite possibilities.

"One of the greatest charms about the work," she continued, seriously, "is the splendid *camaraderie* which everywhere exists. I believe this beautiful democracy is the result of the newness of motion pictures. You see, no

(*Continued on page* 107)

Touring the Missions



Amid the old missions of Southern California—with their aged stone walls, and their secluded garden walks, where pigeons strut about in the filtered sunlight—among these missions, sometimes in ruins and sometimes still in use, Dorothy Phillips spent a recent vacation. And she has returned from this atmosphere breathing a spirit of rest and repose with a sense of peace and contentment—ready to again take up her work under the Klieg lights





Previous ages may have been picturesque and romantic, but housekeeping was certainly not very simple. After examining some ancient household utensils, Mrs. Allen Hollubar admits that she's satisfied to live in the twentieth century

By TAMAR LANE



THE SEVEN WONDERS OF MOTION PICTURES

WONDERING how much longer Mary can maintain her supremacy.

Wondering when Thomas Ince is going to direct another picture.

Wondering whether there will ever be another "Birth of a Nation."

Wondering whether Charlie Chaplin has reached the limit of his ability.

Wondering if the motion picture industry will ever get out of its infancy.

Wondering whether D. W. Griffith was really shipwrecked.

Wondering when there'll be nothing left for Doug to jump over.

Thomas Mott Osborne, the man who grew famous reforming Sing Sing, apparently didn't know when he was well off. He is now going to take a hand at the movie game.

The screen had best beware, for the stage is luring all its talent away, according to the latest indications. Such sterling actors as Francis X. Bushman, Theda Bara and Crane Wilbur have all deserted the screen to appear before the footlights. Wonder how the superior dramatic critics will feel about this. They have our sympathy.

Now that Pauline, the hypnotist, has entered the movies we wont have to depend wholly upon Gale Henry comedies to put us to sleep.

WANTED

A movie star who is not an all-round athlete.

Monkeys have been starred in the movies. And we have had dogs, cats and horses. Now comes a company that will present "Billie Whiskers," a goat, in a series of pictures. If some one will only dig up a trained cockroach or humming-bird, we have no doubt that a large fortune awaits them.

We anticipate the building of a large studio somewhere outside the famous three-mile limit where scenes calling for such liquors as exceed one-half of one per cent. may be played with the proper realism.

It is rumored that Thomas Holding is going to be cast in a part in which he does not play a clergyman, but it is thought that this, like the report of Mark Twain's death, is a gross exaggeration.

"Fatty" Arbuckle, who grew to fame in slapstick comedy, has decided to enter upon a dramatic career. He will be featured in a five-reel version of "The Round-Up." Now that he is to be an actor, we will probably have to call him Roscoe Arbuckle, for dignity's sake.

REELISM

Doctors with Van Dyke beards.
Conscientious district attorneys.
Sheriffs with tin badges.
Middle-aged college boys.
And happy endings.

Do you remember the good old days when you saw Mary Pickford, Henry B. Walthall, Blanche Sweet and Lillian Gish all for a nickel?

And you kicked when they raised the price to a dime.

And said you'd never pay it.

And kicked still harder when they raised it to fifteen cents.

And said it was an outrage.

And now you're glad if you can get a seat for a quarter.

HOW CAN WE EXPECT PEACE?

When comedians still continue to kick their leading women midriffs.

Comedians continue to imitate Chaplin.

Heavyweight actresses insist upon wearing curls.

Lowe—And Behold!

By GLADYS HALL



Photo by Apeda, N. Y.



He believes you must work for success, loving the work as you go along. He does not believe that there is very much to the overnight burst into fame. Above and right, two new portrait studies; center, with Norma Talmadge in "The Woman Gives"

Photo by Apeda, N. Y.



EDMUND LOWE has a great many philosophies, ideas and the like, without being at all conscious, or at all burdened, as he probably would be, if he were conscious of it at all, by the facts. He is apart from the rank and file in that, being a perfectly normal young man, of considerable energies both as to work and play, he still thinks, thinks rather deeply and very sanely, and, if you can deduce what I mean, does not *think* about thinking. It is a natural process.

Which brings me to what I might term the fundamental quality of Mr. Lowe, an unfettered naturalness, of viewpoint, of belief, of laughing, loving and living. He is utterly a norm despite the fact that he hints, darkly, at "peculiarities" which, when pressed, resolve themselves into a penchant for dancing at the Biltmore, etc., when time affords, and, at the Lambs, where he dwells, for some rare old Burgundy stored away. Of course, our talk was limited, both as to space, owing to the narrow latitude of his dressing-room, and as to time, which was measured by minutes. And peculiarities are exhaustive subjects, still . . .

Mental activities and physical activities run apace with him, I should say. I should say, too, that he is rather an omnivorous person where life and living, work and working, are concerned. At the time of my talk with him he was doing a picture with Norma Talmadge, and, at the same time, was taking his Chinese rôle in "The Sun God"; and he told me, then, that he could never be satisfied with working exclusively for the screen, nor yet for the stage. To do both, he thinks, is the ideal combination, one being the perfect complement of the other.

I asked him how, to elucidate.

The screen, he explained, gives poise. Restraint. A more perfect handling of oneself. The camera, he said, is far quicker and much more minute in its observations and what it "gets" than the human eye. Hence, one can do a great deal of emoting and gesticulating on the stage as comparable to what one can do on the screen. The greatest possible care,

(*Continued on page* 95)

How Motion Pictures Aid Navy Recruiting

By
LOGAN E. RUGGLES, U.S.N.



Photo by International Film Service



Captain Leigh said in his addresses that he was going to have a complete motion picture outfit on his ship. He told the people he was going to have movies made of the boys, and that he was going to send the films back to the towns to let the mothers see their sons as they really were. Above, a snap of the boys prior to the showing of a picture aboard ship, and left, about to go up for the purpose of getting a bird's-eye view

A SHORT time ago the Navy Department in Washington devised a scheme to man a great super-dreadnought by boys from one State—boys from the State of Tennessee.

This great vessel, of 32,500 tons displacement, is to be commissioned at the Navy Yard, New York. On account of the navy being decidedly shy of men, and also to try out a newborn idea in navy recruiting, the scheme to man the navy's greatest fighting machine was coined.

In order to accomplish this great feat it was necessary to send to Tennessee a special recruiting party, an advance publicity man and thousands of posters, placards and handbills. It was also considered very essential to send a complete motion picture outfit along with the party. The motion pictures consisted of the launching of the world's greatest warship, the sponsor, the Governor of Tennessee, the Hon. A. H. Roberts, and the different stages of the ship's construction.



It was also considered very essential to send a complete motion picture outfit along with the party

Armed to the teeth with their literature and motion picture reels, machines and "spare parts," the recruiting party left New York on November 25th. They depended greatly on the pictures, for didn't the movies show the people just what the navy had to offer in the way of a great battleship, and didn't they show the people the actual procedure of the ship's construction? And when we learn that the recruiting party was a success—and it will be a success—we will have to thank the motion pictures for a great majority of the work.

These pictures (each individual is equipped with a reel of his own, so that he may show them wherever he goes) are shown to audiences all over

(*Continued on page* 114)

Across the

By HAZEL





Above, Clara Kimball Young in "Eyes of Youth," center, Gladys Leslie in the Vitagraph production, "The Golden Shower," and below, Harry Morey in "The Gamblers," another Vitagraph offering



I THINK that I am like the average American picture fan when I say that I like to see the under-dog win. We all of us get just a wee bit tired of hearing the virtues of the topnotch stars extolled. We love our Mary Pickford and our Bill Hart, we are loyal to them, flock to each one of their productions and marvel anew each time at their genius. But we Americans are a race of sportsmen. We know how to lose in the game of life as well as how to win . . . and oftentimes we have a more tender fondness, a closer sympathy with the contestant who keeps on plugging against repeated failures than we have with those who deal only in successes. We Americans admire the supernaturally perfect, just as we look up to angels and great heroes or martyrs, but we *love* those who, like ourselves, are plugging on and on, meeting setbacks with renewed determination to succeed, wooing luck with an indefatigable grin! Yes, we love to see the under-dog win.

Not that I should venture to call Bryant Washburn an under-dog. But he is one of those actors who have suffered from ordinary stories and from a lack of genuine opportunity. Nothing is so fearfully hard to fight off as mediocrity. When Bryant Washburn left Essanay to be starred by Pathé, every one anticipated great things. But Pathé put the pleasing star in mediocre productions. When he moved to Famous Players, that company did the same thing. Of all the Washburn plays I have seen up to this time, there was nothing to rant about as bad nor anything to rave about as wonderful. They were ordinary, pleasing pictures. Bryant Washburn is not an ordinary actor, and it must have hurt him to fall into the rut of being taken as a matter of fact. But he went smiling on. They tell me he is one of the best-liked young stars around the studios today, always smiling, always kind, courteous and wholesome. At last

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

has penetrated all over the country. At last Washburn has romped into his own again as an extraordinary comedian. There is no need of repeating the plot here; sufficient to remark that Washburn is delightful as the foppish college graduate who eventually makes good for a girl. "It Pays to Advertise" is a superlatively good comedy.

WHEN THE CLOUDS ROLL BY—FAIRBANKS

On the other hand, this new comedy of Douglas Fairbanks' will be appreciated by dyed-in-the-wool Fairbanks admirers, but will add nothing to his following. There are eight reels of speedy stunts; in fact, the whole moves at about seventy miles an hour. The scenic effects, including a storm and flood, are awe-inspiring in their seeming magnitude, but reality is lacking. The play no more touches your emotions or heart than an ordinary two-reel slapstick

Silversheet

SIMPSON NAYLOR

comedy. Fairbanks is capable of expressing real feeling, but if he keeps up this speed he will run himself to death and catch nothing. An eight-reel feature must have some relation to life as it is. Eight reels of improbabilities is a bit too much to swallow.

EYES OF YOUTH—C. K. Y. PRODUCTION

Marjorie Rambeau created a dramatic furore in the stage version of "Eyes of Youth." Clara Kimball Young does the same thing in her umbrageous translation. Not since the good old days have we seen Clara so gloriously gowned, so well photographed or so powerfully emotional. I feel that in making the Oriental seer who shows the young heroine what would happen should she choose the path of duty, wealth, fame, or love, a philanthropist who savors of an effort to mimic the altruism of the chink in "Broken Blossoms" and "The Miracle Man," the director has made a mistake. For the character is neither subtly nor poetically played and adds nothing to the effectiveness of the picture. Miss Young was most sympathetic as the woman grown old doing her duty, and most gloriously realistic as the opera singer in the fame episode. Her depiction of the drug addict savored simply of theatricalisms and grease-paint. "Eyes of Youth" is a decidedly well produced picture. Every girl cannot help wishing that she, too, might have a crystal in which to see the results of her choice at the "crossroads of life." I found Edmund Lowe good to look upon as the hero and Milton Sills smugly correct in a minor rôle.

THE GAMBLERS—VITAGRAPH

This too was once a famous stage play and seems to prove it axiomatic that a good stage play will form an excellent foundation for a photoplay. The plot deals with the misfortunes of a young, rich and lovely girl who marries a scoundrel. He is gambling for her money, her mother and sister are gambling for social position and she for happiness, which she at last wins when her husband shuffles off his mortal coil and she can marry their long-known and truly devoted friend. Corinne Griffith is optically pleasing as the girl and Percy Marmont makes a satisfactory hero. Tom Terris has directed splendidly this production, which is quite the best issued from the house of Vitagraph in many a day.

THE VIRTUOUS VAMP—FIRST NATIONAL

A perfectly delightful comedy with a perfectly delightful Constance Talmadge romping away in the rôle of a girl who just couldn't make her eyes behave. She got a job and then she

(Continued on page 98)







Above, Marguerite Clark in the Famous Players-Lasky production, "Luck in Pawn," center, "Doug" Fairbanks in "When the Clouds Roll By," and below, Enid Bennett in the Famous Players' "What Every Woman Learns"

Mary Pickford Heads Contest



Photo by Bicknell, L. A.



Photo by Campbell Studios, N. Y.



Photo by Puffer, N. Y.



Photo by Hartsook





Several months ago the entire editorial force of our three publications put their heads together to devise a popularity contest that would be different. Result: Announcement of the greatest of popularity contests. And then came the memorable printers' strike, creating havoc in the magazine world in and about New York City. But, in spite of almost insurmountable obstacles and without regard to cost, we got out our magazines. Pages were necessarily cut, including, in some instances, announcements of the contest; issues were delayed; but we got them out.

However, our readers were not dismayed. That this contest at once appealed to every lover of the screen and its shadowed players was at once apparent. Since the beginning of the (*Continued on page* 117)

Left, top, William S. Hart; center, Norma Talmadge; bottom, Richard Barthelmess

Right, top, Mary Pickford; center, Wallace Reid; bottom, Alla Nazimova



Do you realize how often eyes are fastened on your nails ?

Are you willing to be judged by their appearance?

YOU gesture freely as you talk to him. His eyes follow your moving finger tips. What are his impressions ?

Men are especially sensitive to little deficiencies in a woman's appearance. Many men habitually judge a woman by the condition of her hands. The impression given by carelessly manicured nails is a hard thing to overcome.



With cotton wrapped around an orange stick and dipped in Cutex, work around each nail, pushing back the cuticle

Wherever you go you are being silently appraised by your nails. Lovely hands, smooth, even nails immediately suggest a background of refinement.

The most important part of your manicure is the care of the cuticle. When you cut the overgrown cuticle, you inevitably cut the live skin. As it heals, the skin is left thick and ragged. There is danger also of injuring the sensitive nail root, which is only one-twelfth inch below the surface.

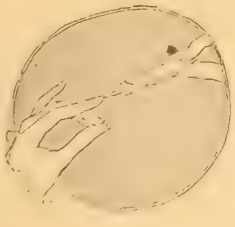
You can easily have lovely hands

It is possible to keep the cuticle thin, smooth, evenly shaped without cutting it. Your hands and nails can be so lovely you will be proud to have them noticed.

Cutex will soften the cuticle and keep it in good condition—it will prevent hangnails and rough places.

Follow the directions under the illustrations. You will be surprised when you see how easy it is to have the same dainty nails you have so admired in your friends. Once or twice a week, give your nails this quick manicure. A few minutes is all that is necessary. You need give no more thought to the care of your hands. The consciousness of flawless nails will add greatly to your poise—your general charm.

For snowy white nail tips apply Cutex Nail White underneath them directly from tube. A few brisk rubs with Cutex Nail Polish will give the nails a high gloss.



You can get Cutex at any drug or department store in the United States and Canada, and any chemist's shop in England.

A manicure set for 20 cents

Send the coupon below and 20 cents for the Introductory Manicure Set. This is not as large as the standard set but it contains enough of the Cutex preparations for at least six complete manicures. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 805, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH TWO DIMES TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. 805, 114 West 17th Street
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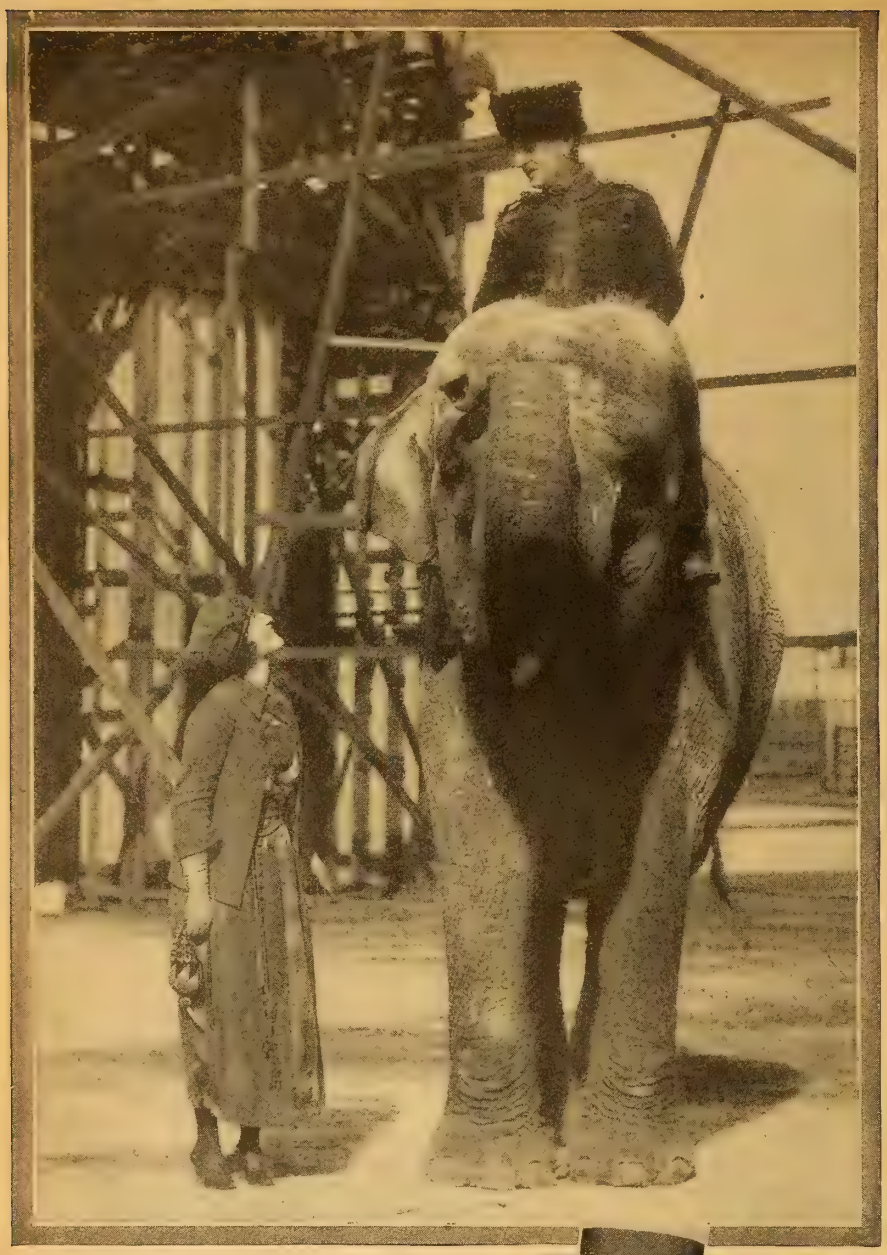
Send two dimes for this manicure set



Cutex Cuticle Remover comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream are 35c each.

Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

By SALLY ROBERTS



Left, Madge Kennedy is introduced to one of the performers in her Goldwyn production, "The Blooming Angel," and below, Lew Cody registers the fact that he's from Missouri, as it were, when some one suggests an insurance policy

THE Ascot Races always attract studio people, many of whom have heavy bets laid. They're planning now to run a race every Sunday, because, as one man put it, "Now that prohibition has come to stay, we've got to spend our money on *something!*"

Among those who always walk around the course, instead of remaining calmly seated, are Mr. and Mrs. David Butler. You know funny David, the man who is always making droll remarks, who did such good work in "Hearts of the World" and opposite ZaSu Pitts in several Vidor productions.

Mrs. Butler is one of the clever young women in the studio colony, educated abroad, of unusual personality, formerly an actress in legitimate fields. She speaks several languages, and all of the women here are speaking of her knitting prowess in terms of envy and respect, for, be it known, Elsie Butler can dash off a sweater in *one* day. I saw her making a new one for David, and she's the essence of speed. Besides, she's a marvelous dancer, bridge-player and housekeeper, and I never see a list of names for parties which doesn't include Mrs. David.

She was telling me a funny story about the difficulty in getting servants or even Marthas by the day. Having finally gotten the address of a black pearl, Mrs. Butler engaged her for the following day to clean the apartment. The dusky-hued one said she was unfamiliar with



Your skin needs Different kinds of Care at Different Times



More and more women are discovering how they can remain powdered and free from shine for five or six hours. Before powdering, they apply a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream



Before you go out, protect your complexion from the dust, wind and sun this way

YOUR skin is not a piece of fabric that can always be cared for in the same way. It is a living thing which has different needs at different times.

Before an outing, for example, your skin needs a special kind of care.

When you go out, rub a tiny bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream into your skin. It disappears instantly, leaving your face soft and smooth. There is no oil in Pond's Vanishing Cream, so it never reappears in a wretched greasy shine—and it gives your skin the protection it needs from the coarsening caused by dust, wind and sun.

Then, about powdering—do not expect powder to stay on for hours without a powder base.

Before you powder rub a tiny bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream into your face. Instantly it will disappear, leaving the skin softened. Now see how smoothly the powder goes on, how natural it looks. It will stay on two or three times as long as ever before. Because it is without oil, Pond's Vanishing Cream can never reappear in a shine.

At night, before retiring, is the occasion when your skin should have a special kind of cleansing. Only with a good oil cream can the dust that has worked into the pores be removed. Before retiring give your face a thorough cleansing with Pond's *Cold* Cream. It has just the amount of oil to make it best adapted to cleansing the skin and clearing up the clogged pores.

Watch out for the times when your face looks lined and your skin lacking in vitality. These are the times you need massage. Pond's Cold Cream is made exactly the consistency to work well into the pores and give a perfect massage.



The tiny clinging dust specks that work deep into the skin should be removed each night with Pond's Cold Cream

Your skin needs two creams

One without any oil, for daytime and evening needs—Pond's Vanishing Cream. It will not reappear in a shine.

One with an oil base—Pond's Cold Cream. It has just the amount of oil the skin needs.

Neither of these creams fosters the growth of hair or down.

Get a jar or tube of each cream today, at any drug or department store. With these two creams you can give your skin the different kinds of care it needs at different times.

FREE SAMPLE TUBES—MAIL THIS COUPON

Pond's Extract Co., 117-F Hudson St., New York
Please send me, free, the items checked:

A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
A free sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Instead of the free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:

A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

POND'S Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without



Left, ZaSu Pitts becomes more like an honest-to-goodness movie star every day. She is shown here in her new racer, while below, Alice Joyce and Percy Marmont murmur "Come seven, come eleven" between scenes



Most of the younger women—wives of stars or high-salaried photoplayers—are living in apartments and doing their own work, having some one come in to clean once a week. Probably that is why the Alexandria is so crowded at meal-time, and why Los Angeles is becoming a city of Bohemian principles and nomadic rovers. It probably also accounts for the widespread adoption of fasting and dieting, the disciple of which is earning a fortune teaching movie people how not to eat. He puts on and takes off fat, astonishes torpid livers into sudden action and has cured abscesses by insisting on a diet of raw tomatoes three days a week. Drugless healing is a regular fad in Hollywood.

Cleo Ridgely has the most beautiful twins, now nearly three years old. She is very eager to go back to the screen, but her beloved Jimmie wont hear of it. He simply adores her and the kiddies and wants to keep her all to his lone. She's so much thinner and prettier than when she

(*Continued on page* 112)

Hollywood and couldn't waste her time hunting houses. Would they call for her with the machine? Of course, Elsie would have made any sort of concession, so she put it up to David, who said he would be working next day. Finally, Fred Butler, director at the Morosco Theater, father of David and manager of the new company which will star that lively scion of the Butler family, promised to bring the pearl of great price to his son's home. It was quarter to noon before they arrived, and, after dabbling a few hours in suds and chasing the vacuum unwillingly over the rugs, the *helper* collected a full day's wages and left grumblingly, because neither prospective star nor Morosco director could be found to drive her back to town.

It does seem a strange thing that young women all over the U. S. A. wont give up department store work and take one of these lucrative movie family "affiliations." One of the players here has a maid who goes off every Thursday morning, because "Thursday is her regular theater evening!" and who doesn't return until Friday morning. On Sunday morning she goes to church, because "I wouldn't give up my church for anybody!" and doesn't return until Monday. Her wages are $65 a month and no laundry, no lunches to prepare, no children to care for.



Polly's director and camera-man pass on to her what knowledge they have of surveying, while the Frederick company is on location

How Famous Movie Stars Keep their Hair Beautiful



NORMA TALMADGE
"You may use my testimonial to the value of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO."



ALICE BRADY
"I consider WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO an ideal shampoo. It can be used with such little effort and keeps my hair in wonderful condition."



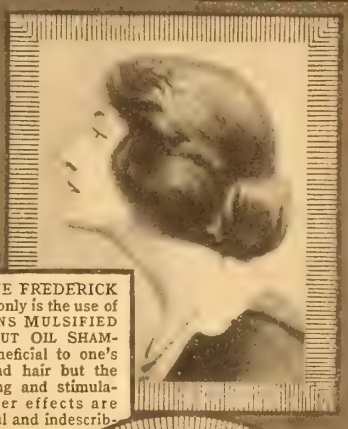
MABEL NORMAND
"I never knew that a shampoo could be so delightful until I used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO."

PROPER SHAMPOOING is what makes your hair beautiful. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people, and discriminating women use

WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

REG U S PAT OFF



PAULINE FREDERICK
"Not only is the use of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO beneficial to one's scalp and hair but the refreshing and stimulating after effects are delightful and indescribable."

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy, and easy to manage.

You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children

THE R. L. WATKINS CO.,
Cleveland O.





MAY ALLISON
"Of all shampoos I have ever used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO is by far the superior."



LILLIAN WALKER
"It keeps my hair looking its best, and is easy to use."

Be SURE it's

WATKINS

If it hasn't the Signature, it isn't MULSIFIED

Green Room Jottings

Little Whisperings From Everywhere In Playerdom

Peggy Hyland is again associated with the Samuelson Film Company with whom she did her first motion picture work in England. Immediately upon Mr. Samuelson's arrival in California and the expiration of her Fox contract, she signed with him and already has completed her first production under this new banner, "At the Mercy of Tiberius," by Augusta Evans Wilson. She is now at work on a new offering, the title of which has not yet been announced.

Anita Booth, one of the winners of the Fame and Fortune contest, plays a leading rôle in "The Law Bringers," a Ralph Ince production.

"Hop o' My Thumb" will be **Mary Pickford's** next contribution to the United Artists' program. Waldemar Young is putting the story into continuity form.

The nondescript community in New York City known as Greenwich Village, has broken into several pictures recently, the latest being a **Hope Hammond** production of "A Modern Salome," based on Oscar Wilde's famous poem, "Salome."

Alice Lake is now a Metro star in her own right, her first starring vehicle being a picturization of the great American play "Shore Acres."

Marjorie Rambeau, whose interest in things psychic has been stimulated by her work in "The Fortune Hunter," her latest picture, decided to buy a ouija board. The proprietor recognized her and insisted upon making her a present of the board. Later he was rewarded by an autographed photograph of Miss Rambeau.

Sidney Olcott, who started directing pictures with the Kalem Company, has been placed under contract by Goldwyn Pictures Corporation and has been assigned to the making of one of Goldwyn's big feature productions.

Josephine Hill, whose latest work was with Frank Mayo in "Burnt Wings," says that she landed her first picture because of a pug nose, and has become popular with playgoers in spite of it.

Dorothy Davenport returns to the screen in the Paramount-Artcraft picture "The Fighting Chance," from Robert W. Chambers' novel by that name. The cast is headed by Conrad Nagel and Anna Q. Nilsson.



Photo by Evans, L. A.
VIOLA DANA

Ellen Cassity, another erstwhile Follies girl, co-stars with Herbert Rawlinson in J. Stuart Blackton's production, "Passers-By."

Gloria Swanson was married recently to Herbert Sonborn, president of the Equity Pictures Corporation.

Antrim Short and **Winifred Westover** furnish the touch of youthful romance in "Old Lady 31," in which Emma Dunn plays the rôle created by her on the speaking stage.

George Stewart, brother of Anita and Lucille Stewart, supports William Russell in "Shod with Fire," with Helen Ferguson playing opposite.

Mrs. De La Motte, mother of **Marguerite De La Motte,** the young screen actress, died in Los Angeles as the result of injuries sustained in an automobile accident in which her daughter also suffered hurt.

Mabel Julienne Scott plays the feminine rôle in "The Round-Up" with Roscoe Arbuckle.

Walter McGrail, favorite of both stage and screen, will be seen in the future in important rôles with Selznick Pictures.

Gaston Glass, the young French aviator, well-known on the speaking stage, appears in the film version of Fanny Hurst's story "Humoresque," in which Alma Rubens is starred.

Metro Pictures will produce "The Gorgeous Girl," the serial story by Nalbro Bartley which recently appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post.*

Frances Haskell, daughter of the first Governor of the state of Oklahoma, makes her screen début in support of William Farnum in "The Adventurer."

Norma Talmadge spent a three weeks' vacation at Havana, Cuba, and was so delighted with the climate that she would like a permanent studio there with a colony of bungalows so that she and her entire company could make pictures there every winter.

Zazu Pitts' newest support in "Bright Skies" is a pet monkey of the ring-tail variety, claimed by the studio crowd to be the most intelligent small monkey in captivity.

Earl Metcalfe will be Corinne Griffith's leading man in her next Vitagraph production, "The Memento."

Eddie Polo has attached his signature to a four-year contract with Universal and will continue to make serial pictures.

Marian Davies and her company went to Palm Beach recently to film exteriors for "The Restless Sex," a Cosmopolitan Production, after the novel by Robert W. Chambers.

Mrs. Mildred Dempster, mother of Carol Dempster, of D. W. Griffith productions, died at her home in Los Angeles recently.

Elliot Dexter has not yet recovered from his long illness, but will make his reappearance in Cecil B. de Mille's next picture in a part that was written especially for him.

Earle Williams, who came East to make the interiors for "Captain Swift" in New York, will make the exterior scenes in California under the direction of Chester Bennett.

A strong addition to the scenario staff of Selznick pictures is Charles Belmont Davis, well-known author, traveller and contributor to the stage.

Rubye De Remer will be Eugene O'Brien's leading woman in "A Fool and his Money."

Virginia Faire, one of the four winners of the Fame and Fortune Contest, will be supported by David Butler in a Universal production.

Fritzie Brunette, the raven-haired heroine of many J. Warren Kerrigan productions, will be seen opposite the star in another Brunton picture, "One Week-End."

Blanche Davenport, sister of Fanny Davenport, great tragediénne of the stage, and of Harry Davenport, well known on stage and screen, supports Pearl White in "The White Moll."

Priscilla Dean, star of "The Virgin of Stamboul," the Turkish photodrama written by Henry Van Loan, is to be featured in a Hawaiian story also by Mr. Van Loan.









GERALDINE FARRAR
GOLDWYN PICTURES



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Bownet, the dainty perfumed wonder web of real human hair, offers three-fold protection:

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Green Room Jottings

Little Whisperings From Everywhere In Playerdom

Ruth Roland is working on her second serial production, entitled "Broadway Babs."

State Department officials in Washington are searching for Victor O. Kubes, of New York City, formerly a lieutenant in the Signal Corps of the United States Army, who entered Soviet Russia last November and has not been heard from since. Kubes is a motion picture camera man and an employee of Fox News, the news reel published by Fox Film Corp.

Antonio Moreno took a trip in his automobile from Los Angeles to Tia Juana, Mexico, to see a bull fight. On the trip he had four blowouts, two punctures, broke the windshield and killed a dog, but it was worth it, he says. Tony comes from Spain.

William Courtleigh, one of the most conspicuous figures of the American stage, has been added to the cast of "Children of Destiny," a Lawrence Weber production.

Vicente Blasco Ibanez, brilliant Spanish writer, is in this country and has gone to Metro's western studios to see his great novel, "The Four Horsemen," take shape for the screen.

After an absence of two years spent on the spoken stage, **Patsey de Forest** has returned to the screen as leading lady for Montgomery and Rock.

D. W. Griffith has purchased from William A. Brady the motion picture rights to one of the classics of the American theater, "Way Down East," paying, it is said, the highest price ever paid for the photoplay rights to any story or play. The play is being produced at the new Griffith studios at Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Irene Castle, one of the best dressed women of the screen, has signed a contract to design dresses and wraps for one of Chicago's largest mail order houses.

A special "Elephant Luncheon" was given by William Fox recently in honor of Pearl Doles Bell, the author of "Her Elephant Man," in which **Shirley Mason** is starred.

Some one sent **Alice Brady** a chameleon as a delicate compliment, implying that the popular actress is as versatile in assuming new rôles as the little lizard. Miss Brady says she is glad that the gift wasn't a police dog as the upkeep of the chameleon is much less.

Craufurd Kent has the pleasant habit of entertaining the kiddies in Bellevue and other hospitals in New York with pianologs and whistling solos. He makes a big hit always and has a better time than the children.

Besides being an actress, a beauty and a scenario writer, **Olive Thomas** is an interior decorator. Recently, she furnished an apartment, the furniture and fittings for which were made from designs executed by herself.

Frank Mayo says that he is tired of pictures featuring mud, fights and rain scenes. His next picture will be "The Girl in Number 29."

Mrs. Carilyn Lee, who appeared with Mary Miles Minter in "Anne of Green Gables," and who has been associated with many stage and screen productions, died recently in New York.



Photo by Evans, L. A.
ENID BENNETT

Constance Binney says she likes her rôle in "The Stolen Kiss" because it gives her a chance to wear pretty clothes, also to do a bit of dancing which permits her to revive her first and best loved art.

At the close of the filming of "Old Lady 31," the thirty old ladies, (Old Lady 31 is really a man, so was not included) presented Director John Ince with a gold cigaret case in appreciation of his direction of the famous play.

Theda Bara has deserted the screen for the stage in a unique drama fashioned by George Hobart and John Willard, entitled "The Blue Flame."

Douglas Fairbanks is working on his third "Big Four" picture. The greater part of the action takes part in Arizona with a generous share of outdoor scenes.

A famous trio graced our luncheon table one day recently—Mrs. Gish, Dorothy and Lillian. It was a great treat. We feasted our eyes upon Mrs. Gish and Lillian, who are equally sweet and adorable, the while we listened to Dorothy, who kept the whole table in an uproar and was altogether charming and Dorothy Gish-ish.

After nearly ten years of continuous appearance before the camera, during which time she has appeared in nearly one hundred successes, **Mary Pickford** will make a complete tour of the world. During this time she will produce two or three plays for the screen, using the locals of different countries for the exterior settings.

Herbert Rawlinson will star in another J. Stuart Blackton production called "The Soul Spinners."

Montagu Love and Pedro de Cordoba appear with **Alma Rubens** in her latest picture, "The World and His Wife."

Georges Clemenceau, "The Tiger of France," has become an author for the screen thru his book "The Strongest," which has been filmed by Fox.

Leo Delaney, one of the most popular men in pictures at one time, died from pneumonia recently after only a few days' illness. Mr. Delaney was one of the oldest motion picture players from point of service and will be remembered as one of the first Vitagraph stars, playing many leads during the days of Maurice Costello's fame as a star.

Maurice Maeterlinck, Belgian poet and playwright, will contribute and co-operate in production of one picture a year. "The Blue Bird" and other of Maeterlinck's plays have been done in pictures, but this is the first venture of the great playwright in writing plays directly for the screen.

Billie Burke has interrupted her stage play "Cæsar's Wife," at the height of its popularity in order to begin her next picture, "Away Goes Prudence." Percy Marmont will play the leading masculine rôle.

Gertrude Hoffmann, famous dancer and star, indignantly announces that a certain Gertrude Hoffmann exploited in connection with a film entitled "The Perfect Model" is another person, absolutely, and in no way related to or connected with herself.



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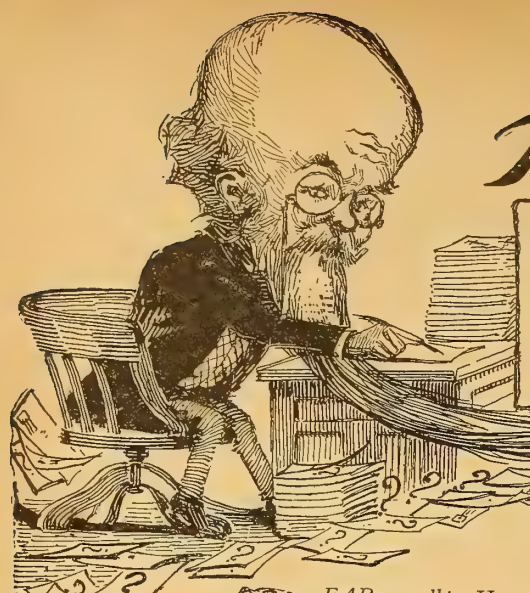
Color of Skirt ..... Skirt sizes Belt..... Hip..... Length ..... Bust size for Waist.....

If for any reason I wish to return the outfit after examination I may do so and every cent I have paid will be returned instantly without question. Otherwise, I will pay the advertised price, $12.95, on your terms of $1.00 with coupon, balance $2.00 monthly.

Name .....

Address .....

.....



The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the CLASSIC, write "Classic" at top of letter.



EAR ye all! Here we are once more with April showers and May flowers. Well, after this issue, dear readers, we are going to come out on time, and I want you all to write me as regularly as ever, and if you've never written before, it's high time you began. We're off!

O. U. Forkris.—You say, "This is my first attempt at correspondence with so dignified a person as yourself." Pray, what gave you the impression that I was dignified? Far be it from me. May God forbid! So you admire the Mack Sennett Bathing Girls. Well, who doesn't? But you particularly like Phyllis Haver. And you went to school with Richard Barthelmess. He is up at New Rochelle, Griffith's studio, now.

Little Daddy.—Niles Welch and Marguerite Clark have played together. That's a good line, but 'tis better to regret than to remember with regret. Mae Murray and David Powell in "On With the Dance."

Helen B.—Thanks for sending the picture.

Joella.—That was a high compliment you paid me. I would much rather be exalted in my humility than be brought low by my exaltation. Marion Leonard isn't playing just now.

Alfred.—Thank you.

Hura Maid.—I quite agree with you that we should all improve ourselves. Every one who does not grow better, as he grows older, is bound to grow worse, and is a spendthrift of that time which is more precious than gold. You say you like the girls with the swan-like necks. What kind of necks are they? Perhaps you mean goose necks. You certainly have an eye for beauty, in any form.

Rose E. B.—Never too old to learn. Send it along. Rhea Mitchell was the wife in "The Blindness of Divorce." You want an interview with Bertha Mann. Yes. Dorothy Green is with World. So you didn't care for "Little Women" at all.

Earle King, 19.—Dorothy Dalton is playing in "Half an Hour" in the daytime and "Aphrodite" at night. You're all wrong; she wears no nightie in "Aphrodite." Dont know how you can meet Olga 17, unless she permits me to send you her address.

June Bug.—*Fronti nulla fides* means there is no trusting to appearances. Elliott Dexter was born in Houston, Texas, and Irene Castle is at Fort Lee with Famous Players.

Heseltine.—Better send for a list of manufacturers. You predict that your boy has a brilliant future and that his eyes will get so weak from anticipating it that he will not be able to see his way to it. In which case it is proven that love has a blind brother—ambition.

Omaha Tarie.—Dont talk too much of that good cooking on the Omaha prairies or I might surprise you some day. You know I enjoy home cooking. I never refuse an invitation out to dinner, even if it is out West. Arline Pretty and Henry G. Sell in "A Woman in Grey," one of Williamson's serials.

Marcia.—You mean Natalie Talmadge.

Walter C.—Well, I cant say I have taken the serum of youth, but I admit that I am younger than most men one-half my age. Ye gods! You ask what female star has been kist the most. I wonder if girls do count the number of kisses they get? I keep a record in my diary of all I get, but I doubt if the players do. You mean Betty Compson, not Compton.

Fenine Dago.—Thanks for the pressed daisy. Send your picture direct to the Fame and Fortune Contest. Better think it over. Pride goes before and shame follows after. Dustin Farnum is playing in "The Corsican Brothers" for United Pictures.

M. P. Reader.—You hope they raise my wages before I quit. I'll give you plenty of notice when I leave. If the price of eggs and breakfast foods go up much more, I'll eat straw and milk for breakfast. Ethel Barrymore is Mrs. R. E. Colt, born 1879. John Barrymore was born in 1882, Belasco in 1862 and George Beban in 1873. Come in again some time.

Jimmie.—Viola Dana, Metro Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

Mrs. M.—You ask what the weight of an American silver dollar is worth in dollar bills. I never had so much money at one time, but I believe the answer is $20. Mae Murray is playing on the stage. I am not sure that her name was Frances Lydson.

Coffee.—I prefer mine black, thanks! So you attended a spiritualist meeting and asked a spirit how he felt, and he replied, "Medium, thank you." Gadzooks! That must have been the spirit of Bill Nye. Milton Sills is playing opposite Viola Dana in "Eliza Comes to Stay."

Bonnie Jean.—Thank you for your card all the way from Australia.

M. J. H.—Your letter was a jewel; 14-karat trimmings, too. He who wants content cannot find it in an easy-chair, can he? Louise Fazenda in "The Star Boarder." Oh, I dont think there is as much of it going on as you think. Some women are so extravagant that they make it practically impossible to lead double lives. Owen, Tom and Matt.

Alice M. T.—Of course, there is more candy being made than ever. In 1850 America produced no more than 500,000 pounds of candy, as against a present production estimated from 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 pounds per year. Yes, Chic Sale, the vaudeville comedian, is playing in "A Smart Aleck," released thru Robertson-Cole. Why, Percy Marmont is about 50000 years old.

Silver Spurs.—Of course, I missed you, naughty girl! Glad to hear you are back to school. So you think Forrest Stanley has aged. Haven't noticed it. He looked good to me in "Other Men's Wives." You want an interview with Lew Cody. Stick to it, for knowledge is treasure, and memory is the treasury.

Miss Useless.—The companies dont want regular scenarios—just a detailed synopsis, as most of them have their own continuity department. Send for a list of manufacturers. The trouble with you as a photoplay writer is that you seem to have tragedy in your head and comedy in your heart.

Desiree.—Yes, for 25c.

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EUGENE O'BRIEN



OWEN MOORE



MARTHA H.—Haven't the magazine you refer to. Sorry.

DUCKSON DRAKES.—So you have never written to me before, but, remembering what Nat Goodwin said, "It's never too late to be sorry," you thought you'd write. You say your father, who was a Ph.D., told you that educated men were paid less than day laborers! I'll agree with dad. No, I dont see all the shows. Have a pass for nearly all the New York shows. Otherwise, how could I do it on $9 per? Do write often, but not so long. Ruth Clifford in "The Amazing Woman." They're all amazing.

PEARL W. L.—How in Sam Hill do I know whether Tom Moore ever lived at Clark Street in Toledo or any other street in Toledo? Do you think there is no limit to my information? Next you folks will be asking what street Adam and Eve lived on, and what make of phonograph they preferred. Yes, Mary Pickford's and Muriel Ostriche's curls are real.

PAYANCE.—Hurrah! You say I am made of the real thing, all but my hair. Well, my hair may be false, but my teeth aren't. Nothing I can do so you people in South America can get newer pictures, until the international air service goes into effect. William Russell is playing in "The Valley of Tomorrow."

JOSEPH F.; AUSSIE; MRS. G. M., SYDNEY; LINNA L.; and MRS. T. C.—Yours have been answered somewhere, and space is too scarce to repeat.

C. V. S., 17.—Well, my word! You say, "At last I have screwed up courage to write to you! For four years I have worshipped from afar, and eagerly perused your columns. And now, dear Answer Man, I am writing to let you know of my admiration, my screen favorite, and last, but not least, to ask of you a favor." I feel it coming on, so near, and yet so far. You had better join one of the correspondence clubs. Wish I could grant your favor, but I never tell my name. It's against our editorial policy. (P'r'aps they are afraid I'll escape from my cage and somebody will steal me.)

SMILES.—Your five-page letter received. You certainly know how to write letters. Ye gods and little fishes, child, you want to know why there are so many divorces nowadays and so few happy marriages! I dont like to talk about it—but, but—oh, ask me some other time.

SADIE J.—Cant tell from your description. Cant you get the title?

MAY S.—Answer Men are privileged characters; they have a right to be ink-consistent. Agnes Ayres is playing in Cecil De Mille's next picture. Yes, Elliott Dexter has returned to the screen, and by the time this is in print you will probably see him. Send a stamped, addressed envelope if you want a hurry-up answer.

HELEN J.—Yes, Helen, we all have faults, and you may find your worst enemy or your best friend in yourself. Yes, and some movie actors only stop knocking the business long enough to receive their salaries. Yes, that was Marc MacDermott.

1083.—Maurice Costello is working at Vitagraph in character parts. Bill Hart, Los Angeles, Cal., will get him. The play was taken from the book. Have the money order made out in U. S. money, you paying the exchange at your end. Come again, old chap.

NOTTINGVILLE.—Let me know if you dont get the magazines. There are two kinds of stars—the kind that is talented and the kind that is easily moulded. Some persons are born with the ability to act and to depict emotion, while others have to be taught what to do. It is hard to inform you which of these two kinds is the greater. I am told that Mr. Griffith always prefers the raw material and not the finished artist. He maintains that the latter usually has a set way of doing things, whereas a beginner is not bounden by any code of rules. The director's rôle is that of a hypnotist, in a way, for he gets control of his plastic subject and moulds it to his liking. He sees in his mind's eye the character that is to be portrayed and he seeks to transform the player into that character. Perhaps the majority of our motion picture stars today are director-made. The director is monarch o'er all he surveys. However gifted and talented the star may be, he or she has to do the thing as the director orders. Of course, it is a great art to be able to do all that you are told to do, and the person who does not have to be told does not exist. So much for that.



HELEN A. W.—No, the director is not responsible for the lighting—it's the camera-man.

JOE.—Dr. Carey tells us in his "The Wonders of the Human Body," that the human skeleton contains 165 bones, 500 muscles; the length of the alimentary canal is 32 feet; amount of blood in the average adult, 30 pounds, or 1.5 the weight of the body; the heart is 6 inches in length and 4 inches in diameter and beats 70 times per minute. Why, Valeska Suratt is not playing in pictures, and Theda Bara is going on the stage in a vaudeville sketch. Write me again, Joe.

RED FEATHER.—A good tale is never the worse for being twice told, so tell us another one. You want to know why George Walsh never kisses his leading ladies. Maybe Mrs. George wont let him.

ANZAC.—Whence all those words? Thy vocabulary is extensive. Mary Miles Minter, Realart Pictures, Los Angeles, Cal. Why dont you send international coupons?

KELLY.—Hello, Kelly! No, I haven't gotten my spring suit out yet. It's in cold storage. I'm saving up to buy a straw hat now. How do I know whether you have a screen face or not? You'll have to have a test picture made at one of the studios. Slide, Kelly, slide!

JOSEPH H.—Why, they advertise with us, so they must be O. K. Just as I have always said, the wise man thinks he knows but little and the fool thinks he knows it all. We all have a lot to learn. Yes, our Virginia Brown, who will change her name to Virginia Faire, will play in "Runnin' Straight" at Universal City.

F. M., ROXBURY.—You say there is a new collar out called "The Argonne," and ask why wouldn't "Belleau Wood" be an appropriate name for a collar. In a great many cases it would. Have got to hand it to you. Yes, we acquire the habits and practices of those we live with; hence the importance of associating with the best company.

(*Continued on page* 115)



Fay Tincher

in "Rowdy Ann"

No matter how Fay makes up she can't hide her attractiveness. She is one of the very few comediennes of the silver sheet who have a natural comedy sense. This scene is one guaranteed to cause eye strain.

Christie Comedy Picture



PHOTO BY EVANS

Los Angeles, Calif.

July 1, 1919

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The Screen Time-Table

For the benefit of our readers, and by way of a screen review and critique, every month we will give, in this department, a composite opinion of our editorial staff which may be read at a glance.

When a play strikes twelve, it means that it is a masterpiece and should be seen by everybody. When it is rated below six it contains but little merit. The ratings are based on the general entertainment value, but include the story, plot, acting, photography and direction.

Underneath our own list, we will print a similar time-table to be compiled by our readers. Let every reader critic send in a postcard, from time to time, containing an abbreviated criticism of one or more plays. We will print the composite results here, but only when there are five or more critiques on the same play so that, in all fairness, a general opinion will be presented. Address the Time-table Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

D .....Drama
C .....Comedy
F .....Farce
E .....Educational
SD .....Society Drama
WD .....Western Drama
MD .....Melodrama
CD .....Comedy Drama
SP .....Spectacular Production

Superfine	12
Medium	6
Very Poor	1

EDITORIAL STAFF CRITIQUE

BANDBOX, THE—D-6
Doris Kenyon—De Luxe.
BEGGAR PRINCE, THE—D-6.
Sessue Hayawaka—Haworth.
BIRL HENRY—D-8.
Charles Ray—Paramount.
BLIND HUSBANDS—D-10.
Eric Von Stroheim Prod.—Universal.
BRAT, THE—MD-8
Nazimova—Metro.
BROKEN BLOSSOMS—D-12
Griffith Prod.—Gish & Barthelmess.
BROKEN BUTTERFLY, THE—D-6.
Tourneur Prod.—All Star.
CINEMA MURDER, THE—MD-7.
Marion Davies—Cosmopolitan.
COUNTRY COUSIN, THE—D-7.
Elaine Hammerstein—Selznick.
COPPERHEAD—D-8.
Lionel Barrymore—Paramount.
DAUGHTER OF TWO WORLDS—D-5.
Norma Talmadge—First National.
DAWN—D-7.
Breamer-Gordon—Blackton Prod.
DOUBLE SIXTH—CD-8
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
ERSTWHILE SUSAN—CD-7.
Constance Binney—Realart.
EVERYWOMAN—Allegorical—6
All Star—Famous Players-Lasky.
FAIR AND WARMER—F-9.
May Allison—Metro.
FAIR MARKET, THE—MD-7.
Alice Brady—Realart.
GAY OLD DOG, THE—D-11.
Hobart Henley—John Cumberland.
GIRL NAMED MARY, A—D-7.
Marguerite Clark—Paramount.
GREATEST QUESTION, THE—D-9
Griffith Prod.—All Star.
HEART OF THE HILLS—MD-7
Mary Pickford—United Artists.
HER PURCHASE OF DIAMONDS—D-
Anita Stewart—First National.
HIS MAJESTY THE AMERICAN—CD-7
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.
(Continued on page 119)



Do Your Teeth

Glisten Like the Teeth You See?

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Note the pretty teeth seen everywhere today. You can see that countless people clean teeth better than before. They remove the film which dulls teeth.

This new method is employed on millions of teeth every day. Dentists everywhere are urging its adoption. This is to urge you to test it—free—and see what it means to you.

Film Dulls the Teeth

A viscous film forms on your teeth. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

The tooth brush does not end it. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. So millions find that teeth brushed daily are still ruined by that film.

The film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles nowadays are traced to film.

Now a Way to End It

Dental science, after years of searching, has found an efficient film combatant. Able authorities have proved it by years of careful tests. Now great efforts are being made to bring it into universal use.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And, to show its powers, a 10-Day Tube is being sent to everyone who asks.

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Millions have proved this new way by a simple test. If you have not done so, make it. Film removal is vitally important.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

This method long seemed barred. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. And now active pepsin can be every day applied, and forced wherever the film goes.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

When you see the results and read the reason, Pepsodent will need no argument. The cleaner, whiter, safer teeth are evidence enough. For your own sake, don't wait longer. Cut out the coupon now.

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The scientific film combatant now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by druggists in large tubes.

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Baird-North Book
of Advance Styles
Now Ready

Supreme quality is what you naturally expect in any garment offered by this old established firm of Baird-North Co. You will be more than agreeably surprised at the very latest and most beautiful styles displayed in our Style Book.

All Silk Taffeta Dress $29.75

12A311 Navy Blue.
12A315 Black.
12A313 Copenhagen Blue.

This beautiful, latest style **All Silk Taffeta Dress** is made in the artistic and fashionable basque effect. This lovely dress has the gracefully flaring short sleeves now so much in vogue. A special original feature of this handsome taffeta dress is the cordings which lend a peculiarly distinctive style touch to the skirt. Waist is lined with silky mull of fine quality. Double row of 12 buttons in front adds to the finish. Illustration discloses the delightfully graceful and dainty effect of this pleasing style, which has the distinct note of "individuality" that commends **Baird-North** dresses to discriminating women everywhere. Sizes: 14 to 20 for Misses with 36-in. skirt; 34 to 42 for Women with 39-in. skirt. **Price $29.75.**

Shipping weight 1¾ pounds



All Wool Men's Wear Serge Suit

11A205 Navy Blue.
11A207 Black.

A typical **Baird-North** offering, combining high quality and low price in a way characteristic of this old-established house. One of the most stylish and attractive in this Spring's showing of ultra smart suits, developed in all wool men's wear serge, a popular and extremely serviceable fabric.

$39.75

Coat has semi-fitted lines at front, and artistic clusters of fine plaits at back, appearing under the button-trimmed panel, as illustrated. Lower part is richly braided all around. Stylish narrow string belt of self material. This hand coat is lined throughout with fine peau de cygne.

Skirt is plain, as required by the latest prevailing style; has pockets, and is gathered at back under all-around belt. Sizes: 34 to 42. Coat length at back 32 inches. Skirt lengths 39 to 42 inches. **Price $39.75.**

Shipping weight 4 pounds

Send for FREE Style Book—Today

You will be delighted with the beautiful things shown in the **Baird-North Style Book** at prices amazingly low for guaranteed high quality. Coats, suits, dresses, lingerie, millinery, hosiery, shoes, etc. Postal or letter request brings you a copy of Style Book without cost or obligation. **Send for it today!**

BAIRD-NORTH CO.
343 Broad St. Providence, R. I.

Matrimony, Motion Pictures and Millinery

(*Continued from page* 35)

blue eyes with their eager interest in the whole world.

"I'm so sorry I kept you waiting," were her first words, as she offered me her hand. And then she looked down at my feet. "Why, Jacqueline," she cried, "Muvver and Nursie have been looking everywhere for you. You're a naughty girl to run away from Nursie."

The baby grinned, adorably, and burst out with a perfect flood of baby-talk which must have meant something to Miss Saunders, for she laughed, caught the baby up in her arms, and turned to me with a word of apology before she vanished, the baby held close in her arms, and crowing with delight. When she came back, I saw that she had changed—she is even prettier than before, and there is a deeper sweetness in the blue eyes—a softening of the expressive, mobile face that is inexpressibly charming.

"So that was Jacqueline second," I said, as we seated ourselves.

"Yes—isn't she adorable?" in frank mother-pride.

This seemed to me the right moment for a question I had wanted to ask, so I utilized it.

"Do you think that marriage—motherhood—interferes with a career?"

For a moment, she hesitated, then she smiled.

"It might, when one considers the two years that one must be off the screen—the public forgets a picture star so quickly. But what one gains, in acting—in the ability to portray emotion—more than offsets the little time one must be away. I really dont see how a girl who has had very little experience with the real things of life—a girl who has never known real love, who has had none of the big experiences of life—can portray really emotional rôles.

"I have been off the screen two years—and I have done three pictures since I came back. I know that I have brought to my work in these pictures a more earnest appreciation of my work than I ever experienced before Jacqueline came."

"And you are now heading your own company?" I asked.

"Yes, and we are looking for a good story," she returned, her face lighting with interest at the mention of her new plans. "At first, of course, I will have to do some big, recognized book, play or story, because I have been off the screen so long that my first play under my own company must be from a well-known source. But after the first, I hope to produce stories based on the real things of life, and stories judged solely on their merits as screen subjects rather than on the author's reputation."

At this moment, the maid entered with an enormous box.

"Five hats have come, Mrs. Saunders," she announced.

Evidently, I considered privately, the maid doesn't approve of saying "Miss" to the mother of a two-year-old baby.

But by this time, she had opened the box, and Miss Saunders, with almost childish glee, was trying on the most wonderful "confections" of the milliner's art.

"I promised to pose for a page of fashions," she explained, "and these were sent down for me to choose the most becoming ones for the page."

From then on, of course, the interview was finished. When two women, with a distinctly feminine interest in pretty clothes, get together over a treasure-basket full of lovely hats, anything mundane (and interviews *are* mundane—some of them pathetically so!) must be forgotten.

During the exciting discussion that followed, a breezy, good-natured man entered.

Miss Saunders turned to him, quickly.

"Oh, Ellwood, which is the prettier?" holding up the two hats in question.

"Both of 'em," he responded promptly—thereby proving himself a man of tact, diplomacy and finesse.

"Oh, I forgot—this is my husband, Mr. Horkheimer," she introduced, breathlessly, and she immediately began rummaging again in the treasure basket, crying out with delight when she emerged with what looked like a puff of whipped cream and rose-leaves, but which proved to be a puff of tulle with layers of tiny satin roses.

Then and there, I lost my note-book—and the rest of the interview. Those hats were too much for the feminine mind to withstand! And I didn't even try!

The Caveman Cavalier

(*Continued from page* 33)

Perhaps it is a dynamic force within him, I am not sure just exactly what it is, but he would not brook any exaggeration, any silliness or any radicalism. I felt that with a certainty, but more than that, it is quite unlikely that any one would exhibit anything they did not actually feel—anything affected before him—any more than the woman would have defied the ideas and prejudices of the caveman. There is a decisiveness about him, yet he could not, in the most remote sense, be termed crude.

Before I left, he drew aside the curtain and raised the shade. Beyond the window were the exquisite spires of St. Patrick's cathedral, grey, and not quite determinate in the mist of the snowy night.

"An old—a rare engraving—in reality," he said slowly and in deep appreciation, as he lowered the shade and drew the curtain. "I think we pay perhaps ninety per cent. of our rent here because of just that, the other ten per cent., of course, for the apartment."

When I arose to go, he had his wraps ready. I looked at him inquiringly. . . .

"Are you going in the subway?" he asked, and there was the slightest suggestion of an English accent in his voice. I'm inclined to think maybe there is English parentage or ancestry—Lord Chesterfield, the air of Pall Mall—altho he said he was Canadian and did not mention Britain. Most Englishmen mention Britain.

"I am going uptown," he continued, "I'll walk to the subway with you."

We came to the parting of our ways. . .

"The East Side route will get you home with the least difficulty. I should take that," said Rockcliffe, with caveman mien, and I felt it was understood that I would take his suggestion.

"I will—goodnight," I said.

"Goodnight," he answered with a smile, and Rockcliffe, the Cavalier, stood with bared head until I had gone. . . .

And again, in summary, Rockcliffe Fellowes *is* just that, inexplicable as it seems—a *caveman cavalier*. . . .

And, being feminine, and not quite certain which is the more attractive, the caveman—or the cavalier—we find that we like him.



"You've Gone Way Past Me, Jim!"

"Today good old Wright came to my office. All day the boys had been dropping in to congratulate me on my promotion. But with Wright it was different.

"When I had to give up school to go to work I came to the plant seeking any kind of job—I was just a young fellow without much thought about responsibility. They put me on the pay-roll and turned me over to Wright, an assistant foreman then as now. He took a kindly interest in me from the first. 'Do well the job that's given you, lad,' he said, 'and in time you'll win out.'

"Well, I did my best at my routine work, but I soon realized that if ever I was going to get ahead I must not only do my work well, but prepare for something better. So I wrote to Scranton and found I could get exactly the course I needed to learn our business. I took it up and began studying an hour or two each evening.

"Why, in just a little while my work took on a whole new meaning. Wright began giving me the most particular jobs—and asking *my* advice. And there came, also, an increase in pay. Next thing I knew I was made assistant foreman of a new department. I kept right on studying because I could see results and each day I was applying what I learned. Then there was a change and I was promoted to foreman—at good money, too.

"And now the first big goal is reached—I am superintendent, with an income that means independence, comforts and enjoyments at home—all those things that make life worth living.

"Wright is still at the same job, an example of the tragedy of lack of training. What a truth he spoke when he said today, 'You've gone 'way past me, Jim,—and you deserve to. Heads win—every time!'"

Yes, it's simply a question of training. Your hands can't earn the money you need, but your head can if you'll give it a chance.

The International Correspondence Schools have helped more than two million men and women to win promotion, to earn more money, to know the joy of getting ahead in business and in life.

Isn't it about time to find out what they can do for you?

You, too, can have the position you want in the work of your choice, with an income that will make possible money in the bank, a home of your own, the comforts and luxuries you would like to provide your family. No matter what your age, your occupation, your education, or your means—you can do it!

All we ask is the chance to prove it—without obligation on your part or a penny of cost. That's fair, isn't it? Then mark and mail this coupon.

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Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, *before* which I mark X.

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- ☐ Gas Engine Operating
- ☐ CIVIL ENGINEER
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER
- ☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER
- ☐ Marine Engineer
- ☐ Ship Draftsman
- ☐ ARCHITECT
- ☐ Contractor and Builder
- ☐ Architectural Draftsman
- ☐ Concrete Builder
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- ☐ PLUMBING AND HEATING
- ☐ Sheet Metal Worker
- ☐ Textile Overseer or Supt.
- ☐ CHEMIST
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- ☐ Railroad Trainman
- ☐ ILLUSTRATING
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- ☐ BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
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- ☐ Railway Accountant
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- ☐ Mathematics
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- ☐ AUTOMOBILE OPERATING
- ☐ Auto Repairing
- ☐ AGRICULTURE
- ☐ Poultry Raising
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- ☐ French
- ☐ Italian

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WHEN ELEVEN YEARS OF AGE "THE BOY WHO PEGGED SHOES" FREQUENTLY HAD TO WHEEL LEATHER AND OTHER MATERIALS FROM TOWN IN A BARROW, A DISTANCE OF ABOUT TWO MILES

W.L. DOUGLAS NAME AND THE RETAIL PRICE IS PLAINLY STAMPED ON THE SOLES OF EVERY PAIR OF SHOES BEFORE THEY LEAVE THE FACTORY. THIS PROTECTS THE WEARER AGAINST HIGH PRICES AND UNREASONABLE PROFITS

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W. L. DOUGLAS

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

$7.00 $8.00 $9.00 & $10.00 SHOES

BOYS' SHOES $4.50 $5.00 $5.50

W. L. Douglas shoes are sold through 107 of our own stores direct to the wearer at one profit. All middlemen's and manufacturing profits are eliminated. W. L. Douglas $9.00 and $10.00 shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. W.L.Douglas name and the retail price stamped on the bottom guarantees the best shoes in style, comfort and service that can be produced for the price.

Stamping the price on every pair of shoes as a protection against high prices and unreasonable profits is only one example of the constant endeavor of W. L. Douglas to protect his customers. W. L. Douglas name on shoes is his pledge that they are the best in materials, workmanship and style possible to produce at the price. Into every pair go the results of sixty-seven years experience in making shoes, dating back to the time when W. L. Douglas was a lad of seven, pegging shoes.

The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

W. L. Douglas shoes are for sale by over 9000 shoe dealers besides our own stores. If your local dealer cannot supply you, take no other make. Order direct from the factory. Send for booklet telling how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

CAUTION.—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole. If it has been changed or mutilated, BEWARE OF FRAUD.

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President W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE COMPANY. 132 SPARK STREET, BROCKTON - - MASS.



How to Obtain Beautiful, Rich, Long, Eyelashes and Brows!

EVERY WOMAN should be the rightful owner of beautiful eyes, the essentials of which are, First: Long, rich eyelashes; and Second: Well-cared-for eyebrows. No matter what color your eyes may be, —gray, brown or blue,—if they are shaded by thick, silky lashes, and well-shaped brows, their charm is greatly accentuated.

Nowadays, no one needs to be the dissatisfied possessor of short, thin, uneven brows and lashes; you can greatly assist Nature by simply applying a little of M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier at night. This scientific preparation nourishes the eyebrows and eyelashes, causing them to become gradually thick and lustrous, imparting sparkling expression to the eyes, and added charm to the face.

M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier, which has been successfully used by thousands, is guaranteed absolutely harmless; it is not a greasy, sticky salve, but a clean, nicely-perfumed liquid, in a cut glass bottle with glass stopper and applicator. The cut represents actual size of bottle. The active principle of this valuable article is a rare and expensive organic concentration which is unequalled for the purpose of stimulating and strengthening the particular follicles which produce rich, dark eyelashes.

MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFACTORY

Upon receipt of 75c in stamps, coin or Money Order, I will send you postpaid, in plain wrapper, a bottle of M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier together with my copyrighted booklet on Beauty Hints.

The following preparations are of highest standard and well recommended:

M. T.'s Nature's Beauty Cream, a wrinkle eradicator.....$ .75
M. T.'s A. B. A. Lotion, for Pimples and Blackheads.....$ .75
M. T.'s Depilatory to remove superfluous hair.....$ .50
M. T.'s Freckle Cream, for stubborn freckles and tan.....$1.00
M. T.'s Minerated Quinol, "The Incomparable Vanishing Cream"...$ .75

M. TRILETY, Toilet Requisites **Dept. 30, Binghamton, N. Y.**

The 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest Opens

(*Continued from page* 41)

submitting pictures which are artistic and also truthful. A false photograph may cause you to be called before the judges, only to be rejected when you appear in person. And, also, we cannot enter tinted photographs, as we wish to know how you look in tones of black and white—which is the way one appears upon the screen. Furthermore, we could not reproduce a tinted picture in the honor roll. Do not be discouraged if your first picture did not win recognition. It may not have been so good after all. You are at liberty to submit as many pictures as you may desire. And, most important, do not forget that the coupon must be pasted on the back of the photograph.

Again we find it necessary to emphasize the fact that we cannot answer any letters in regard to the contest. All information regarding rules and regulations will be found in the announcements in our magazines. Furthermore, there will be no need in writing to ask if we received your portrait. If you packed it properly, directed it correctly and placed your return address upon it, there is little danger that it went astray. So many letters of this nature would be received that it would be impossible to answer them and we have found it necessary to make this ruling.

Keep in mind the prizes we are offering. First—an opportunity to win recognition on the screen as a player in one of the big productions of the year. This consideration alone is invaluable. Many beginners have worked for years before meeting with such an opportunity, and have found the path far from pleasant.

Secondly, to the winners we guarantee a contract and two years' publicity in our magazines. This is advertising which cannot be bought at any price and includes cover portraits, pictures in the gallery and special interviews and articles by well-known writers. By this means the winners will be brought to the attention of the moving picture world and they will be able to cover at a single bound, so to speak, the many unessential steps on the road to popularity and fame.

Entering the contest thru your local theater has remarkable opportunities and it would be well to notify your theater manager of these contests if he is not yet cognizant of them. Meet him half way, by giving him your interest, and give some beautiful or talented member of your community a chance to participate in the great campaign of camera history. We promise that the part we play in the contest and the big feature which we are producing in connection with it will cause you to feel your efforts well rewarded.

We have printed this month photographs of the first four beauties whom the judges have selected for the honor roll. They are as follows:

HELEN DEWITT, of Bellerose, New York. Miss DeWitt is a violinist of world-wide fame, known on the concert stage as Helen DeWitt Jacobs. We have found it possible to make some screen tests of her and the opinion prevails that she photographs well. She is a blonde type with golden hair, weighs 97 pounds and is four feet ten and one-half inches tall.

ADA VICTOR, of 145 East Palmer Avenue, Detroit, Michigan. Miss Victor is a brunette with brown eyes. She is

five feet five and one-half inches in height and weighs 120 pounds.

Exmine Gagnon, of 145 West 110th Street, New York City. Miss Gagnon appeared so attractive that we asked her to call and had some test pictures taken of her. In certain parts of these pictures she has appeared to great advantage. She was born in Toronto, Canada, and has brown hair and dark blue eyes. Her weight is 118 pounds and she measures five feet three inches

Dorothy Williams, of 1225 West 19th Avenue, Spokane, Washington. Little Miss Williams is five years of age; is in the third grade at school and can dance, swim and dive. She has already played in small parts before the camera and exhibits unusual promise for screen work. She has blue-grey eyes and golden curls.

Lowe—And Behold!

(Continued from page 68)

he thinks, should be taken when before the camera, not to over-emphasize. The least expression, of the body at any rate, the better. The stage, on the other hand, supplies flexibility, color, spontaneity. Both have their workaday drawbacks, which must be overcome by the individual player. The screen reminds him of perpetual rehearsals. On the other hand, there is the danger of monotony on the stage, the repetition of the same role, as in a long run. This, however, is offset by the changing stimulus of the audiences. Audiences, he says, are as one man, and the actor "gets" them immediately.

He says that he gets a real thrill from the way he is doing things, the combination of the two. He loves the working at the studio all day and then the going on the stage at night and noting the differences in the work, the reactions, the responses.

He believes that one *must* love what one is doing if one is to achieve any sort of real success. Only by love of work does love come back in tokens of appreciation and recognition. He also believes that you must work for success, loving the work as you go along. He does not believe that there is much to the overnight burst into fame. "Generally," he says, "you will find that while it may appear to be a sort of spontaneous combustion there has been some sort of training, generally pretty rigorous, back of it all. There may be exceptions—but they are very exceptional. Take the Barrymores; take Sarah Bernhardt; take any one of the great actors or actresses who have not only been famous but *enduring*, and you will find that they have climbed slowly, rung by rung. It is only so, too, that the real satisfaction of *attainment* is achieved."

Mr Lowe does not speak in any detached sense. He started his career by doing dramatic work at college, in California. He even took part in the Passion Play given there, and achieved a decided meed of success. After that, he went into stock in San Francisco and did about every known part there. He was one of the first members of the Alcazar Theater. This winter he is in Mr. Belasco's production of "The Son-Daughter," with Lenore Ulric, aside from his picture work. Stock, he says, is the very best of all possible training. It is schooling and it is the practical experience in one. It is incomparable as a training in versatility, alone. It is limitless, in every possible sort of way.

It seems to me that Mr Lowe has a great many of the requisites of progress.

(Continued on page 98)

One Chop Will Buy 12 Dishes

of Nutritious Quaker Oats





Save 90%

And Serve Vastly Better Breakfasts

One dollar spent for Quaker Oats buys about as much nutrition as $10 buys in meat and fish and eggs.

So a Quaker Oats breakfast, compared with a meat breakfast, saves you some 90 per cent.

And in oats you get the supreme food.

You get an ideal food—almost a complete food.

You get a food which, measured by calories, is twice as nutritious as round steak.

And you get the needed minerals.

What $1 Buys

Note how much $1 buys in Quaker Oats. It will serve a hundred breakfasts.

That same $1 in some other foods will buy you only ten breakfasts.

Then compare by calories—the energy measure of food value. That's the way foods should be figured. You buy them for nutrition.

Here is what $1 buys in calories at this writing in some necessary foods:

What $1 Buys
At This Writing in Calories

In Quaker Oats . .	18,000 calories
In Average Meats .	2,200 "
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One needs variety in food, regardless of the cost. But the basic breakfast should be Quaker Oats.

That is the food which everybody needs. And its trifling cost will average up your food bills.

Quaker Oats

With That Exquisite Flavor

Get Quaker Oats to make them delicious. They go five times as far as ordinary grains only get the rich, plump, flavory oats.

We get but ten pounds from a bushel. This flavor has brought Quaker Oats world-wide supremacy.

15c and 35c per Package

Except in Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

GRAY HAIR TELLS TALES



Banish It!

AS discordant as a costume of pink and orange, or as a precious jewel set in a tarnished mounting, is a youthful, piquant face framed in gray, faded hair.

Inattention to this important detail of the toilette is responsible for the failures of many women of otherwise impeccable appearance to win recognition in society or advancement in the professions or in business.

Gray, mottled or streaked hair may not be any more readily condoned than soiled linen or a shiny nose. To be well groomed the hair must be neatly coiffed and any gray spots or streaks must be tinted.

BROWNATONE

Absolutely harmless and instant in its results is the BROWNATONE method for restoring to faded, gray hair all its pristine beauty and exact original color—any shade from golden to black.



Send 11 cents for Trial Bottle

and valuable booklet on the care of the hair.

Two colors: "Light to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black." Two sizes: 35 cents and $1.15. In Canada, 50 cents and $1.50.

161

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.

WINDSOR, ONTARIO 434 COPPIN BLDG COVINGTON, KY. U.S.A.

Paris Green

(*Continued from page 72*)

imitation of a good time he had ever seen. When, presently, several of the couples began to gyrate about the floor in the contortions of a dance invented since he had left for the war, he rose sneakily and departed into the moon-white summer evening. Along the familiar homeward path his feet discovered the way, leaving his brain free to its own dismal reflections. America again! For two years he had hungered with all his hot, passionate young loyalty to be back, to smell the wild roses, and the hay fields and the scent of red clover steeped in the sun. He had hungered for his own tongue in his ears, his own people about him, friendly faces, familiar, homey. And now. . .

"I wonder what she's doing tonight—that little, laughing cute girl," Luther mused aloud. "She was a winner—honest! I'd—I'd kind o' like to see her again."

And as he said it he collided in the darkness with a soft, hurrying shape, and reaching out to catch it, he found himself holding the Girl of the Paris Boulevards in his arms. For a long moment they stared into one another's faces, then slowly, deliberately Luther released one hand and pinched himself without mercy. "Ouch," he shouted, "I'm not dreaming! It's you then! Gosh all fishhooks, where'd you come from?" He had forgotten for a moment the painful bar of unlike languages that rose between them.

But her reply reminded him of it. For she spoke in a voice like a strain of music, words which he did not understand, and which left him no wiser until, in desperation, she felt in her handbag and drew out the scrawled card that he had given her elderly companion that day two months ago.

Ma and Pa Green were dozing peacefully on the porch when their son's voice roused them, and they sat up, staring dazedly at the astonishing picture before them. "Ma, this is Maddermerzelle Robinet," Luther said, trying to attain casualness as tho it were quite in the ordinary scheme of things that he should appear in mid-evening, holding the hand of a smiling and obviously foreign little person with a "heathenish" name. "When I was in Paris her father did me a good turn, and I told her if she was ever—if they were ever in America to look us up—" he halted lamely, conscious that his explanation lacked a certain lucidity.

Pa Green frankly resigned the situation as beyond him. But Ma struggled for the right phrase. "Well I'm sure, Miss, that any friend of our Lutie's. . ."

"It's no use, Ma," her son interrupted. "She dont understand you. I'll talk French to her—tomorrow."

The next day, by aid of the French dictionary and much labor, Luther and the young lady—whose name was delightfully, and unpronounceably Mignon—established the following facts. Her father had died suddenly and she had come to America to find her uncle. But for some reason he had not met her ship, and—here, Mignon's English failed utterly, but she managed to convey by eloquent use of dark eyes and slender shoulders that something had frightened her, and had decided her to hunt up her one friend—"Vous etes mon ami, n'est-ce-pas, Monsieur Lu-theur?" she begged him, and Luther with quickened breathing, assured her in terrible French, but all honesty, that she could count on him.

Between Ma and Mignon developed a delightful intimacy quite independent of language. Sleeves rolled up to white elbows, Mignon made queer, spicy French cakes, churned the butter, and beat up feathery omelets; Ma and she discussed a thousand household matters, each using her own tongue, yet in perfect harmony of understanding. In three days Ma had adopted her. "As likely a gal as I ever see," she told Pa, "and it isn't her fault that she hasn't had advantages and has to talk that jargon. And between you and me, Pa, it looks as if our Lutie—" the rest was lost in a whisper for Pa's ear alone.

"Wal, he might do a heap wuss," Pa nodded, cannily. He thought it as well not to confess that he had adored Mignon from the first moment he saw her.

As for Luther, his share in the haying became purely nominal. He and the mysterious Mignon put in hours in the orchard learning a trifle of English, a smattering of French and a great deal of an older language than either, spoken by the glance of eyes, and the touch of fingers that held a common book. And the summer ebbed, and the neighbors' tongues wagged over the "furrin gal that's stayin' down at the Greens' and makin' eyes at Lutie."

One day Luther encountered a perturbed elderly gentleman in the lane. He greeted him with the faintest accent. "Meestair Green? Ah! tell me, is there a young lady staying at your house? A young French lady? My niece, Mignon Robinet. . ."

On the way to the house, he related his frenzied search for the girl, whom an accident had prevented him from meeting, and the slender thread of clues that had led him at last to the New Jersey village. "I have worried ver' much," he sighed, "for it was tol' me that some men on the ship were ver' attentif to her and I imagine—"

On the porch they were met by Ma Green, wiping reddened eyes. "Oh, Lutie," she greeted him, paying no heed to the stranger in her excitement, "th' terriblest thing has happened. Mignon's uncle has just come and carried her off! The poor girl didn't want to go—she took on something awful, but he explained that he had to go without waitin' for you. He was as polite as Deacon Sawyer's first wife, but I thought he'd never get her off, she held on to me so, crying and jabbering in that queer way o' her'n. . ."

"Her—*uncle!*" Luther and the stranger exclaimed the words in unison, then in unison they turned and ran down the lane, leaving Ma staring amazedly after. "Quick—the colt—in the hill pasture," panted Luther between leaps, "I c'n—ride him bareback—know a way to cut off miles—cross country—you get the sheriff and come on after. . ."

Now a young love story cannot be permitted to end unhappily, and of course you know that Luther caught up with the pseudo uncle and his weeping prisoner at the cross roads, and dealt with that gentleman so effectively that by the time the real uncle arrived with the sheriff, it was a doctor who was urgently needed. You may be sure that the good old American arm of the law dealt him several more jolts before it was done with him, and we may safely leave him to its keeping. Likewise the real uncle is of no particular importance to us just now, nor even Ma Green, and Pa and the neighbors. In fact, there were—for a short space of time that August afternoon—but two people of the slightest account in the world.

These two, with a jaded and totally bored colt ambling behind them, strolled

(*Continued on page 109*)

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Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page 75*)

lost it just because all her employers had to fall in love with her. This history was repeated innumerable times until the big boss (played, oh, so gloomily by that handsome Conway Tearle), takes her into his own office. But he too becomes victim to Connie's wiles and a wedding takes place which is perfectly satisfactory to all concerned, because Connie belonged in Burke's peerage.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN LEARNS—FAMOUS PLAYERS

When husband-director Fred Niblo transplanted wifey Enid Bennett from her namby-pamby, sugar bonbon rôles into the wearisome way of an emotional actress, he knew what he was doing. Enid was too cloyingly sweet as an ingénue to be wholly palatable. In her last two releases Miss Bennett has shown an increased depth that is at the same time womanly and winning. The only objectionable part about her present picture is its title. This is a cheap and maudlin appeal to those who wish sensation with their movie meals. The story is one of married life. As is ofttimes the case, a young girl chooses from deceptive appearances, only to find out the real character of her husband—too late. Here he is shown as a drunken bully who seeks to cause her endless trouble and whom she finally murders. The trial scene fails to make clear just how the court exonerated her for the crime—but it does, and with her second chance she chooses the right man.

THE GOLDEN SHOWER—VITAGRAPH

Gladys Leslie is herself a golden ray on the silversheet. She needs only two things: first, good stories, and second, to patronize a fashionable modiste. The first three reels of "The Golden Shower" are admirably worked out. We have the little girl who wants to make good in New York and yet stay good—pursued by an unscrupulous roué. She is capable of taking care of herself, however, and escapes all his traps, which so enrages him that with his dying breath he signs all his fortune to her, knowing she will be accused of being his sweetheart by a suspicious world. So far so good, then "blooy!" goes the carefully wrought fabric. In stalks chance and all the done-before situations. No one will believe in the girl's innocence; she is shunned by all until, under an assumed name, she meets the roué's son. They fall in love with each other, but she refuses to marry him until he believes in the innocence of the girl who he thinks is responsible for his father's ruin. When he discovers her identity with the girl he loves he is horror-stricken and repulses her in true movie fashion. But at length he is brought to believe in her innocence. Gladys Leslie is charming in the leading rôle. The rest of the cast is sufficient.

LUCK IN PAWN—FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY

Strenuous efforts are being provided to make Marguerite Clark's picture path continue to be a lane of roses. "Luck in Pawn" is a pleasant fluff-ball of a movie all about a girl who dreams of fame, but wakes up hungry. Fate leads her to a hotel, where a rich young man promptly falls in love with her—and that's practically the end of the tale. Miss Clark does not make the most of herself by any means. Has she become indifferent to her screenic honors? We wonder.

HAWTHORNE OF THE U. S. A.—FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY

If there is any one to dispute the fact that Wallace Reid is the most dashing and the handsomest man on the screen today, I advise him, or more likely her, to go to see "Hawthorne of the U. S. A." and be convinced of the error of his—or her—ways. Never has Wally screened to better advantage, never has he been more full of pep and life and irresistible good spirits (prohibition variety) than in this sunshine comedy drama. His rôle is that of a young American who falls in love with the princess of a small sovereignty, and who, with characteristic vigor, proceeds to turn the whole kingdom topsy-turvy . . . and win the royal lady in the final reel. Lila Lee as the princess reminded me of a little girl playing grown-up. She is too immature to wear trains as yet. Charming she is and essentially youthful—but not queenly. "Hawthorne of the U. S. A." is one of the finest pictures of the month.

THE HEART O' THE HILLS—FIRST NATIONAL

"Heart o' the Hills" is worth while viewing if for no other reason than to see Mary Pickford in her young-lady riding costume for about three minutes in the fourth reel. Here we have the incomparable Pickford in a momentarily grown-up young-lady mood of such sweetness, dignity and quaint womanliness that we cannot but look forward to the time when she will lay aside her little-girl rôles and give us some real young lady characterizations. There is a great field ahead for America's sweetheart. For the rest, "Heart o' the Hills" is a typical Kentucky mountain story, with Mary portraying a precocious, headstrong, fearless and lovable mountain child.

Lowe---And Behold!

(*Continued from page 95*)

of success. In the first place he has quite a breath-taking physical vitality and push and go, which are of inestimable worth. Then, too, he has what the radicals might term the rationalistic viewpoint. He believes, for instance, in the God of our Fathers and in the life hereafter. I dont know that he goes quite so far as to credit the golden streets and the harps and all the other interior decorating, but he does affirm that we will live again and he reasons about it, which is more.

"You cant see my thought," said Mr. Lowe, "yet it is here. You cant give me, tangibly, your thought, yet you have it, and I, perforce, must believe that you have it. This same thing, in a larger sense, is true of our inner selves. They will go on. They will persist. They cannot die, because they are indestructible."

He says, "Why be a skeptic?" And at cynicism he laughs.

He believes in marriage because of children, and since, he says, marriage was ordained for the purpose of children, the question is self-answered.

He believes that the secret of happy living is to be found in balanced living, in the old orders and the old beliefs; in, more than all else, never going against Nature and her laws.

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Some Claytonesque Conceptions

(*Continued from page* 53)

I cant tell you about it now. It is a story that will appeal—as it appealed to me."

The great grey eyes gazed thoughtfully into the glowing embers. You know how becomingly Ethel Clayton does her hair—the side part, and wavy puff above her forehead, the two cute curly puffs over each ear. It all caught the fire devils which danced in the darkest part of the big living room, while her parrot chattered, "Pretty, pretty, pretty." "Good taste that bird," I thought. The girl wore a blue dress with an embroidered white vest and collar, a tiny black silk bow fastening it to the round Eton collar. One very white hand with its diamond and platinum circlet and oblong watch on the half-bare arm, served to remind me of her widowhood, for these were gifts from the man she loved.

She turned about with a sudden change of thought. "I get weary of Hollywood, altho I like living in California. When it palls too much on me, I gather up father and mother and drive off somewhere. Right after my husband's death, when I thought I could not take interest in anything again, I came West with my seamstress, chauffeur and brother Donald. We had my big Pierce Arrow, which, when packed, weighed three tons. It took us a month to cross the continent. It saved my reason, and my ability to keep on working.

"I never knew there were such places as we saw in Arizona. You think of the Indian as unkempt, dirty, living in a smoky teepee. So did I, until I saw villages of eggshell white houses, with their picturesque walls wonderfully decorated in odd blues or yellows—many of them having strange decorations, stories of the tribe. I could not believe I was in America. One morning we came suddenly upon such a village, set in the grandeur of mountains and sunrises, sage-brush and cactus palms. At the well stood a girl, her legs wound in white cloth. She wore a short skirt, beaded and embroidered, a loose white blouse, strings of beads, while around her head was fastened a hand-loom shawl, the head band about her forehead letting the draperies fall over her shoulder, on which she carried a water jug. It was a bit of a Bible story come to life.

"Every three months I have a trip. I get restless. This fall I bundled up mother and brother—father was East—and we traveled Northward, exploring. We had had no food for twenty-four hours when we reached a place called Delta in northern California. It was a little construction camp—two saloons and a house in which the wife of the foreman lived. She was our good angel. I bought bacon, butter and coffee at the company storehouse. The butter alone cost $2.50! The woman let me cook on her little stove. I have never enjoyed a meal at the Ritz as I did that 'chow' in a shack far from civilization."

"You'll be doing Europe next I suppose?"

"Plans are all made," confessed Ethel, picking up Mitzie, who had been yelping crossly over her indifference to his waving plume of a tail. "I'll go to New York by train and buy a new car there. We will travel light and camp out a lot. It is really the only way to see the country. I have eight months more under this contract, and if all goes well, I hope to work only another year after that. With what I have been able to scrape and invest, I figure we can live comfortably, altho I shall not be wealthy. I want a home in which to keep my husband's little son, age nine, and my little niece. Besides, I may adopt a girl of my own. Tolstoy," she said with a smile, "has said it is a greater work to raise children whom one has not borne and to do it well, than to love and rear one's own. That's a theory upon which I shall work anyway. My little son is at a military school. I want him to have discipline and proper training until I can look after him."

Lucky kiddies! With her beautiful disposition, her acquired self-control, and her love of culture, those youngsters will have a mother to be loved ardently.

"Are stories of the screen improving?" I asked.

"Getting worse all the time," said Miss Clayton, positively. "All the good things, novels, Saturday Evening Post stories, other really good magazine tales have been used. I would rather play light comedy (one feels that, for Ethel has a lurking twinkle at each lip corner, serious tho her eyes may be), than the heavy stuff they buy for me. I hear that I am to do 'Shulamite.' I'm not keen on that!

"The trouble with our modern story is that the American public seems to demand boy and girl affairs, ending happily. To the European, the time before marriage is utterly uninteresting. They are all alike. It is the readjustment of conditions for the boy and girl after the ceremony which will count. We act and react—begin to live after we marry, not before. We shall not take great pictures until we escape from trite subjects. We need to deal with live issues in married life. Great novelists abroad realize this."

"And you think you'll not miss the stage and screen when you settle down to mothering the little kiddies? Dont you think of marrying again?" We were on dangerous ground, but the kindly attitude of the star had made us bold.

"I feel that I want to be free! If my husband had lived, everything would have been different. I cannot imagine loving another man. I want to give the children educational advantages abroad. My time will be occupied with them. And I have so much to do for father, mother and Donald. A man might be a disturbing influence in such a complete family—I have known them to upset things!" She laughed until white teeth gleamed in the firelight. "You see, I began to work very early and so I am going to retire before any one *wants* me to.

"It's a big responsibility to raise a girl now. I am thinking of that. It will take more thought for the girl than for the boy. People say that dangers lurk everywhere for the girl, that if she is an actress she cant stay straight. I dont see why. The world is not growing worse. I know that as a girl, I was often in unclean atmospheres, but it never made me unclean. The great thing is, to have self-respect and a conscience like an alarm clock—that's my solution of the social problem."

Yes, Miss Clayton holds herself aloof, she is not given to great intimacies, but always she is approachable, cordial and as for copy . . . we had chatted of plays, politics, religion, morals, the lack of self-respect in the rising generation, the necessity of character building, and always the quaintly beautiful theories of Ethel rose to the fore.

Clever Ethel. Dont you say so?



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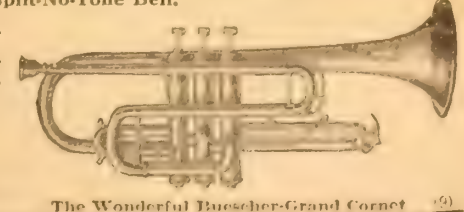
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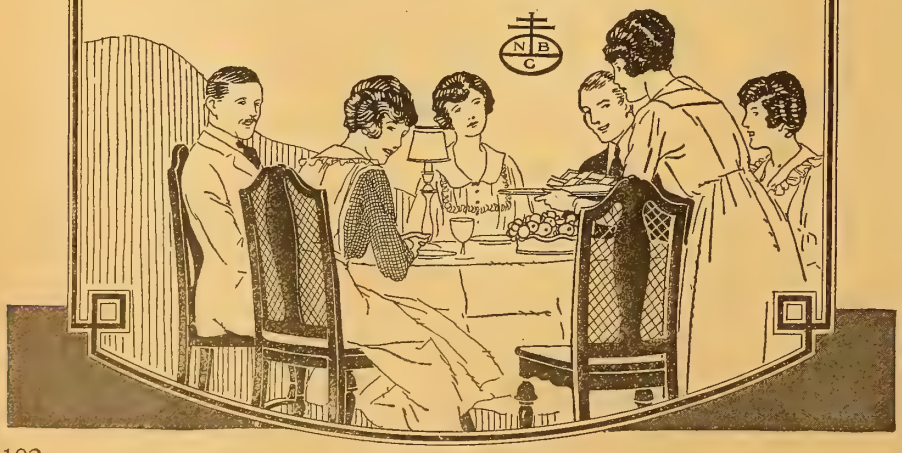


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Sold in the famous
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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



"Lights!" Says Lillian

(*Continued from page* 31)

one might touch upon a personal affliction or something of the sort, I prest the question from another angle and deduced the fact that next to the lights the necessary giving of one's own vitality to the players is the next-in-order grudge against the job of being a director. And then, the details . . . the endless details. . . .

"At any rate," said Lillian, with her haunting sort of a smile, "there are people born to rule and there are people born to be subservient. I am of the latter order. I just *love* to be subservient, to be told what to do. I love to *obey* people. In that case when I am told, 'Lillian, do this, or do that,' why then, if it turns out to be wrong I can say, 'but you *told* me to.'"

Lillian added that she will never feel quite the same about a director again. She will treat him henceforth, she says, with the humbleness accorded by a slave and the adoration accorded to a martyr. She will have, every morning, a cushioned chair awaiting him and she will obey his given orders, if she can, before they are given. She has always tried, she says, to be as attentive as possible, but she will feel, now, that her previous efforts were but feeble ones, speaking comparatively. . . .

I asked her what prompted the directorship. "A purely selfish reason," said Lillian, promptly; "to help me with my work on the screen. I wanted to get the other angle; see the thing from the other side. Well . . ." with a sigh more portentous than her slender self warranted; "well, I have *seen!* O, *dear!*"

Not that any of this quasi-humorous, quasi-tragical attitude manifests itself while the little director is actually at work. No, indeed. There is, with all her whimsy, a certain underlying directness and a sort of a silken but very potent determination to Lillian. She was, while directing, absolutely professional, all in her quiet way; calling for camera and lights and close-ups and stills and retakes with the best of them. There was no nonsense. Things went ahead, were *done*. They had been working since nine in the morning and would be at it until ten that night. Lillian does not shirk either hours or exertions. And it was rather sweet to see the team-work of the two sisters; Lillian suggesting to Dorothy, Dorothy acquiescing, with promptitude plus her usual clever ability.

Also, there was a *megaphone*. A megaphone thru which Lillian gave her direction; a large, professional looking megaphone, labelled, also largely, *Miss Gish*. Somehow, one of the things we never would have thought of was *Lillian Gish* with a *megaphone* . . . a zither, a slim violin, yes . . . but a megaphone . . .oh, no, *no!* Nevertheless, she had one and she gave it expert use.

Here, surely, I thought, if ever, is that elusive quality called *genius*. The spirit inhabiting one fragile appearing girl, a spirit which has given us, upon the screen, the most delicate nuances of things beautiful and fleeting in tragedy, pain, pleasuring, all the various shadings of life and death. And yet a spirit which can, apart from that, be practical enough, efficient enough, to manage a studio and all its details, write the continuity, as she and Dorothy did in one afternoon, for this picture and then go ahead, her initial effort, with Mr. Griffith away, and direct it. And who, greater even than these things, can still remain the most

un-movie-like person, certainly, ever interviewed; eager and ready to learn from everybody, almost humble in her gentleness, devoted to her family, which consists of her mother and Dorothy, undesirous of fame, preferring to be commanded rather than to command, fragile, yet all but omnipotently strong because of her very fragility, poetic with a subtly underlying practicality, a philosopher and a dreamer of dreams, an artist and just a girl. . . .

The gossamer stuff of dreams as well as deeds and deeds as well as dreams.

The One-Man Movie

(*Continued from page 37*)

and they are learning to put one man in charge of one drama. He writes it, puts it into continuity, supervises direction, plans photographic effects, works with the art director, casts and rehearses the company."

Mr. Emerson laughed, "Sounds simple, doesn't it? Believe me, it's a man-sized job—an artist-sized job at that. But it's the only way. It's new—as much of a novelty as was Griffith's first-back or fade-out effect."

"It's just that—its youth and its centralization of creative work in the hands of the writers—which give the amateurs their chance," Miss Loos explained, seeing that the interviewer was beginning to flounder a bit. The connection between new production methods and amateurs was not at all clear. He murmured something about the man who "never is but always to be blessed."

"I know," the sub-débish person looked older suddenly as she responded with more heat than she had yet shown, "I know that the average amateur is sure the professional will not give him a chance. Any one who will learn the rules, get out into the lot and get to know the technical side, who will keep on trying until he really *knows*, has the greatest opportunity in the world to make good."

"How about money?"

Miss Loos toyed with a silken tassel on the big blue pillow with the offended air of a devotee of art who dislikes to hear mention of money. Mr. Emerson, being a man and materialistic, took the plunge.

"Not less than $3,000 to $5,000," he said. "Rumor has it that a successful magazine writer has just turned down a $100,000 offer. Of course the bigger the name the bigger the demand, not so much because of the advertising value of his prestige—the producer usually changes the name of a well-known novel—but because the appeal of a popular writer is pretty certain."

"But," the erstwhile offended Miss Loos inserted at this point, feeling, apparently, that they were far enough away from sordid matters, "any original plot is welcomed."

"We're buying plays for Constance Talmadge now, using them as starting points for our own drama—"

"But we'd love a story by some one else which we could really use. Original material is mighty scarce."

"After all it's the photodramatists who will make money," said Mr. Emerson, risking his wife's displeasure to speak of materialistic things again. "A writer of original plots may run dry or he may have bad luck. It's a precarious way of fighting the H. C. of L. But the continuity man is in ever increasing demand. There are practically no trained experts in the field."

It sounded like a correspondence school advertisement. Miss Loos, sensitive to

(*Continued on page 109*)



"And then, through a beautiful actress, I discovered home Electric Massage!

"THIS stage beauty, a radiant, youthful woman who has been famous for years, confided to me that electric massage is the *one* daily luxury that she insists on having. As a matter of fact she told me that this is not a luxury but an absolute *necessity*. So I bought a 'Star' and I'm delighted!"

Likewise, to every woman who is not satisfied, unless she looks her very best, at *all* times, home electric massage is the one health-and-beauty treatment she can rely on. She knows that massage, when properly applied, will keep her complexion clear, fresh and colorful; her hair and scalp in the pink of condition; her figure supple, attractive and of youthful contour.

Today more than half a million Star Electric Massage Vibrators are being used *daily*. Hundreds of women have written us that they are delighted with the almost magical results that the "Star" has wrought with their once muddy, unattractive complexions; stubborn, coarse-looking hair and unwelcome body blemishes. Don't the experiences of these other women prove to you that *you*, too, can re-create your skin, your hair, your youthful contour?

Such beautiful women as Grace Davison, Corinne Griffith, Evelyn Gosnell, photoplay stars shown below, and scores of others, use and endorse the Star Electric Massage Vibrator. Get a "Star" today. Price $5.00 for complete outfit. At leading drug, department and electrical-goods stores or direct from us on receipt of $5 and your favorite dealer's name and address. (Price in Canada, $7.50.) Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Dept. 216, Torrington, Conn.

The **Star** *Electric Massage* **Vibrator**

For use in your own home





The Old Art of Perfect Hands

Practiced by the ladies in the court of Marie Antoinette—lost in the French Revolution—rediscovered by a famous French chemist, it comes to us, a gift of the magi—Tanforan!

Subtly rounding the tissues and giving the skin a soft, velvety whiteness, the "grandes dames" of the old world called it "the magic."

Tanforan
The New Beauty Treatment for the Hands

Lovely white hands—soft and fragrant—are still your greatest social asset. The shape of the hands shows the character, but the *care* of the hands is the measure of refinement. Guard this asset jealously!

Round out and strengthen the tissues of the skin and at the same time impart to it the perfume of Tanforan—a breath of Elysian fields!







Which of these types are your hands?

Tanforan is not to be confused with hand lotions, vanishing creams, etc. It is an entirely new kind of beauty treatment.

Tanforan may be had at most of the better toilet goods counters. Ask for it today, and learn how easy it is to have beautiful hands and skin.

Be sure to read the attractive little booklet which accompanies each bottle of Tanforan. It contains a story that will interest you, as well as directions for the use of Tanforan.

(*As described in the American Magazine by a famous beauty expert.*)

The Forceful Type—Tapering fingers, muscular palm; **The Artistic Type**—Long, slender fingers, deep hollow in palm; **The Capable Type**—Compact hand with round fingers.

This advertisement is worth 13c to you. Clip it and send with 12c in stamps for a regular 25c bottle of Tanforan, tax paid. You will adore it



Jean Vallée & Cie
(Incorporated)
NEW YORK OFFICE 17 W. 42nd St.

Anita's Ambitions

(*Continued from page* 63)

merely an "expression" of landscape art. The road leading to the front entrance winds uphill under giant eucalyptus trees and rose arbors. A plot of ground immediately in front of the doorstep, is planted with native flowers, and on the far side of the hill loquat, lemon and orange trees shimmer in the sun.

The house, old English in design, has a beautiful rose pergola and garden in back, the center of which is planted in a lawn and contains a bubbling fountain. Entirely surrounding the lawn is the walk and pergola, where roses bloom the year round, and at the far end of the walk is a wall.

"Look over the wall," Miss Stewart suggested, "see . . . ."

Two dogs—one, Cliquot, a police dog, the other, King Casey, a ferocious-looking bull, slept peacefully at the end of their chains in the midday sun. Behind their kennels is an *arroyo*, or small ravine, and as the star's voice was audible, from the depths of the gulch there came an answering whinny.

"That's Peggy, the family horse," she explained. "She takes me riding once in a while when I have a spare moment."

Life in the golden West, says Anita, is all more or less a dream. She has her home, where she spends nearly all her spare time. She loves New York for its quickness and its shops.

"But out here," she remarked, "you just seem to drop off the earth. I didn't like California when I first came. It was raining and the railroad station was, to me, a horrid, ugly affair—nothing romantic. When I got to the studio—an open one without any glass stages—the floor was full of puddles. I burst out crying. Why had they sent me out to this terrible place to work? I hated it, and dreaded the time when I had to put on my make-up. In a day or so, I went to work. The sun was shining, the puddles were all dried up—and I've loved California ever since. I'd rather live here than in the East, altho New York is always—well, just New York."

A morning paper lay under the pergola on a small, stone bench, exactly where George, the younger Stewart brother, had been reading it an hour before. Anita glanced casually at the photoplay page.

"Read this," she said, and laughed.

It was an article describing some one as dainty, sweet, charming, adorable and *pretty*,—a typical press-agent yarn about some star.

"Isn't it terrible to be accused of all that?" Miss Stewart asked, pityingly, "especially since so-and-so is just a mere human being. That's terrible. I hate to be called charming or dainty, because I'm neither. I do hope I'm sensible. I like to have people say I'm intelligent. I'm not like a tiny rosebud or the humming-bird, whose food is the nectar of the flowers. You read all this, and you just think, 'Oh, dear!' and pass on to the sport page where they tell you in no uncertain language that so-and-so is either a piker or a good scout.

"I, and all the rest of us in the profession, are just as human as the people whom we entertain. We get sick every once in a while and call the doctor to make us well. We eat three times a day—more if we're hungry. We like friends and dislike flattery. We adore our parents, and many of us owe every bit of our success to a loving mother. We play the game of humanness and humanity, and some day we're bound to die and be buried exactly after the fashion of everybody else.

"Personally, I'd rather have them say that I'm a *regular girl* than anything else.

"If anything should ever happen to my mother, my husband or my brother I think I should die, but since God is good and keeps them with me, I'm the happiest mortal alive."

Perhaps it's that stimulating love of people that has *made* Miss Stewart, placed her in a unique position on the screen and *kept* her there when other stars have fallen. But, at any rate, she never stops working.

As the pretty maid in "A Midnight Romance," the waif in "Human Desire," the belle in "In Old Kentucky," the young mother in "Her Kingdom of Dreams," and the impulsive mountain girl in her latest play, "The Fighting Shepherdess," she is always the cheerful, spontaneous creature of life, as she was in "The Girl Philippa" and "The Glory of Yolanda."

She's just a *regular girl*.

N. B.

That Means "Take Notice" of Nigel Barrie

(*Continued from page* 55)

bought Mrs. Barrie a Mercer racer—a bright yellow thing. I'm much safer in the air than she is in that car—she's a bit speed-mad, you know."

"You've no longing to go back to the speaking stage after your free life in California? You're an outdoor man."

"I am. But I'd rather chase tuna than drive an airship. Sport of all kinds appeals to me and there's nothing that offers such opportunity as the movie game. It's sure the greatest business in the world." Mr. Barrie is so enthusiastic that he just cant be English all the time.

"Will Mrs. Barrie enter the films too?"

"I hope so. She's very clever and very good-looking, and while her stage experience has been short, she has talent, I want her to use her full name, 'Helen Lee Barrie.' It would distinguish her from the other Lees—there are so many. I tell her that if women want the vote they must *work* too!" Again the Irish eyes twinkled.

The Barries have recently bought a house, a very handsome house on Van Ness Avenue, Los Angeles. It was because of this that Mr. Barrie refused to go to New York to do a picture. He does not want to travel—except for pleasure, and even so, I do not think he will go far. He has landed across the Rockies till "Death does them part."

He intends to have several fine, blue-blooded horses in his new stable-garage. Indeed he hoped to keep everything but chickens, and waxed so enthusiastic about it, that I grew afraid. Fans do not want to lose Nigel Barrie, but he is so fond of country life, that he may, one of these days, forsake lovely Katherine MacDonald and the other famous screen beauties to take up ranching in California.

However, he allayed my fears by promising me it would not be for some time to come.

How You Can Have a Charming Personality

To Women! Dear Friends of my Sex:—Truly, I have good reason to be one of the happiest women in the world. For every mail brings me so many letters of appreciation. If you were in my place, you would be delighted to know that you were a real help to so many, to feel that you could be a sort of fairy godmother to someone in need of just the kind of knowledge you had stored up and just the kind of sympathy you have in your heart.

Oh, the letters! How I love them all. They fairly breathe appreciation and friendship for the good things they attribute to me and my work. Here is one from a little woman in Allentown. I remember the first time she wrote me. Such a pathetic little letter it was, a sigh from beginning to end, mingling with a sort of forlorn hope that I, Juliette Fara, might be able to help her.

Yes, to help her. To show her how she might attain success, how she might throw aside the mantle of a gray, uninteresting and even repellant personality and be just what the Creator intended her to be, a glorious, magnetic little woman radiating charm and personality, captivating hearts of men and women alike with a new found power sparkling with the attraction that draws friends like a magnet, compels admiration, respect and all the other things in life worth having.

That's what my little friend wanted and that is what all of us want. Now she writes and tells me that she has attained the desire of her heart, and that to me—think of it, to me—she owes the credit of her success. Can you blame me for being elated and happy?

But here is not a new story to me. I have dedicated my life to helping women overcome their imperfections, my whole being is wrapped up in a desire to enable you, dear Reader, as well as others of your sex, to attain the success that comes to those who will acquire the exquisite and charming ways which are so necessary if we women are to achieve the feminine success so dear to our hearts.

Perhaps you know that I spent years of my life in Paris, watching, studying, and analyzing the captivating ways of the French woman, she whose fame has spread to every land, she who holds in her hand the destiny of her country and her men, she to whom the power of attraction is an art and a science to be learned just as we would learn to play the piano or sing. What secrets have been revealed to me! What amazing things I have found in the French woman's treasure box of personality!

There was Mlle. [illegible] Paris, for instance, one of the most fascinating little lures of femininity I ever knew. Beautiful? Dear me, no! Mlle. [illegible] was positively ugly of feature. But people raved over her.



Juliette Fara

But Mlle. [illegible] Paris had personality, she knew the very things that I would like to put into you for free [illegible] an American Girl—equipped as no other girl in the whole world is equipped, to cultivate a charming personality, to use the secrets I am ready to impart to you so that you can be just the wonderful, all-around compelling woman you would like to be.

How often have you wished you could reach out your arms and draw close to your heart the happiness, the luxuries of life, the tender love that you see others enjoying! How often have you envied the woman who seemed so supreme in her sphere, the mistress of a wonderful home and perfect love, the woman with scores of admirers at her feet, or another with an enviable position!

You have wondered why, gifted to no particular degree with beauty of either face or form, equipped with but ordinary intellect or education, only some women attain their desires so easily.

I will answer you. They have personality, the winsome charm that all women can have, once they know the secrets.

Now, dear Reader, I do not want to seem the least bit mysterious, but you who wish to acquire a winning personality should know the secrets which I have found out. These I would like to whisper in your ear, to tell you confidentially, woman to woman, how I have achieved my success, and how I have helped so many of my sisters achieve theirs.

How many women there are who in some way or other find it desirable and even necessary to use every bit of honest persuasion they can summon to control the love and hold the interest of the men of their hearts! Sometimes they win over the thoughtless, indifferent or erring ones by weeping or arguments. But more often do they fail when they do not understand the true secret of winning personality for women.

Yes, if they only knew. If they would but work with head and heart instead of only the latter, using the knowledge, the secrets which would make the task so easy, the results so wonderful and everlasting. How I have longed to go to these women and say: "Let me teach you," instead of which I must stand aside and await the time they must realize that I have what they want.

Of course, there are all types of women in the world. Among those who have yet to attain a charming personality is the loud, aggressive, rather forward girl. Then there's the woman who is too shy and retiring. If you are either of these types, or if some other imperfection stands between you and your desires, I am sure I can help you. As the beautiful butterfly issues from the homely cocoon so should you emerge from the darkness and obscurity with a new found power at your command, with the alluringly beautiful personality of a woman whose hand is firmly on the throttle of her own destiny.

I want to make you sought after by both men and women. I want you to be the real center around which revolves every social function you attend. I want you to rise in business and make yourself so independent that you can choose your own pathway through life, gain and hold the love of the man of your heart, dispelling your troubles like fog before the bright sunshine. So I want you to learn what I have learned, to share with me the secrets of a winsome manner.

But this is not all I have to tell you. I would like to know you better and have you know me better. So first I suggest that you write for a little book into which I have written some of the wonderful secrets I know.

Juliette Fara



Photo by Abbe

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

THIS esteemable young lady has won a place in the hearts of millions. Study her picture well; it will make you think.

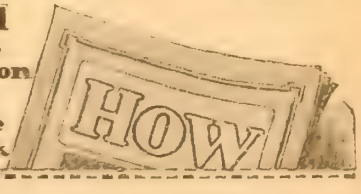
What man, woman or child has not been charmed by her superb acting, her magnetic personality, even as she has captivated you.

Note the tilt of her head, the sweet, quiet unassuming dignity in her easy, graceful pose. Remember—you have never heard her utter a word. She has no opportunity of portraying her thoughts and emotions in vivid, eloquent speech. By pose, motion and facial expression, she holds your attention, thrilling you, amusing you, leaving you with a lingering memory of her charming mannerisms.

All that Juliette Fara teaches, Miss Talmadge employs to her direct personal advantage, so much so that a prominent director said: "Mentally and physically she is able to adopt any attitude with the greatest ease and to express any emotion or shade of feeling. That is why she attained such nation-wide popularity."

Miss Talmadge has heartily indorsed the instructive knowledge which Juliette Fara imparts to women, and what Miss Talmadge indorses you should know. "How" you also can use the secrets which she uses to such advantage is explained to you in the free book "How" which the Gentlewoman Institute will send for the asking.

Mail the Coupon for Free Book



FREE—"HOW," a Book of Secrets—FREE

I have called this book "How" because it explains how you may start upon the right road to a career of contentment and happiness.

This little book, "How," is published and given free by the Gentlewoman Institute. I know you will be surprised and delighted when it comes to you—in plain wrapper, of course.

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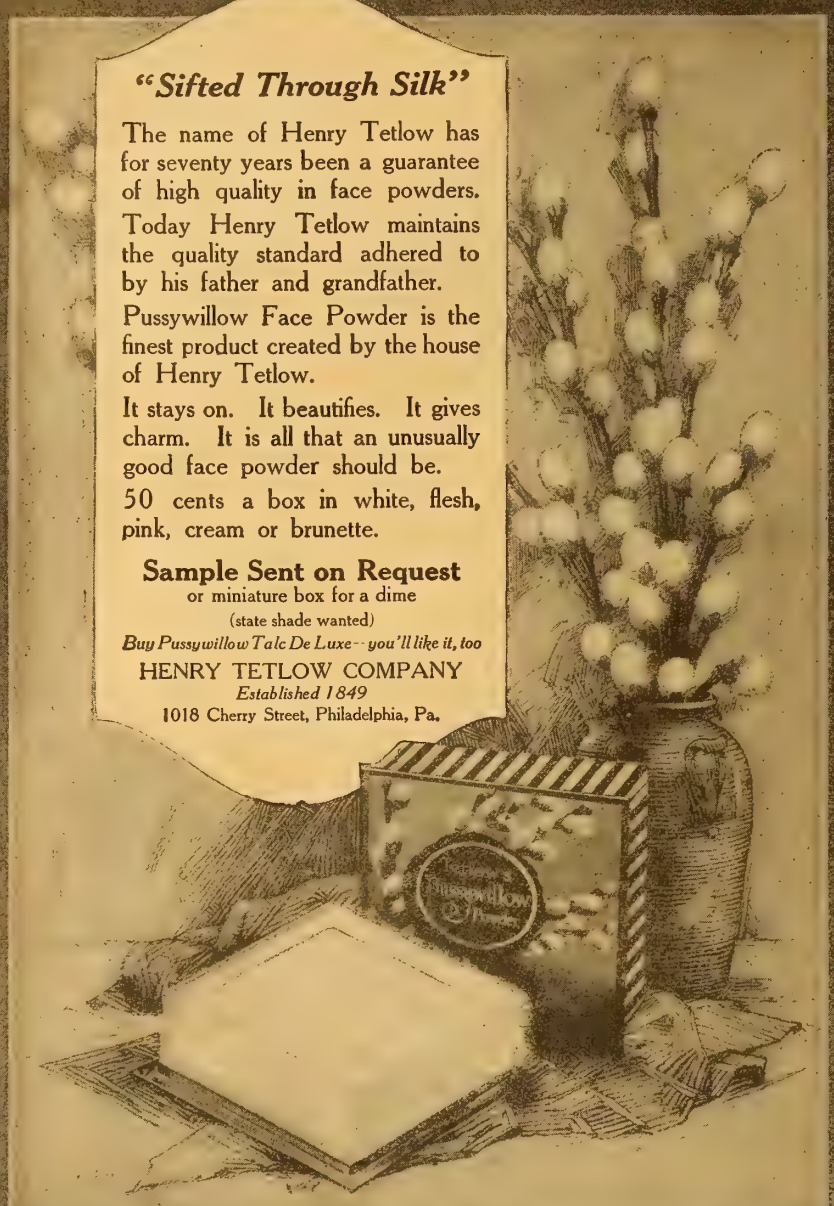
Please send me, postpaid, free of cost and without any obligation on my part, Madame Juliette Fara's little book entitled "How."

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Contains many beauty hints, and describes a number of elegant preparations indispensable to the toilet. *Sold by all druggists*



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Cover the entire body or any part. Endorsed by leading physicians. Send for illustrated Booklet.

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Chin Reducer, Price $2.50

The Mellow Art of Aitken

(*Continued from page* 64)

of life full of bubbles, even if they do burst sometimes and cause intense disappointments," cried the vivacious mother.

Mr. Aitken played everything from comic opera to Shakespeare, and his early experiences included engagements with famous cantatrices or comédiennes like Maybelle Gilman and Paula Edwards, as well as happy hours spent in the company of Herbert Gresham, Ada Rehan, Harry Dixey and Robert Edeson.

"How did you meet Mr. Griffith, Mr. Aitken?"

"We were doing 'Pocahontas,' at the Jamestown Exposition, and became very intimate. We've shared poverty and prosperity like brothers. After our night's work was over, I used to attend some motion pictures which were very poor. When I explained that I was studying pictures, they laughed. I told Griffith that I thought here was a thing to be reckoned with for the future of acting. He laughed at me. He thoroly despised the flickering things. I did also, so far as their effect was concerned, their poor photography and lighting, the mediocre acting, and still worse direction, but I believed then as now, that pictures are the Fata Morgana which lures on to joy and grief, pleasure and pain, and fortune. Later, I said, 'Go into the picture business.' Not long after that, he went. I came west with his first Biograph company.

"When he asked me to join his company in the east, he was doing a few pictures at Seabright, New Jersey. He got me to come to the beach, jump into the water, and cavort about wildly for two hours, while, as I supposed, a camera was registering my emotions as a drowning man who sees the wrecked ship at a distance. I had to imagine it all, for there was not a sign of a ship, any other survivor or a desert island, such as had been described to me by Mr. Griffith. I did not know a thing about cameras, and when I saw this one grinding away, I thought I was working before it. As a matter of fact, the camera was trained on a hill where a half dozen players were working, and I did not know until late that day that it was one of Griffith's little jokes at my expense, but also intended to give him an idea of what I could do without make-up, theater, scene shifting and written lines. Anyway, he engaged me; I was just a clown that day, but it took me into pictures and I have been busy ever since."

It was this veteran actor who suggested some valuable changes in "The Birth of a Nation." You remember that Mae Marsh, as the little sister, is pursued by the negro. Mr. Griffith had him choke the young Southern girl to death, and a close-up showed the black strangulation marks on her throat.

Mr. Aitken said "No audience will stand for that. Besides, it is not the logical way in which any girl who has been trained to prefer anything to dishonor would have acted. I believe the scene needs changing." Then Mr. Aitken sketched the scene of the girl's jumping off the cliff, and this was one of the most tragic incidents in that remarkable photodrama.

"I feel that Mr. Aitken's field is in the straight drama," interrupted his wife.

"I feel the same way," said the actor. "I am sure that no man is worthy of the title of actor unless he can play anything. He must have preferences naturally, but if he can act at all, he will put his whole heart into the smallest part. I have seen Augustin Daly offer a man accustomed to playing nothing but leads a minor part

—if he refused, Daly was thru with him. He believed that no man is too great to create a small rôle, to make it stand out as a gem of characterization."

"I am surprised you do not direct, Mr. Aitken."

"Oh, I would not enjoy handling the thousand and one details and the business end of it. I should like to study out every part, to watch for technical faults, to suggest dramatic balance. We are turning out pictures entirely too quickly, and art must suffer in consequence."

The afternoon sun caressed his softly silvered hair—a halo of memories illumined his loved face.

And I made my adieux, leaving him there in his home, the baby cuddled in his arms.

The Stage Mother

(*Continued from page 65*)

one came into it knowing it all and every one is eager to help toward the perfect result. This has never been so true of the stage, but *oh*, this wonderful strike we just had. It was really the most beautiful thing that ever happened, for it did more to tear away false standards than years of calm successes could have done. At that rousing benefit at the Lexington Opera House in New York, stars and chorus girls, mechanics and musicians supped together; we were working for a great principle dear to us all."

Emma Dunn was born in England, coming to this country at the age of ten. She spent several years with the Boston Stock Company, playing a long series of little girl rôles and because she was small it seemed as if she were destined to play the *ingénue* the remainder of her life. It was following a season as the eleven-year-old Prince of Wales in "Richard the Third," that her great chance came and she was cast as Ase, Richard Mansfield's mother in "Peer Gynt."

Now, stage mothers up to this period, had been large and stately! Miss Dunn made a merry, lovable little mother of the rôle, adding such a wealth of tender humanness, that the Broadway audiences, always alert for novelty, greeted her with warm enthusiasm.

Happy as she was over her great success, Miss Dunn confesses that her pride suffered at being cast as an old woman and she hoped that after New York saw what she could do in this character rôle, she would have the chance to play young, romantic parts. This, however, was not to be, for she had established a type of mother with an appealing charm and she was literally pushed into stage maternity which has practically covered her entire career.

David Belasco selected her for the mother in his great play, "The Warrens of Virginia," which was followed by a long succession of other mother rôles. She was the saintly invalid mother in "Sinners," the childless but "mothering" mother in "The Governor's Lady," and finally played the title rôle in that fine play, "Mother."

After these successes "Old Lady 31" was written especially for her by Rachel Crothers, and despite the critics who persistently declared that it would be impossible to make a stage heroine of an old lady, Miss Dunn scored such a prolonged triumph as the sweet little waif, Angel, that it became an epoch in dramatic history.

"It is a quaint, adorable play," remarked Miss Dunn, smoothing the lavender shawl drawn snugly across her small shoulders, while she laughingly

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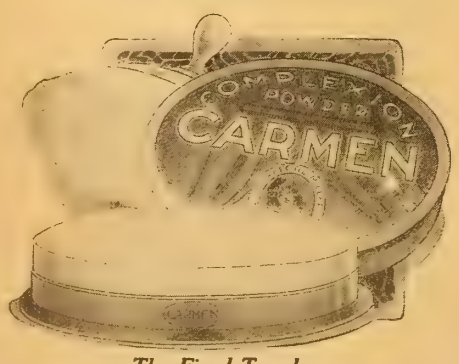
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pulled at the little curls peeping from under the old-fashioned bonnet. "There is a wee bit of pathos, but it is chiefly cast in a light vein, centering about the amusing incidents at the Old Ladies' Home after Angie's husband has been taken in as Old Lady 31.

"During the long run of the play, I never once grew tired of it; really, I could go on playing it for years and still feel its charm," and Miss Dunn smiled at the thought. "I never dreamed it could be put into pictures, it is so delicate, so subtle, but since working with it, I have come to the conclusion that as truly as the voice reflects my thoughts, just as faithfully will the camera catch it in my acting, so I *think* it all out just as I did on the stage. Oh, I hope we will catch the spirit and the atmosphere for the screen, it is so very beautiful."

When I asked Miss Dunn if she had ever made an especial study of old people, she replied that she had never consciously done so, adding merrily, that her advent into stage motherhood came too suddenly for any such preparation. She does not even wear a wig, but whitens her own thick, dark locks.

"For a long time," went on the actress, "I rebelled, selfishly, that managers insisted on my playing elderly rôles, to sing on in the same key, while I wanted to show my ability in other characters. Now, I am grateful for my opportunity. It has been wonderful to awaken audiences to a keener appreciation of the middle-aged."

Watching her make a scene before the camera, I marveled at her skill in quickly changing her entire physical aspect, for the drooping shoulders, the halting walk, the bird-like gestures of the small hands, instantly suggested the tragedy of the passing years, while she subtly retained the merry spirit of youthful romance which survives the silver hair and wrinkled cheeks.

Emma Dunn is the mother of three daughters. The eldest, Dorothy, tho never expressing a desire for a stage career, has quite made up her mind to go into pictures some day. She is a real "movie" fan and has a collection of 850 pictures of film stars, all catalogued, which she has cut from the motion picture magazines, and she is delighted that her mother is joining her heroines of the screen.

"There was a time," Miss Dunn smiled, reminiscently, as she spoke, "when I believed that a play to be true to life should have an unhappy ending, I also thought it more artistic, but I have grown wiser with observation. Perfection is our heritage and ultimate happiness should crown each effort, providing a stimulating incentive for Life's struggles, and I would not care to appear in either a play or a picture that did not bring such a reward."

This is a glimpse of the beautiful and exalting influence which Emma Dunn has already given to the stage and which she is now bringing to the art of motion pictures.

Sick-a-Bed Lady

(*Continued from page* 49)

"Thru a friend in the Vitagraph Company I had some tests made and I asked them to tell me their honest opinion without any regard for my feelings. If I would never make good I wanted to know it, and I should have gone back home to my mother and father and all the beautiful prize-winning Jersey cows. I dont say I shouldn't have been disappointed, but I would have been glad that

(*Continued on page* 111)

The One-Man Movie

(*Continued from page* 103)

the slightest criticism, even tho unspoken, accused him quickly.

"You think it's all bunk!"

The interviewer promptly denied it. A bit weakly—it is hard to deny the truth when Anita Loos really looks at you!

She smiled satirically. Then her lovely eyes glowed. She sat up. Her indolence dropped away, she was intense, vivid, very much in earnest.

"It's not bunk!" she repeated, "there's a wonderful opportunity. It's not easy. The start of the game is very hard—breaking into the studios, selling the first story, learning the new technique. Oh, it discourages so many! Young folks with real talent turn back because they find it hard to succeed just at first. No one rushes forth from the first studio at which they knock to embrace them! It's tragic."

"The amateur finds it hard to have to learn," Mr. Emerson collaborated neatly, "and he *does* have to. He has to learn how to handle parallel action, to write subtitles, to know what can be done with a camera. Then—the world's his oyster."

"They want to swallow it at once and risk ptomaine poisoning—that's an original disease for 'In Search of a Sinner.'"

They promptly forgot the interviewer, who presently stole away, leaving the collaborators planning to poison their iconoclastic Western hero on canned oysters.

One thing seemed obvious, the inevitable conclusion of their major and minor premises.

Be a photodramatist. Get into the one-man movie game!

Paris Green

(*Continued from page* 96)

homeward in the red twilight, nor found the miles weary, because they had so much to say. Yet the conversation had a certain sameness, a monotony, as the colt could have testified, consisting entirely in two phrases, repeated frequently. And one was—in soft, slurring syllables—

"Lu-theur—I lofe you so!"

And the other, in emphatic accents—

"Mig-non, Jer voos aime!"

DONTS TO FANS

Betty Blythe has prepared the following "Donts" for fan correspondents:

"Dont ask a star what she does with her old clothes. She probably wears them.

"Dont ask if she is married. Legal action may be pending so she cant really tell you.

"Dont ask a star's age. It encourages lying.

"Dont propose marriage to a film actress. She might accept you and destroy your illusions.

"Dont tell an actress you are collecting photographs of everybody, including Joe Martin, and want hers. It's tactless.

"Dont ask advice about entering pictures. It's bound to be discouraging.

"Dont submit a scenario to a star. She's probably trying to sell one of her own. Besides, she has to save her eyes after working under Klieg lights.

"Dont forget Uncle Sam demands postage. He's no philanthropist.

"Dont be angry if a star does not answer your letter. Her intentions may be good but her right arm may be weak. And remember, sincere letters are always appreciated."



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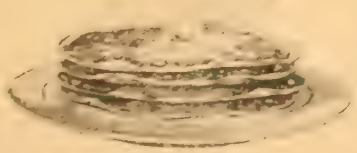
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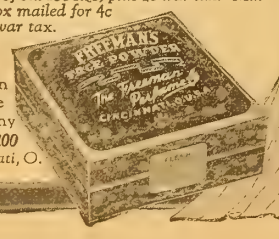


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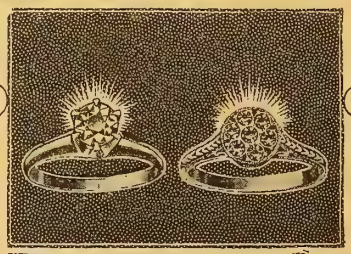
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Alice à la Mode

(*Continued from page* 42)

fabrics perhaps with brilliant splashes of warm colors on dull backgrounds; long lines of flowing tendencies. It is for us, then, to know with a definite knowing what *we* should wear."

She shed the dull and dusky violet silk crêpe dressing-robe for the gown of shimmering silver cloth with its ample sleeves of chiffon which fell in soft fleecy clouds to the floor—and I thought of how she knew what to wear; but more than that of how she knew how to wear it.

"Funds make everything easier," she said, "yet one must not feel that the lack of them means any necessity for unbecoming clothes. Lack of time is really more detrimental. With a limited allowance for clothes one may hunt up some little sewing woman who can do a thing well if one shows her what to do. Because those people lack originality they do not command big prices for their handiwork. Then if a woman has sought to know that which she wears best—well, she may be well dressed, you see. Permitting a modiste to dictate ever and always does not make one individual in her being. I do not belittle for a single second the value of a clever modiste—but a clever modiste is not all-sufficient—one must know oneself, then one acquires a distinct individuality."

She had been trying on various pieces of jewelry while she talked—trying them on apparently in an abstract fashion, so enthusiastic was she over what she was saying—yet one felt that she knew just why she took one piece off and put it back in the jewel box, leaving another piece on.

She put pearl drop earrings on—"Earrings," she said, with her low laugh, "for just a bit more sophistication than this gown gives without them."

"Then you do not think," I asked her, "that one must give up that satisfying sense of being well dressed thru lack of funds?"

"I am quite sure of it," she told me. "My first years before the camera found me making my clothes in my dressing-room between scenes. Stars then were not particularly affluent, you know. We had to conserve. Being well dressed is, all of us will admit, worth while—and, consequently, it means indefatigable endeavor. It is worth it."

She slipped a long rope of pearls about her neck and a large pearl solitaire upon her finger.

"I am now ready for the fray," she said, with her little sense of humor. "This scene is but a short one and then I'll have to change——"

"I shall tell people of your type to go in for long lines and for flowing things, shall I?" I asked.

"Yes, generally," she laughed, "but tell them that the color of their hair, their eyes and their complexion too must be taken into consideration. I love a girl with blue eyes who wears a blue hat. I have watched such a girl in the train and loved her for her feminine wisdom and—"

"MISS J-O-Y-C-E o-n t-h-e s-e-t," bellowed a deep bass voice.

So I left—realizing we had but skimmed the surface, as it were, of the subject in hand; yet knowing full well that one could hope to do little more. It is such a tremendous subject!

DIRECTOR—What's the camera man kicking about?

ASSISTANT—He says he is getting tired of the daily grind.

Sick-a-Bed Lady

(*Continued from page 108*)

I didn't waste any more time. But they did not discourage me—in fact, they cast me in the O. Henry stories and I've kept right on with my work, recently playing opposite Harry Morey and Earle Williams."

Somehow my wonderings and fears of germs and contagion had disappeared. One always expects a convalescent to talk of his illness and to feel generally in the proximity of germs and such things, but Jean disproved this rule by not mentioning it except in answer to direct questioning. There was nothing even remotely suggesting illness except perhaps a slight weakness in the sweet cadences of her well-trained and modulated voice—Jean would have made a charming reader—and a trifle more delicate flush on her cheeks than she would probably have when up and about.

"See, the bridges and buildings are beginning to light up," said "Aunt Emmy," as she gazed down thru the window.

"Oh, yes," said Jean happily. "See, Miss Fletcher, every night we have watched the lights blink and twinkle on the bridges spanning the river and in the buildings. When it gets real dark it looks like a fairyland—like some stage setting—something in the land of make-believe."

She leaned forward in her chair, the rose-silk and quilted comfortable slipping from her.

"Wouldn't that view be lovely on the screen?" she wanted to know. "It makes you think of all the different families down there," with a wave of her hand, "and just think, they are all hoping and planning just the same as we are. Some of them are sad tonight and some of them are glad. I love to imagine stories about them—most every person *does* have a story only we dont always learn of it."

Of course, Jean Paige is not really a child—she is twenty, to be exact—but standing, as she does, at the threshold of womanhood, she seems loath to leave behind her in her wake the joys of girlhood. She is not fearful to go on, yet she is hesitant. The past has been happily pleasant—she wonders about the future. The quilt had slipped entirely to the floor, but Jean, gazing forward at her world of make-believe out of the window and talking enthusiastically with me about it, didn't seem to be heedful of the slipping quilt.

"Do keep covered up, Jean," cautioned "Aunt Emmy" as she fixed it about her.

Once again she leaned back her head with its soft brown hair—leaned it restfully against the rose cushion—and her eyes smiled.

"Aunt Emmy here just watches over me every single minute," she exclaimed. "What will I ever do when I'm working in the studios again and away from home and pampering all day? I have never been ill before—not to speak of, I should say," and then, with a sly wink, "I find it rather nice being a sick-a-bed lady!"

And then I rose to leave her.

"Come again when I get back from California," she said, as I went towards the door. "I will feel stronger then and I promise to talk all about my hobbies—really they are the Jersey cows I spoke of, but I'll think up something more artistic and temperamental by that time—and I'll strike a pose, too—I'll give you what you magazine people call 'copy!'"

"Horrors," I thought, "wouldn't that be frightful! Jean Paige with temperament. In the vernacular of the street—It cant be done!"



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Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

(*Continued from page* 80)

left the cinema field—it seems a pity she wont come back. Wally Reid and Cleo were such a handsome pair.

By the way, Wally's jazz band is a marked success. He *did* make people suffer while learning to play a saxophone, but they forgive him now, and have a way of requesting the Reid jazz to be present at every informal gathering. He's done lots of charity work, for you see Wally is awfully good-hearted and doesn't seem able to turn down any worthy cause, no matter how tired he is with a day's labors.

Charlotte Whitney, the Santa Barbara girl who built up Mary Miles Minter's publicity office from one room and Charlotte to four rooms and three secretaries (who mailed three thousand or more pictures weekly) is the proud mother of a little girl named for Mary—that is, of course, "Juliet Shelby Whitney"—taking Miss Minter's very own names. The latter is so proud of her godchild that at Christmas she had a tree for the three-weeks' old infant—a perfectly *gorgeous* affair—in her Fremont Square residence.

Mr. Whitney is in business in Santa Barbara and lives with his mother-in-law and the first child, a boy, and Charlotte remains in Hollywood with Mary, who has engaged a special nurse for small Juliet so that Mrs. Whitney may give her usual skilful attention to the Minter publicity, answering of fan letters, and mailing of pictures. Grandmother Miles and Margaret Shelby are still in New York, but Mrs. Shelby, Mary Miles Minter and Mrs. Whitney keep house here. Mrs. Whitney and the infant are making week-end trips frequently to see the other half of the family.

Tod Browning has spent over five months in the making of "The Virgin of Stamboul," and is receiving more good-natured joshing than any one in the Directors' Association. Some one said the other day, "Well, Tod, how is your 'Birth of a Nation' coming along? I hear you are having lots of fun cutting 102 reels down to *nine!*"

They do say it is going to be a *peach* of a photoplay, about seven reels, if the *sizzers* are sharp enough and the director strong enough to stand the snip-snip necessary to boil it down.

I ran out to the Christie studio the other day, and found them doing "Bringing Up Father" stunts. Everybody on the lot is laughing so much over the shooting of the scenes, that if the actual finished product is one-half so funny as it now promises to be, we will be rolling off the theater chairs with wild merriment. Margaret Fitzroy is the *picture* of Mrs. Jinks. She has built up her nose, giving it a saucy uptilt, so cleverly done that altho I stood within ten feet of her, I couldn't believe it was putty. If she had not been so conscious of it, and given to feeling it between scenes to see if it were really on straight, I would have doubted the statement that it was all make-up. Her hair is dressed in a hard topknot, with a bright green ribbon bound round à la Dante, a fringy bang peeping out in front. Johnny Ray, whom you all remember on the Orpheum Circuit, is "Father" to the life. He has shaven off all front hair, combed back hair up straight, and doesn't need make-up to make him look like the Emerald-Isle.

Those two cute Irishers, Coleen Moore and Mollie Malone, both of whom resemble the black-haired baby vamps so popular now, have more beaux than—it's not fair to compare, so nuf sed. Both of them have the roguish twinkle and ready wit inherited from clay-pipe ancestors, and any time you can outdo their repartee, you are going *some!*

Myrtle Steadman attended a party to which I had been invited, and sang delightfully, one of her songs being a favorite of Geraldine Farrar, a lilting, tilting French melody. Later in the evening, Myrtle's son called for her—he's only been back from the East a short time, having played opposite Mary Miles Minter in "Anne of Green Gables." Myrtle wore a long, slinky, black velvet gown with black fur at bottom of skirt, sleeves, and about the square-cut décolletage, and her hair was ravishingly beautiful, done up in puffs and short curls, shiningly golden as ever. She is to play opposite Hobart Bosworth now. Miss Steadman uses a violet extract which is the very fragrance of a Russian violet nosegay—everybody was asking her where she bought it.

Little Alice Lake has left us for the northern shores, and has chartered the "John and Winthrop" for the sea scenes in "Shore Acres." Twenty members of her company are out for the lark, and eight electricians accompanied them, as many night scenes will be shot. They took along two windjammers for storms, too. January is the really bad month for Pacific Coast shipping, and I'm thinking there will be more seasickness than enjoyment when that little *Lake* drifts into the Pacific Ocean.

Marguerite de la Motte is slowly recovering from the bad accident in which she and her parents figured, right near Metro studio, when a Santa Monica Boulevard car collided with her machine. Their car was completely stripped of wheels and smashed to bits—regular junk. Marguerite is playing in "The Hope," a Drury Lane melodrama, and fortunately her bruises do not show, so that she will be able to resume work soon.

Winifred Westover has had lots of fun in "Old Lady 31," she told me. She and Antrim Short were the only young folks, and some of the old ladies working in the picture were utterly unacquainted with a camera, yet jealous of each other's position before the lens—so there were *scraps* . . . of *conversation* . . . not intended for Winifred's hearing. Emma Dunn, who plays the old lady, is really very youthful and pretty, and has a great make-up for her part. Winifred lives this year at 5120 Hollywood Boulevard, in a new, big apartment, and she and Mrs. Westover have been giving young folks' parties every other week. In the early days, before Majestic Reliance dissolved, Bessie Love, Pauline Starke and Winifred were close chums—none of them famous, none of them well-to-do, just little girls trying to work into the movie game. Within three years, all have become shining members of the cinema clan.

Tickets for the Harvard-Oregon football game were sold by scalpers at fabulous prices. All the big photoplayers were there, and Teddy Sampson played mascot for the University of Oregon, while her opponent and best bosom friend, Viola Dana, mascotted Harvard. Both girls entertained at luncheon and at the studios for their respective teams and were presented with handsome bouquets.



Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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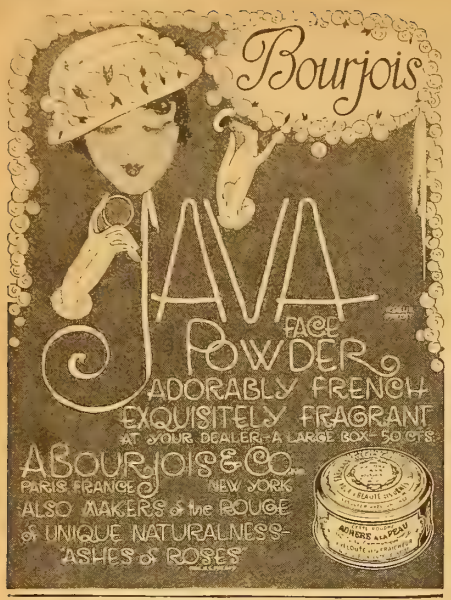
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The Woman Gives

(*Continued from page 61*)

Inga rose and crossed the room. She put her arms about the crouched figure in the wicker chair and strained him to the soft, sure beating of her heart. "To the man I love," she repeated, "the only man . . . in all the world . . . ever . . . beloved . . .my baby . . . to *you!*"

And the little lights of Man winked out as the immeasurable, immemorial stars lit the blue heavens softly and shone . . . like women's eyes . . .

How Motion Pictures Aid Navy Recruiting

(*Continued from page 73*)

the State of Tennessee. There are few people, if any, who ever "took in" a picture show who have not seen their own ship gracefully sliding down the ways in the Navy Yard and kissing the waters of the Atlantic for the first time.

This is only the first stage of what motion pictures will play in the life of the great battler. Captain R. H. Leigh, U. S. Navy, who is to command the great ship, recently made a tour of the State of Tennessee and spoke in the principal cities. And along with the Captain went the Governor, and with their parties went motion picture outfits and thousands of feet of "canned navy scenes."

Captain Leigh said in his addresses that he was going to have a complete motion picture outfit on his ship—operators, developers, machines and the whole works. He told the people that he was going to have movies made of the boys—the sons of Tennesseeans—and that he was going to send the films back to the towns and let the mothers, fathers and friends of the young men from that State see their sons as they really were. In the different ports of call Captain Leigh proposes to have pictures made and have his crew taking part in them, sightseeing trips, baseball and football parties and athletic competitions.

Motion pictures have lent an impetus to naval recruiting and to naval strategy since their beginning. The old adage that "pictures never lie" is brought home very forcibly in the navy. They show the mothers and fathers and the relatives of the boys whose intentions are to join the navy that the service is not a bad place to have their sons. The pictures show that actual living conditions on shipboard are by far better today than they ever were and that the boys have every form of recreation. The baseball, football, field-meets and other forms of athletics are encouraged, and a man really has a chance to develop himself morally, mentally and physically.

The assistance lent to the naval service by portraying scenes of actual naval conditions has helped materially to eradicate that old biased and prejudiced feeling that the navy was still haunted by the old buccaneer and piratical days of some hundred years ago. So in summing up the situation we find that motion pictures have really been a godsend to the naval service, both in times of war and the piping times of peace.

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"What is meant by the 'classes' and the 'masses'?"

"Well, nowadays motion picture stars form the classes and the extras constitute the masses."



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That Mavis powders are far superior is proven by the fact that millions of women prefer them. They know that the difference in powders shows in their complexions.

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WHETHER your costume be athletic togs or evening gown, the underarms should be smooth.

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The Answer Man

(Continued from page 88)

That's why I have all these pictures of players on my walls.

LILLIAN M. B.—Thanks for your splendid letter. Thomas Meighan is 33 years and he is playing opposite Gloria Swanson. No, I have no brothers or sisters. I'm all there is—there is no more. Yes, I am said to have some musical talent. I can play a player piano and a victrola. Run in again.

FELTON A. C.—Yes, and bigotry murders religion to frighten fools with her ghosts. I am not much on church-going, but I have much respect for those who do go. Frank Morgan in "At the Mercy of Men." You mean Rhea Mitchell.

RACHEL V.—You say "Thank you, America, for giving our Prince a good time." You're welcome, Canada, but I wont be able to tell all America about it. Thanks for the clipping. Here's another one for you: "When a twister, a twisting, you twist him a twist. For twisting his twist, he three twines doth intwist; but if one of the twines of the twist do untwist, the twine that untwisteth untwisteth the twist."

RED FEATHER.—Clever work of yours. No, I am not married. And you dont know how happy I am. Misery is everywhere, and so is happiness. That's right, and when lawmakers get wise, ingratitude will be found in the penal code.

HAW.—Your letter was so good I am letting my readers in on it:

"In making motion pictures, is the director or the camera-man responsible for the lighting? Some pictures are so noteworthy in this respect—I would specify particularly Tourneur's 'Barbary Sheep' and 'The Life Line'—as to make the average appear flat or crude. Some of Wallace Reid's recent pictures have been, tho clear and well composed, particularly harsh as to lighting, and one wonders whether to blame James Cruze or Frank Urson.

"The familiar Griffith blurs always make me want to focus the machine—and much more so when attempted by less skilful hands; De Mille's effects are always brilliant; but Tourneur seems to have a particular mastery of atmosphere, soft, yet clear.

"Isn't it a pity we cant contrive a composite director—Griffith's sentimental appeal, De Mille's up-to-date intellectuality and good taste, Tourneur's lighting and atmosphere, George Fitzmaurice's eye for beauty, George Loane Tucker's sense of values, James Cruze's sense of humor?

"Do you know anything about the so-called 'merit system' for pictures? Is it an advertising dodge or does it really make it easier for the exhibitor to get the best pictures?

"'HAW."

AGNES S., COUNT DE DIMES, (I'll Say So), NORMA TALMADGE FAN, W. C. M., ROYAL CANADIAN, MARIE 17, IVONNE C., A PENN. BEAUTY, MRS. HARRY F., C. L. N., A. K., OLGA D. V., OPAL M., NELLIE M., AL J., ROSE S., ELIZ. S., ANNA H., RUPERT M., LUCILLE S., BEBE.—The same questions you ask have been answered to some one else in these columns. Cheer up—write me again.

SWEETIE.—Well, I dont know of any other way to pronounce Thomas Ince than Ince—one syllable. No truth to it at all. Just scandal. So you liked "The Miracle Man" better than "Broken Blossoms." "Broken Blossoms" was taken from Thomas Burke's "Limehouse Nights." Some blucy nights, too!

(Continued on page 120)



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YOU will say the same as Vivienne Segal, Star in "The Little Whopper," after you have worn

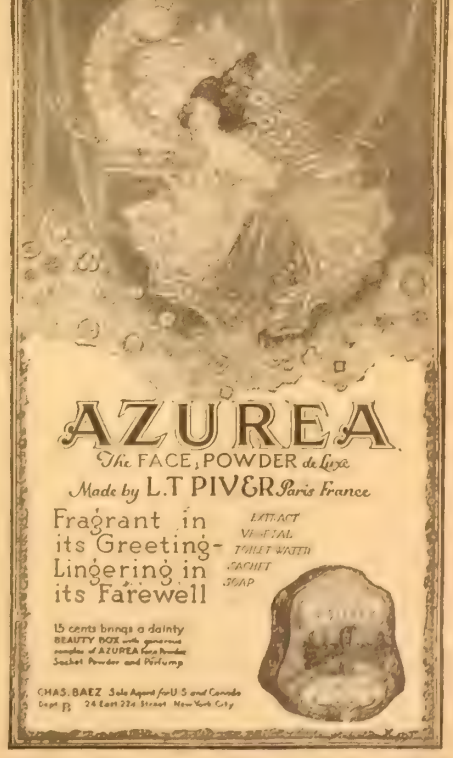
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The knowledge he has gained through his own experience he is now imparting to others, and during the past few years he has turned out many really strong and exceptionally developed athletes. The list of people he has benefited runs into thousands, and only through devoting less time to his gymnasium teaching, is he able to again offer his wonderful progressive contraction system to the public.

His new book, "Physical Perfection," contains numerous full-page photographs of himself and of some of the athletes he has trained and developed, and it will explain all about his new method and system. This book should be in the hands of everyone who is interested in developing themselves and obtaining great strength.

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The Walk-Offs

(*Continued from page 47*)

gathering dusk, having returned Van Allen's ring to the pocket from whence it had come, did not say to herself that his action had been unexpected. She was growing honest, even with that most difficult person, herself. She didn't say that she wouldn't have thought it of him, because she knew that she *would*, if she had been thinking, which she hadn't. She knew that her main sensation upon beholding the kiss, had been relief, relief at the way out it offered her, relief mixed with a sort of a revulsion at "this sort of thing." A way out . . . out *where?* Where, in the late sun, the blue-grass waved, slenderly, while candle-light touched the twilight with gentle fingertips? Where, in the spacious, flower-filled rooms a lonely man had been waiting for a fair-haired woman with gracious hands to draw for him old melodies from ivoried keys . . .? What rot she was thinking! She was growing sentimental, maudlin even . . . and that was as bad, if not worse, than to be callow. She went home, determined to get back her *savoir faire* by drawing Schuyler out anent his latest incandescent flame.

Schuyler was acting very oddly, that she admitted herself. Whereas he had been steeped in abysmal gloom of late, he was, tonight, fidgeting about, rather absurdly, Kathleen thought. It occurred to her, irrelevantly, that he had acted much in this way when Caroline first loomed upon his young horizon. She concluded that some new danseuse had temporarily and, this time, rather badly enslaved him . . . again. She asked him and he appeared to be quite shocked. If one could feel irreverent in the presence of Schuyler, Kathleen felt so then. He had assumed quite a dignity.

After his cocktail he told her. "Caroline and I," he announced, "are to be—ahem—remarried."

Kathleen gulped (what a day!) "Er . . ." she said, and got no further. Finally she managed, *"Why?"*

Schuyler looked indignant. His dignity, he felt, was slipping from him. "She says," he affirmed, with reserve, "that she cant get along without my cute little lies."

Kathleen shrieked. She needed just this. "And you, *mon frére,"* she said, "cant get along without *her* cute little bankroll."

"Kath*leen!"* Schuyler looked positively affronted. "I *love* Caroline," he said.

Kathleen looked him in the eye. She looked for quite a while. Then she said, surprisingly: "Yes . . . I believe you do. Good luck to you!" she added, "I'm off with Van Allen."

"You'll come back with us," Schuyler said, comfortingly.

Kathleen shook her head in a decided negation. "No, old dear," she said, "that is just what I shall *not* do. Never again! *This* walk-off has learnt something, too. I'm going to work if it has to be with my hands. Thanks just the same."

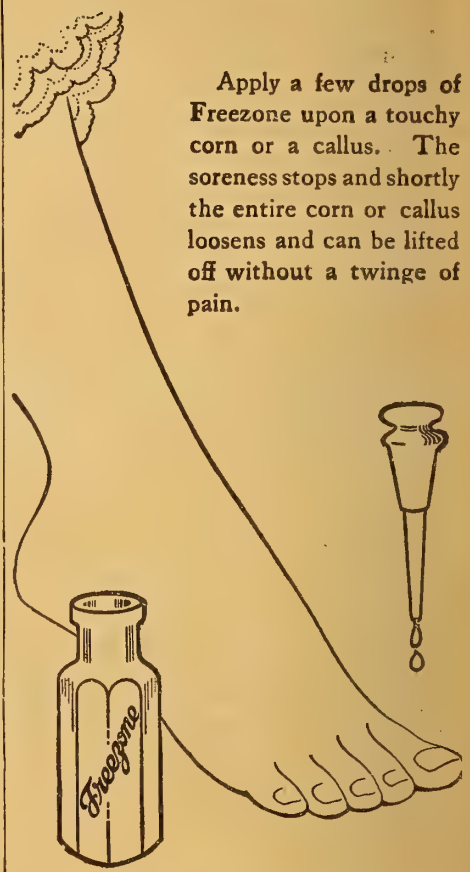
Later, quite alone, when Schuyler had gone forth on his second and same wooing, Kathleen stared into the dark and saw, for the first time, the stars and moon and reflected waters and many other things.

She was sitting so when Winston came in. He lit the tall candle in the corner of the room and came and sat by her. After a while he took her hand and locked down on it. It was the hand from which she had removed the Van Allen diamond that afternoon.

He didn't ask why. He bent down and kist her. Then he said: "I love you—*Kate.*"

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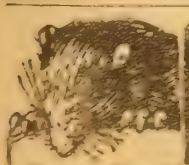
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Jersey City, N. J.



Ma Pickford Heads Contest

(*Continued from page 70*)

contest, December 1, 1919, votes have been pouring merrily in. The past month, especially, a perfect avalanche of letters, each letter with its two coupons, has been arriving daily at our offices.

This contest is something entirely different from other contests and fills a long-felt want. Thru our long association with studios, players and audiences we have come to realize that no one player is the greatest; that greatness is the sum of many traits of greatness. We know that our readers are intelligent and discerning critics and that their opinion as to the player who combines the greatest number of characteristics that go to make popularity is of supreme importance in the field of motion pictures. And while we expected this greatest of all popularity contests to take hold of every screen lover, yet we were hardly prepared for the great record of public appreciation that is expressed in the votes received up to date.

CONCERNING PRIZES

Do not forget that this contest is one in which voters and players share alike, and that beautiful rewards will be given at the close of this unique contest. These prizes are described on a nearby page and, for the thousands of recruits of new readers each month, we repeat, also, the details of this greatest of Popularity Contests.

CLASS NUMBER I

Mary Pickford leads with 1750 votes as being the most popular among the women stars.

Norma Talmadge is second with 900 votes and Nazimova is third with 465.

Among the male stars William S. Hart leads with 1560 votes. Richard Barthelmess is a close second with 1498 votes and Wallace Reid has 1384 votes to his credit.

REFLECTED GLORY

ANN—Did Edith marry the movie star she fell in love with?

NAN—No, but she is happy anyway. She married his valet.

J. Warren Kerrigan is to be immortalized in marble.

Thru Carter C. Miles, president of the Southern California Art League, Kerrigan has received a request from Emile Francois Despard, the famous French sculptor and painter, to pose for the male figure of a life-size marble, to be called "Romance." Despard, who is now making a tour of the West, is a member of the French Academy, the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in England and the American Artists Association. In 1905 his bronze figure, "Fleur de France," executed for the French government and now standing in the palace of Versailles, was awarded first prize at the Paris Salon.

In the letter transmitted to Kerrigan by Miles, Despard describes the star as "a living embodiment of youth and romance—the ideal type for the work I have in mind." Audrey Prisette, termed by many artists the most beautiful model in America, was mentioned by Despard as a possible model for the female figure of the design.

Kerrigan has wired an acceptance of the proposal and will probably begin work with the sculptor immediately following the completion of his current production.



She Played to Lose!

This woman—so soft—so lovely—so exquisite in every detail—so out of place in that wild gambling hell—this woman played to lose. Across the gleaming tables her long white hands pushed the crackling bills. One after another the yellow backed hundred dollar bills passed from her golden bag to the dealer. And yet she smiled serene.

How she got there—why she was there—how she got away—it all makes a thrilling story—a tale with not one mystery, but three—and it has been told by today's master of detective mystery—

CRAIG KENNEDY
The American Sherlock Holmes
ARTHUR B. REEVE
The American Conan Doyle

He is the detective genius of our age. He has taken science—science that stands for this age—and allied it to the mystery and romance of detective fiction. Even to the smallest detail, every bit of the plot is worked out scientifically. For nearly ten years America has been watching his Craig Kennedy—marveling at the strange, new, startling things that detective hero would unfold.

Such plots—such suspense—with real, vivid people moving through the maelstrom of life! Frenchmen have mastered the art of terror stories. English writers have thrilled whole nations by their artful heroes. Russian ingenuity has fashioned wild tales of mystery. But all these seem old-fashioned—out of date beside the infinite variety—the weird excitement of Arthur B. Reeve's tales.



FREE **POE** *10 Volumes*

To those who send the coupon promptly we will give FREE a set of Edgar Allan Poe's masterpieces in 10 volumes. When the police of New York failed to solve one of the most fearful murder mysteries of the time Edgar Allan Poe far off in Paris found the solution. The story is in one of these volumes.

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M P Mag 4-20

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Corinne Griffith

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LIFTS OUT THE LINES
CLOSES ENLARGED PORES

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You will note the improvement from the first treatment. Use twice a week until you get the face free from lines and other imperfections, then occasionally to keep it so.

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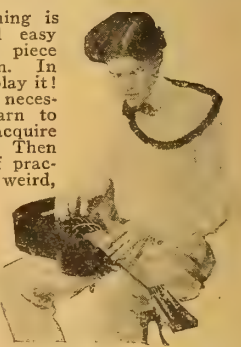
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The Screen Time-Table

(Continued from page 91)

In Old Kentucky—MD-7.
Anita Stewart—First National.
Isle of Conquest, The—D-8.
Norma Talmadge—Select.
Jubilo—C-9.
Will Rogers—Goldwyn.
Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come—D-7.
Jack Pickford—Goldwyn.
Loves of Letty, The—D-6.
Pauline Frederick—Goldwyn.
Male and Female—D-10.
Swanson & Meighan—DeMille Prod.
More Deadly Than the Male—D-7.
Ethel Clayton—Famous Players-Lasky.
Miracle Man, The—D-11.
Compson & Meighan—Tucker Prod.
On With the Dance—D-11.
Mae Murray—Paramount.
Picadilly Jim—CD-6.
Owen Moore—Selznick.
Pinto—C-8.
Mabel Normand—Goldwyn.
Please Get Married—F-7.
Viola Dana—Metro.
Pollyanna—CD-11.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.
Revelation—D, SP-11.
Nazimova—Metro.
River's End, The—MD-11.
All Star—Marshall Neilan Production.
Scarlet Days—MD-9.
Harron & Seymour—Griffith Prod.
Shark, The—MD-7.
George Walsh—Fox.
She Loves and Lies—C-8.
Norma Talmadge—First National.
Soldiers of Fortune—MD, SP-8.
All Star—Allan Dwan Prod.
Stronger Than Death—SP, MD-8.
Nazimova—Metro.
Third Generation, The—SD-10.
Betty Blythe—Goldwyn.
Thirteenth Commandment, The—SD-9.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.
Toby's Bow—CD-10.
Tom Moore—Goldwyn.
Treasure Island—MD-9.
Shirley Mason—Tourneur Prod.
23½ Hours' Leave—CD-10.
MacLean & May—Paramount.
Two Weeks—C-7.
Constance Talmadge—First National.
Victory—D-8.
All Star—Paramount.
Virtuous Vamp, The—CD-9.
Constance Talmadge—Select.
Water, Water Everywhere—CD-6.
Will Rogers—Goldwyn.
What's Your Husband Doing?—C-7.
MacLean & May—Paramount.
Why Change Your Wife?—D-11.
Swanson & Meighan—DeMille Prod.
Woman in the Suitcase, The—MD-6.
Enid Bennett—Paramount.

ABSENT-MINDED

By Blanche Elizabeth Wade

So popular was Mr. Blake
In days of drama real,
That at stage-entrances, he quite
At home was wont to feel.

No wonder, then, the other night,
At Motion Picture Play,
That he forgot real drama now
Are spelled the other way.

And when the show was ended, Blake
The stage-door hung about;
But all in vain, of course, because
No blushing films came out!

IN THE FUTURE

"One of my ancestors was a king."
"That's nothing to brag about. One of mine was a motion picture star."



Imagine the Thrill of Seeing YOUR Song On Sale!

"It was the proudest moment of my life, when I saw my song on sale at the local music stores," said one of our writers.

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Our composer, Edouard Hesselberg, will write the music, and we will have the complete song printed according to our SPECIAL PLAN.

Edouard Hesselberg, Our Composer


EDOUARD HESSELBERG

received his musical education at the Moscow Royal Conservatory of Music, Moscow, Russia. After perfecting himself under Rubinstein, he began a brilliant concert career, appearing with such world famous artists as Sembrich, Nordica and de Reszke. He has played before and received valuable decorations from the former Czar of Russia, the present King of Italy, and other Royal families. He is an interpretative artist of rare and distinguished ability as pianist and composer. Among his greatest song successes are "If I Were a Rose," of which over a million copies have been sold. His latest song, "America, My Country," the new national hymn, is now in its fourth edition. Our writers are indeed fortunate in securing the services of this great musician.

You Can Succeed by Metropolitan Studios Plan

and make no mistake about it. There is a golden opportunity offered people who can furnish real "words for a song." Popularity follows a successful song writer. If you are in earnest, read over a few of the popular songs—study the words and the way they are written.

Every magazine and every newspaper is filled with ideas for a song. Just use your imagination. Select any subject—love—patriotism—home—mother—sweetheart. Tell the story in simple language in two verses and chorus, and then send it to us. We will examine it without charge. If our Lyric Editor finds your words contain an idea for a song, we will offer you the benefit of our service. REMEMBER, YOU INCUR NO OBLIGATION IN SENDING US A POEM FOR INSPECTION. GET YOUR LETTER INTO THE MAIL BEFORE ANOTHER DAY PASSES. WHO KNOWS—YOU MAY BE THE "SONG WRITER OF TOMORROW."

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METROPOLITAN STUDIOS
Dept. 154. 916 S. Michigan Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find poem entitled:

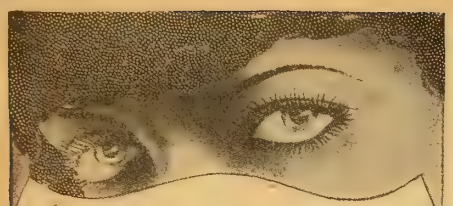
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for your inspection.

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You can better your good looks by the use of LASHLUX. It is like no other preparation. It can be used at night, or in the day. A harmless cream which darkens eyelashes instantly and makes them long, luxuriant, silky. Two shades, Brown and Dark, also uncolored. Thus adaptable to any complexion. Ever so delicately scented.



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LUDENS MENTHOL COUGH DROPS SWEETEN THE BREATH

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 115)

SALTS.—You dont think I am a bit like the picture at the top of the page. No, I'm not a bit, but a whole lot like that. There's more to me than you think. Oh, no, I never flirt. Oh, yes, handkerchiefs were used in Queen Elizabeth's time.

DADDY L. L.—There is no bad blood between me and the Sage of Shadowland. We both sit around the editorial lunch-table with the other scribes every day and never throw things at each other. He may be better-looking than I am, but I wear a larger hat than he does. He is likened to the cauliflower and I to the cabbage; but what is a cauliflower but a cabbage with a college education?

MRS. T. H. R.—You refer to Dustin Farnum. Yes, it is a pity that Mother Talmadge didn't have three sons, like her daughters. You also think that Mme. Petrova "is a splendid emotional actress, very beautiful, graceful and a perfectly dressed woman at all times." Yes, let me hear from you when you get to California. Always glad to hear from the mothers.

THU JAYS.—Do look me up, Buddie, when you return to the States. You have had some travel.

VERNA C., A. S. S., ILLORNE W., JOSEPH F. B., BETTY, M. M. M. FAN, AGNES S., GALLY, BURNICE H., AGNES V., JACK B., G. W. G., J. S., ELINOR L. J. A., LEW CODY ADMIRER, TENNESSEE, ARTHUR M., HAPPY, A. C. DELAFIELD, CLEMONS, JOSEPH D., MRS. MARY Y.—See above for your answers and next time ask me something new, please.

GRACE CUNARD FOREVER.—They are not living as one. Write again. Why, there are at least two American flags in existence that were carried in the Revolutionary War. One of them, preserved in the rooms of the Masonic Grand Lodge at Raleigh, N. C., was carried by the North Carolina troops at the Battle of Guilford Court House in 1781, and the other, now in the State House at Annapolis, Md., was carried by the Maryland troops in the Battle of the Cowpens, January 17, 1781.

IMA DEVIL.—So'm I! No, I haven't quite gotten to the stage where I drink my soup thru a straw. I'm still able to find my mouth among the shrubbery. You ask, "Are your legs as thin as in the picture?" You mean my limbs! No, that was taken in the summer—I've fattened up since then. Marion Davies has taken Bebe Daniels' part. Thurston Hall, perhaps. Ima, you're a bird.

FRANCES C. M.—Your letter surely was a gem. You must write me often. I believe Wandering Rejected Gloogoos is still in California. Yes, send along that picture of you. I'll put it in my Rogues' Gallery. I want you to understand that I'm not a bloated millionaire! Better stay in Boston; New York is no place for you. You say you dont want a husband because you have a dog that growls all the morning, a parrot that swears all the afternoon, and a cat that stays out all night, also a lamp which smokes steadily. Well, you dont need a husband. Maurice Tourneur is producing at Universal City, California.

LILLAS ST. CLAIR.—And you haven't forgotten me during these past five years. Best wishes to you.

SMALL BY DEGREES AND BEAUTIFULLY LESS

Discussion 'bout the ladies' dress
Is getting stronger;
To cut it short, you'll have
To cut it longer!

A GOOD FLORIDA (17c) LUNCHEON

Along about Christmas time a little town in Florida held a Farmers' Rally, and the Clubwomen were able to give the 500 persons in attendance a splendid Noon-luncheon, according to press reports—for 17 cents per plate. Most of the articles appearing on the Menu were *home-grown.*

The High-Cost-of-Living today is bearing down most heavily on salaried folks—office managers, clerks, professional men, and others of that class. According to Bradstreet's, living costs stood last December at 131 per cent above pre-war level. Profiteering, extravagance and inflation of the currency all have their effect, but the real, fundamental, underlying cause of our troubles is UNDER-PRODUCTION.

Florida growers, however, need worry but little about their own living costs, when you consider the big prices they receive for luxuries shipped north in midwinter. The Christmas strawberries brought them from 90c to $1.00 and as high as $1.46 per quart, after shipping and selling expenses were paid. In December Green String Beans brought close to $6.00 per hamper in New York. Tomatoes shipped to Northern markets brought $2.75 to $4.00 per crate, and Peppers $3.25.

The Leesburg Commercial states: "We visited a twelve-acre farm Saturday—ten acres in fruit and the crop sold on the trees this season for $10,000 cash. Cost of production was $1,100, leaving $8,900 for interest on the investment—nearly 18 per cent on a value of $5,000 per acre."

These are not "Pipe Dreams"; they are **Florida Facts.** Grove land that is at present in an uncultivated state will not last forever in Florida—note the lesson of California. I own and am offering for sale in Orange County some of the finest orange and trucking lands in the state.

Truck gardeners near Orlando cleared as high as $1,500 an acre from head lettuce last year. We have copies of their signed testimonial letters in our book. Many of these truck gardeners are Northern men and they know our summer climate is cool and more pleasant than in Northern states.

Here is OPPORTUNITY reduced to its simplest terms. All you need is a moderate amount of capital and a little knowledge of farming. We will clear and cultivate your land on our fair and equitable TEN PER CENT ABOVE COST PLAN. Send for our Big Free Book—TWENTY ACRES AND PLENTY. It tells all about our dollar-an-acre monthly payments, sick and out of work clauses and other attractive features. **Address Sylvester E. Wilson, Dept. 6, Orlando, Florida.**

(*NOTE: Mr. Wilson is Treasurer and principal owner of the Produce Reporter Company, Chicago, publishers of the "Blue Book," which is to the Fruit and Produce Trade what Dun's and Bradstreet are in other commercial fields.*)

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BROADWAY COMPOSING STUDIOS
105F Fitzgerald Building
Broadway at Times Sq. NEW YORK, N. Y.

(*Continued from page* 121)

LOOSE JAZZO.—Dont think too much of yourself. You know self-important people usually waste their lives thinking about themselves. Dont know of any such position open. Yes, there is a Monopol Pictures Co. who are producing "Alma, Where Do You Live?" They claim it is a smashing hit.

D. L.; NEVA GERBER'S ADMIRER; A. B. C.; MRS. N. P.; MOVIE FAN; B. J. B.; M. L., MONTREAL; PAULINE S.; LOUISE B.; IRENE; PEGGY; NETTYE S.; HAZEL H.; BOBBIE; JOHN A. B.; LILLIAN C.; FLORENCE B.; ROBERT L.; BETTY R.; W. J. J.; ALICE L. B.; ANNA L. R.; ALLAN S.; M. L. B., DES MOINES.—Sorry, but your questions have been answered elsewhere, and there is little else I could say without adding to the monotony of this department.

THOMAS LAR.—Send for a list of the film manufacturers. Always send a stamped, addressed envelope for a quick reply. Just the stamp isn't sufficient. Remember, every lick takes time. Jack Dempsey is in "Daredevil Jack." Blanche Sweet in "Fighting Cressy."

H. T.—I'm not going to say anything about William Jennings Bryan. Why, in 1896 McKinley received 7,104,779 votes and Bryan 6,502,925. In 1900 McKinley received 7,207,923 and Bryan 6,358,133. In 1908 Taft received 7,678,000 and Bryan 6,404,104. I cant say how many votes Bryan will receive in 1920, 1924 and 1928.

MOLLY F.—No, you really cant expect the players to write their admirers. We are apparently running in a political vein tonight. From first to last, we, the people of the U. S. A., have had, so far, twenty-eight Presidents. Of these, the wisest was the first. Early in life he knew when he could not tell a lie, and he stuck to that little lie to the end. George Ovey is out West now. Yes, Pearl White is with Fox.

S. H. S.—Oh, she does, hey! Well, you tell your grandmother that none of the answers to letters that appear in this department are made up. Tell your grandmother to write. If she wont, I'll be out there to see her. No, there is no opium-tree. It is the chief ingredient of the poppy, which grows luxuriantly in the East Indies and is largely imported into China.

N. E. W.—Some questions you ask! Yes, Bessie Barriscale. You want to see Pearl White on the cover. Well, child, it's like this. If you would like to be known and not know, vegetate in a village; if you would know and not be known, live in a city. Yes, Bebe Daniels is in New York.

KING NEPTUNE.—Why, that big Altman flag was 165 feet long, the blue field 40 by 35 feet, the stars 2 feet 8 inches from point to point and the stripes 5 feet wide. There is also a flag in New York that was made by 500 men and women tailors in Chicago. All the big things find their way to New York. Gloria Swanson is on the coast. It is rumored that most of the companies are coming East again.

BILLIE BOY.—Try Ruth Roland, Los Angeles, Cal.

MICKEY.—You better get an emergency brake for that hobby of yours, or you'll have the ambulance after you. Mahlon Hamilton was Fred in "Her Kingdom of Dreams." You say Tom Moore's smiles would make a confirmed grouch forget his troubles. You also think that I am about 30, dark, handsome and not bald. Pretty thought, isn't it? But how could I be so wise as you say I am if I was only thirty—or even sixty?

(*Continued on page* 125)







A La Tausca Necklace of Enduring Joy

THE assortment of *La Tausca* necklaces, of French origin, that your jeweler can show you, assures you, *madame* or *mademoiselle,* of obtaining an article of adornment which in beauty and appropriateness will stand supreme.

At your jeweler's select the necklaces that please you from his *La Tausca* Department and try them on. Their lovely grace and scintillant lustre will enhance the dress you are wearing and will give you a thrill of pleasure on whatever occasion you lift them from your jewel box and fasten them about your throat.

At your jeweler's.

DIAMOND OPERA PEARLS

A Roman quality necklace in the Opera or 24-inch length with oval shaped white gold clasp set with one diamond. In beautiful grey velvet cabinet, $32.

LA TAUSCA PEARLS



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Do You Realize that Your Photoplay Ideas, if Brought to Life Upon the Screen, Might Make You Wealthy?

NO matter what your profession, vocation or trade, be it lawyer, teacher, doctor, newspaper-man, engineer, editor, advertising writer, accountant, clerk, stenographer, salesman, or telephone girl, etc., you have ideas for Photoplays which, if put into proper form, *as we can teach you to do,* may be worth anywhere from $500 to $5000 each.















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Photoplay writing is a profession of the first rank, from the standpoint of enormous earnings, and yet it is open to "unknowns" and persons without previous writing experience, to a degree which no other profession is. It is not limited to "Geniuses" and so called "Born Writers"; no one has a monopoly of it. We are bringing forward a new army of photoplay writers, recruited from the ordinary walks of life, and they are producing screen plays of amazing quality. Producers, Artists and Directors are searching for the man or woman who can contribute a fresh note or new idea, and are ready to reward them handsomely.

New York City, 2-25-20.
Dear Mr. Johnson:
Your system is proving what I have always contended,—that there is ample genuine writing talent in any group of men and women in any vocation, if it can be organized.
What they lack is a knowledge of the mechanics of writing, and that you can teach this there is not the slightest doubt.
Sincerely,

Dir. for Robertson Cole in forthcoming Georges Carpentier productions.

New York, N. Y.,
Feb. 15, 1920.
Dear Adrian Johnson:
I have spent several hours nosing through your photoplay system. It is at once, the most complete, comprehensive and satisfying thing in correspondence instruction that I have seen.
It is amazingly simple and I am not at all surprised that usable scripts are coming in from lawyers, teachers, newspaper men, and folks who have never written before, as your correspondence shows.
We need this new infusion of writing blood.
Very truly,

Star "Miracle of Love."

New York City, 2-14-20.
The Adrian Johnson System,
New York City.
Gentlemen:
I have critically read your Photoplay System and consider it the most concise and satisfying text-book produced up to date, on how to write photoplays.
It deals clearly with fundamental principles of writing for the screen, and anyone who has a good idea and possesses a little common sense, is assured of a good margin of success by following this valuable system.
Very truly yours,

Dir. Norma Talmadge, "Yes and No."

ADRIAN JOHNSON FORMULATES SYSTEM

The profession of photoplay writing has been brought to your very desk. Adrian Johnson, the master scenarist of the entire profession, whose name you see, almost weekly, thrown upon the screen, or in electric lights over the theatre entrance, as author of the play, has reduced the science of screen writing to a teachable, learnable system of simplicity and accuracy. The person of *average intelligence* can master and put it to practical application.

"THE MIRACLE OF LOVE"

That remarkable photoplay, "The Miracle of Love," with the brilliant young star Miss Lucy Cotton, and "CHECKERS," two of Adrian Johnson's most recent successes, are at this moment being shown in almost every town and city from coast to coast. "APRIL FOLLY," with Marion Davies, Mr. Johnson's latest release, is now being widely exploited in magazine and press. Mr. Johnson has written more than 300 additional produced photoplays.

Mr. Johnson has formulated into a simple system, the basic rules of photoplay writing, which experienced writers invariably follow, and which beginners must know to get their material in readable form. His system comprises 20 lessons, a wealth of necessary, inspirational and developmental material, gleaned from this famous author's personal experience in his meteoric rise from an "unknown" to the highest pinnacle of success in his profession.

He has compiled a dictionary of "Studio Language," the very words, terms, phrases and expressions used among Artists, Directors and Producers. He gives you, with his System, TWO COMPLETE SCENARIOS of successful productions, to study, imitate and as patterns for your Scripts, that you may know when your efforts measure up to professional form, so that they will reach the producer in a shape that will invite reading and not rejection.

ADVISORY AND SALES BOARDS

Mr. Johnson heads the Advisory board which reads, criticises and suggests the necessary improvements to make your scripts saleable. Our Sales Department exists on commissions earned by the sale of successful scripts. It is an expert organization with entree to all producers, artists and directors who buy plays, and is as eager to receive a saleable script as you are to write one.

So unqualified is our confidence in our System, and the service we provide, that the complete system is sent you on approval, allowing you several days to decide whether it can teach you photoplay writing.

SEND NO MONEY

"A FASCINATING CAREER" is the name of an interesting book that is absolutely free to you, for the asking. It tells what the famous artists and directors shown here think of our System, The Adrian Johnson Photoplay System, 260 West 42nd Street, New York City.

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"Tiger Woman"
"A Royal Romance"
"A Small Town Girl"
"Romeo and Juliet"
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"Darling of Paris"
"Madame du Barry"
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TOM TERRIS "Fortune Hunter"



ROY NIEL "Yes and No"



E. H. GRIFFITH "O. Henry Stories"



GEORGE D. BAKER "Cinema Murder"



(*Continued from page* 123)

K. K. KATY.—Yes, Matt Moore is playing opposite Louise Glaum in her next picture. Thanks for the info about the oil, but I've tried it, and nothing will make my hair grow. My hair just skidded from my head to my chin.

BROOKLYN ROSEBUD. — Good-morning! Well, many a career on the screen had as its foundation the ability to wear clothes well. It's something, you know. Fear not, I wont get run down by an auto. You know that more than 10,000 people a year are killed in automobile accidents in the U. S. And less than half the people struck by lightning are killed. Which proves that gasoline is more deadly than electricity. Olive Thomas is West.

BETTY.—Ben Wilson married Jessie McAlister years ago.

DOROTHY G.—Thanks for your clever suggestion. So good I'll let my readers read it:

DEAR OLD ANSWER MAN:

I dreamed that—The increased rent of hall bedrooms in this town had persuaded you to join the commuters and that what you saved on room rent paid for a bungalow on the *excitement* or monthly payment plan, at Riveredge, where there were plenty of cowslips and buttercups and water, and you were looking up the price and pedigree of buttermilk cows, remarking that you were very fond of buttermilk and used to like butter; and you told me that you liked old-fashioned flower-beds and kitchen gardens, clambering vines of honeysuckle and morning-glories, flowering shrubs and berry bushes, fields and pastures, fruit-trees. Woodland and stream stretching away into limitless hills and valleys, and over all the open sky with just enough clouds to put the sunshine into proper paragraphs and periods for your column, and that the free air would not be supplied by a garage, and the sunshine would not be screened thru a skylight *en soot*.

And then I woke up, and I am going to ask you if this dream is going to come true?

What a chance there will be to picture all the charm and romance of country life versus city life!

If you decide to make the change, and move, old Answer Man, there are infinite possibilities to tell of little details in your everyday life and new surroundings and experiences, which, combined with lack of experience, creates interesting situations. For instance, you might keep a "herd" or "flock" of bees—to sting the sugar trust, or a tame goose anchored at the river edge—a fried goose-egg is a meal for a family; or substitute fresh egg-plants for cold storage eggs.

A fish, personally conducted (Cook's tour) from the river, is not related in any way to the cold storage and market varieties. If the buttermilk cow is not a success, you can raise some jack-apple trees and can the juice.

A nice little pink pig is much better company than some of the subway crowders, and the company of a real nice live horse would make one think of the cruise of Noah's Ark, the brief stay in the Garden of Eden and of other good old times cooked out in goodness.

Send in a list by which you can stock up with more useful commodities than canned salmon and Eskimo slippers, are as follows:

For Exchange:—One year's subscription to the CLASSIC, 1915, in good condition, for *Rural New Yorker*, year 1.

For Exchange:—One pair editorial shears, good working order, for one serviceable hoe (not press). Write R. F. D., care Answer Man.

Wanted *This Year*

A grave dearth of story plots now confronts the motion picture industry. Producers will pay you well for any suitable story-ideas. Literary ability not a prime factor. Learn how you can write for the screen.

5000 New Story-Ideas for Motion Pictures

The above figure does not include material needed for religious, commercial and educational films

SOMEWHERE in America this year, scores of new motion picture writers will be developed. (For the motion picture industry must have a continuous supply of good, new story-ideas if it is to survive.)

Most of these new photoplaywrights will be men and women who never wrote a line for publication. They will be people with merely good ideas for stories, who are willing, during spare hours, to learn how picture directors want their plots laid out. Producers will pay them $100 to $500 each for clever comedies, and $250 to $2,000 each for five-reel dramatic scripts. They will pay these prices because they must have stories. 95% of book material is unsuited to their need, and as yet not enough people are writing for the screen to supply the demand.

The above is a statement of fact concerning the motion picture industry. If you have a story-idea as good as some you have seen produced, this opportunity is wide open to you.

There is plenty of proof that producers really do pay the prices stated above. For they are paying these prices constantly to people we have taught to write for the screen—people who never saw a motion picture studio.

In Two Short Years

It was a little over two years ago when the famine in story plots first became acute. Public taste changed. Play-goers began to demand real stories. Plenty of manuscripts were being submitted, but most were unsuitable. For writers did not know how to adapt their stories for the screen. Few could come to Los Angeles to learn. A plan for home study had to be devised.

Frederick Palmer (formerly staff writer of Keystone, Fox, Triangle and Universal) finally assembled a corps of experts who built a plan of study which new writers could master through correspondence.

The Palmer Course and service has now been indorsed in writing by practically every big star and producer. Back of the Palmer Plan, directing this work in developing new writers, is an advisory council composed of the biggest figures in the industry. It includes Cecil B. DeMille, Director-General of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation; Thomas H. Ince, head of the Thomas H. Ince Studios; Lois Weber, America's greatest woman producer and director; Rob Wagner, well-known motion picture writer for the Saturday Evening Post.

In two short years we have developed dozens of new writers. We are proud of the records they have made, and we prefer to let them speak for us.

A Co-operative Plan—Not a Tedious Course

Our business is to take people who have ideas for stories and teach them to construct them in a way that meets a motion picture producer's requirements. We furnish you the Palmer Handbook with cross references to three stories already successfully produced. The scenarios come to you exactly as used by the directors. Also a glossary of studio terms and phrases such as "Iris," "Lap Dissolve," etc. In short we bring the studio to you.

Our Advisory Service Bureau gives you personal, constructive criticisms of your manuscripts—free and unlimited for one year. Criticisms come only from men experienced in studio staff writing.

Special Contributors

Twelve leading figures in the motion picture industry have contributed special articles to the Palmer Course. These printed lessons cover every phase of motion picture production. Among others these special contributors include: Frank Lloyd and Clarence Brown, Goldwyn directors; Jesse Lasky, Lasky executive; Cecil B. DeMille, Lasky executive; Col. Jasper Ewing Brady, of Metro's scenario staff; Dorothy Gish, Fox scenario editor; George Beban, celebrated actor and producer; Al E. Christie, president Christie Film Co.; Hugh McClung, expert cinematographer, etc., etc.

Our Marketing Bureau is headed by Mrs. Kate Corbaley, formerly photoplaywright for Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew. In constant touch with the studios, she knows their needs, so that when our members so desire, we submit their stories in person for them. Thus we not only train you to write; we help you to sell your story-ideas.

Advisory Council



Cecil B. DeMille
Director-Gen., Famous Players-Lasky Corp.



Thomas H. Ince
of the Studio that bears his name



Lois Weber
America's greatest woman producer and director



Rob Wagner
motion picture writer Saturday Evening Post

$3,000 for One Story Plot

Our members come from all walks of life; mothers with children to support, school teachers, clerks, newspaper men, ministers, business men, successful fiction writers. In short, we have proven that anyone with an average imagination and story-ideas can write successful photoplays once he is trained.

One student, G. Leroi Clarke, formerly a minister, sold his first photoplay story for $3,000. The recent success of Douglas Fairbanks' "His Majesty the American," and the play, "Live Sparks," in which J. Warren Kerrigan lately starred, were both written by Palmer students. Many students now hold staff positions, four in one studio alone.

We have prepared a book, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing," which will inform you of the Palmer Course and service in greater detail. If you desire to consider the unusual opportunity in this new field of art *seriously*—this book will be mailed to you free.

At Least Investigate

For there is one peculiar thing to consider in the Palmer Plan. One single successful effort immediately repays you for your work. Not all our members begin to sell photoplays at once—naturally. But most of them do begin to show returns within a few months. And the big majority are not literary folks. They are people who have simply made up their minds to make money out of story-ideas they have in the back of their heads—and incidentally, perhaps, to gain some reputation.

The way is open. Producers are making every effort to encourage new writers. The demand is growing greater every day, and the opportunity is rich in its rewards because it is young. If seriously interested, mail the coupon.

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SO much of a woman's daintiness depends upon the care of her underarms. Even in the privacy of her own dressing room, the exposure of hairy underarms through becoming negligée mars an otherwise charming effect.

To remove the hair is now a recognized toilet essential —no less than the regular care of one's face and hands.

For the purpose, women generally prefer El-Rado liquid, because it is no more trouble to use than washing the skin.

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Even those accustomed to other methods of hair removing find an occasional use of El-Rado liquid is good for the skin.

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HERBERT H. D.—That's a mighty clever letter of yours. I showed it to the Editor. Yes, there are a great many men and women trying to establish their claims to the possession of genius by proving their deplorable lack of common sense. I dont know why they associate it with the word common. You say you saw Wilfred Lucas and Bess Meredith in Sydney, Australia. Yes, you were right.

J. H. S.—You certainly do not like Lou-Tellegen's directing. Yes, Charles Ray and Wallace Reid are both West. Why, the ballad of the "Heir of Linne" is perhaps of Scottish descent, tho found in Percy's "Southern Ballad-book." We are *in anima vili*, so let's quit. In the first place, bricklaying is not a profession, but a handicraft or trade.

URA PEST.—No, indeed. The more the merrier. During the past seventy years, the most famous actresses who have played Camille are Eugenie Doche, Jean Davenport, Laura Keane, Matilda Heron, Agnes Ethel, Clara Morris, Sarah Bernhardt, Mme. Modjeska, Fannie Davenport, Eleanor Duse, Marie Wainwright, Nance O'Neil, Jane Hading, Mme. Rejane, Margaret Anglin and Virginia Harned. The first Armand in America was Frederick Bartlett Conway, grandfather of Conway Tearle. Theda Bara is the most recent Camille in motion pictures and Ethel Barrymore on the stage. Maurice Barrymore, Ethel's father, played Armand in 1878. That will be about all for tonight.

LITTLE GREY DOVE.—Yes, that was Dorothy Dalton. She is in New York now.

L. B., BROOKLYN; PRENTICE; SNOOKUMS; MISS MUD-PUDDLE; ANNA K.; JOE F.; BARNEY; ADELE SMITH; W. C., MANITOBA; TODD B. H.; EDDIE; GOLDEN CURLS; DORRIS C.; LARK-CHILD; OIL OF CLOVES; NURSE; F. A. T.; GENEVIEVE; VICTORIA G.; CLARENCE G.; DORA; ROSS J. B.—Sorry to put you among the alsorans, but couldn't help it.

MRS. M. E. H.—Why, the real name of Theda Bara is Theodosia Goodman, born 1890. Yes, Julia Arthur has been in pictures. She is about 51. Dont you mean Joe Addison, of "Spectator" fame? He was born in England, May 1, 1672. My, but you write a gem of a letter! All interesting stuff. Come in and see me some time. You will always find me in my cage.

MASSEY, 18.—Your letter was very pathetic, and it reminds me of Lew Wallace when he said, "Oh, if in being forgotten, we could only forget!" But we never forget. So you like Lila Lee very much. Mrs. Sidney Drew is producing pictures.

JUST DOTTIE.—Oh, my child, there are other obstacles, alas! besides your mamma's consent, that stand in the way of your becoming a photoplay star. There will be an interview with Alice Brady soon. You have never seen Mary Pickford in a bathing-suit. That's no sign that she doesn't bathe. She's been in other kinds of suits, tho, in which she exposed nothing but a fine character.

S. O. S.—Please dont send Australian stamps. They are almost worthless here. Elmo Lincoln and Enid Markey in "Tarzan of the Apes." You ask why Celestia, the goddess from heaven, wears a Greek costume? I am not an authority on costumes in Paradise. You bet I stick to the buttermilk. I hope there will be no prohibition on buttermilk.

BRIGALOW.—Whence all those words? Thy vocabulary is extensive. You say, "Why is the letter 'D' like a sailor? Because it follows the 'C.'" Wonderful! Yes, Enid Bennett.

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One pupil has received over $5,000 for stories and articles written mostly in spare time—"play work," he calls it. Another pupil received over $1,000 before completing her first course. Another, a busy wife and mother, is averaging over $75 a week from photoplay writing alone.
There is no other institution or agency doing so much for writers, young or old. The universities recognize this, for over one hundred members of the English faculties of higher institutions are studying in our Literary Department. The editors recognize it, for they are constantly recommending our courses.
We publish *The Writer's Library*, 12 volumes (descriptive booklet free). We also publish *The Writer's Monthly*, the leading magazine for literary workers; sample copy 10 cents, annual subscription $1.00. Besides our teaching service, we offer a [illegible]
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Olga, 17, writes me as follows, and I am loath to make it public, but alas, alack, here goes:

"You say you love me—you declare you adore me—and further, you publish in your excellent magazine that you would go to Hades for me, O Exquisite One—for Me, the original, the one and only, the bee-oo-tiful, the infamous Olga, 17, and then when she pens you an epistle on yon Mineola typewriter, written in all good faith to her Rippy, the angelic, bald and bewiskered Adonis, on orchid letter paper delicately scented with Lulu La Cele disinfectant—you snub her—disregard entirely *her* feelings in the matter and permit the wonder of magazines to be published *without* her answers. Oh, Roughneck, mine, thinkest thou that they be galvanized, these feelings of mine? Would that we were married, then I'd have you in my power house! How canst thou neglect and shame me so before these, my friends, Soul o' mine? Me so young and my hair so curly an' everything! Is *that* pretty? I am insult—I am enrage—I am degrade! I demand retribution—I seek vengeance. My heart is filled with *REVENGE!!* So beware, for I am a woman and being such, love you with an overwhelming adoration, as portrayed so deftly by Conway, the Apollo Belvedere of the Screen. Remember the play which ended with the words 'She killed him, because she loved him!' That's me all over, Mabel! When next I come to see you—if I should so honor you—I will have secreted in my trunk a pin with which I will prick you on the temples and you will die—a slow but sure death as evidenced by my private cemetery on an avenue in Brooklyn. Then when I am in heaven—for I too will die—living without you being an impossibility—you will look up to me as I play the harp and pick lilies—you will gaze up at me with coal-dust on your once beautiful countenance and feel sorry—repent for what you have done to me—the onlee and original and insensible Olga, 17. That's why you were put down there; and after many centuries when you have paid for your cruel actions with long suffering you will be permitted to kiss my feet. Of course, you wont have to reach for them, for by that time you will have been admitted into the pearly gates and will have graduated as my slave—the slave to her whom you treated ruff on irth! Yes, my soul cries out for revenge, and I shall have it. By the Bartenders' Union I swear I will have my pound of flesh! Selah!

"Once we loved and were happy, but now you treat me fierce—almost like a relative. Wasn't it Peter Shakescider who said: 'We cant choose our relatives, but thank God we can pick our own teeth.' Yep, he was right. But that would be committing a breach of etiquette—'twould be a social error, and *that's* why we suffer—with relatives! For 'twould almost be as bad as being a—a—subway guard with all his ill-begotten means—as a shirker of etiquette. It sez so in de book enyhoe.

"Well, goo-bye forever, my great big bear. I swear by the twenty-four thumbs of the twelve apostles that you shall never hear from me again. I am going out of your life like a light—just as I came—but I shall stand on the threshold of life and wait—wait impatiently for a man. And you're no woman!

"Yours until Father Time dies of the flu.

"Olga, 17."

Rich—How can I tell who the girl is that was chewing gum? Gladys Leslie was the sweetheart in "The Soap Girl's Sweetheart."

(Continued on page 129)



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If you are hard of hearing you have embarrassing moments — so do your friends. Is it not worth while to see if all this embarrassment can be avoided? 350,000 persons are now hearing clearly by aid of the Acousticon.
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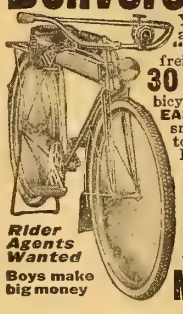


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Stars Needed

Any exhibitor will tell you that there are not enough stars. Good stars are scarce, and they are nearly all tied up with contracts with a very few companies. New companies are forming every day and they require stars. This makes the demand greater than the supply. The producers have been objecting to the High Cost of Stars, and the exhibitors are complaining of the High Cost of Films. Some have even gone so far as to state that the Star System must go. But there will always be a demand for stars and when there are enough stars to supply the demand there will be a better feeling all around and the film industry will advance and prosper. Again, it is evident that many of our well known stars are passing out—some retiring of their own accord, and some losing their popularity and drawing power. It is quite clear, therefore, that we must have more stars. Where are they to come from? We maintain that there is no better way to discover and introduce new stars than the Fame and Fortune contest, which is conducted every year by the three leading magazines: MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND. This being true, it should be warmly supported by producers, exhibitors and public alike.

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Can and Who Cannot Get Into the Pictures and Why?" Enclosed is 5 cents in stamps for mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

(Continued from page 127)

CECIL D.—Angelic — me? — Oh, no, you've got me wrong. You ask me if I am fat, bald and seventy. All of that. And you are very young and dont believe in love. Wait, my child, your time will come. Sure thing, send along the butterscotch. I eat everything my customers send me. Florence Reed is playing in "The Curious Case of Marie Dupont." Dustin Farnum in "The Corsican Brothers" and Mollie King in "Women Men Forgot."

MAD.—Mildred Harris Chaplin is playing in "Polly of the Storm Country," produced by Mayer. Mae Marsh, after her marriage and everything, is returning to the screen. Edith Storey is back again. So you want more Letters to the Editor. That's one thing I haven't got—a stenographer, and I love to dictate, yet I am not a woman.

FERNLEAF GIRL.—The flu? I should say not. The way to prevent flu is to catch the germ before it catches you. Insert it into a paper bag, go down to the furnace, and drop it in, and in this way the flu goes up the chimney. So you think I am a snooky old man. I may be old, but I'm not snooky. Madge Kennedy is not married.

WILDRINE SOUL.—You say you are not a bit backwoodsy. You just read our three publications and you wont be. Yes, Roscoe Arbuckle for the present has given up his slapstick comedies to play the part of sheriff. Pearl White in "The White Moll" and William Russell in "Shod With Fire."

MONTE BLUE wants all of his friends to forgive him if he hasn't answered, but in many cases it was because of lack of complete address. Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal., will reach him.

WOODROW W. WORSHIPER.—Well, it's this way. A President is not elected by direct popular vote, and several Presidents have received less than a majority of the entire vote cast in the nation. The electors are chosen by the separate States by direct popular vote, and these electors cast their vote for President and Vice-President. Claire Du Brey was Trixie in "The Spite Bride." Violet Mersereau is in New York. You're welcome.

MARIE B.—Saw your name in the paper. Will answer yours after I look it up. Much research in order. Tra-la-la!

R. L. W.—Why, it is reported that D. W. Griffith just paid William A. Brady $175,000 for the rights of "Way Down East." He recently paid $150,000 for "Romance." Now dont, all you writers, flock around Mr. Griffith's door with your scenarios. Anyway, he must be nearly broke by this time. Louise Lovely is with Fox. Los Angeles, Cal. Of course, my whiskers are on my chin. I am thinking of having them trimmed or trimmed for the June bug season.

MICKEY.—*Fort bien.* Have it your way. Why, yes, William Bailey is with the Artcraft. He played in the stage play of "Forbidden." Yes, he was with Essanay some time ago. You like Wheeler Oakman, and you want an interview with Kenneth Harlan.

HARRIET C.—Little history. Well Louis XVII of France was king in name only. He was the son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, both of whom died on the guillotine. He died at the age of ten. You say you want to see Wanda Hawley on the screen. William Hart is 6 feet 1 inch tall and William Farnum is 5 feet 10½ inches.

MARIE H.—I am sorry indeed if I have hurt your feelings with my foolish little joke. I am sure you will forgive me.



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THE MISSOURI WALTZ

Little Lessons That Mean Fortunes to Those Who Learn Them—History Repeats and Fame Is Achieved—An Old Story Retold

During the summer of 1914 John Valentine Eppel, who leads the Eppel Dance Orchestra at Oskaloosa, was a visitor down in the Ozark Mountains of Missouri, and while there he heard the natives humming a bit of a waltz tune that was a part of their very life. He brought it forth and tried it out as a dance offering. It was a waltz and the wise people all said that a waltz was impossible—that people wanted nothing but the fox trot or a one-step; but that is the way people generally say and do when a good thing is about to be started on its onward march.

Frederick Knight Logan took that little theme and arranged it for the piano. He then tried to sell it to the Barnhouse Publishing Co., of Oskaloosa, Ia. And, by the way, one real reason why Barnhouse just naturally turned it down was found in the fact that this same Frederick Knight Logan also lived at Oskaloosa.

Young Logan found that it was quite easy to compose music, but it wasn't so easy to sell it to a publisher. So he proceeded to publish it himself. That was in 1914. He first got out the arrangement for a piano, then he put it out for eleven parts and piano as an orchestra; then as a full orchestra. It was later arranged as a band number. By that time this young local venturer found himself swamped with orders, and he had about worn out the family wheelbarrow transporting his output to the post-office, so one day he got on the train and came to Chicago, determined to find a real publisher.

Of course the usual thing happened. The big city publishers pronounced it too cheap; it was really musically rotten to all of them—except F. J. A. Foster. That hustling, pushing plugger soon saw his judgment rewarded with orders. The more orders he received the more advice he also received, most of which was to the effect that he had picked a flivver.

Ask your dealer to show you how many ways the "Missouri Waltz" has been published; see if you can find any sort of arrangement that it hasn't been put thru; see if your player piano doesn't offer it in a half dozen different styles, then run it down and see how many different kinds of talking machine records you would have to buy if you would own one of each kind. These household necessities have the "Missouri Waltz" in every conceivable style, from its own original instrument, the mouth organ, to a symphony orchestra record. Grand opera stars and cabaret singers, soloists and choristers have all taken a trial at presenting this number. More than 2,000,000 records have been made of the "Missouri Waltz."

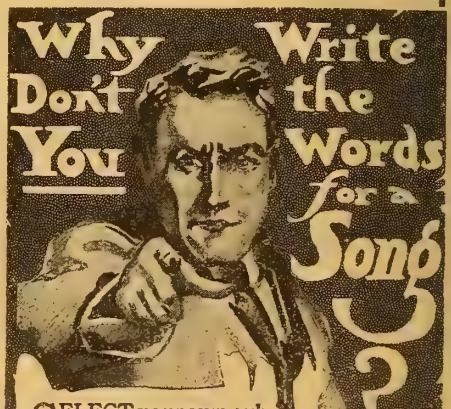
Not long ago we were sitting in at a little confab discussing music and its relation to the lyceum and chautauqua movement when a cablegram was received by the publisher, asking for 100,000 copies of this same international favorite and with it the sales rights for the German-speaking countries.

Yes, the "Missouri Waltz" is an international affair. Not simply because F. J. A. Foster holds an international copyright on it, but because the people all over the world sing it, play it and listen to it. More than a million copies have been sold abroad, and it is still raging.

This is more than mere boost for a song for the "Missouri Waltz" does not need boosting—to boost it is like attempting to paint the lily. What we have written is for those who want to learn the lessons that this wonderful success has to teach.

Don't think that Frederick Knight Logan grabbed this success right out of the air. He worked for it. He earned it. It didn't come to him—he went after it. For years he worked to prepare for his service. Those who saw his mother at the convention and saw her efficient help, saw the talented, inspirational assistance that she rendered, didn't need any one to demonstrate that song poem with words that tell of the "lingering moments divine" that animate her work and her very life as she collaborates with her talented son in the work that has made Frederick Knight Logan, "The Waltz King" of our day.

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Feb. 14, 1920



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Dustin Farnum was making up in his dressing-room the other day when there was a gentle tap at his door.

"Come in," yelped Dusty.

His visitor was Gloria Joy, the baby star of Mission Productions.

"Pardon me, Mr. Farnum, I trust I am not intruding," chirped Gloria.

"You couldn't intrude, Gloria. You're as welcome as quitting time. Can I be of service in any way?"

"I think you can, Mr. Farnum—perhaps—maybe."

"Well, sit up here on the table and tell me all about it while I make up. Shoot."

"They told me you were just finishing your picture an' I was thinking that maybe—"

"Go ahead, dear; dont be afraid. You were thinking—"

"Well, I was thinking that maybe you might like to be my leading man in my next picture. You see I like your work an' I know we'd get along just fine."

Dusty was too flabbergasted to speak so he sparred for wind and finally got it.

"You're a darling, Gloria Joy, to want me for your leading man, but you see I've made a new contract and it would prevent. I'm sorry."

Gloria heaved a deep sigh of disappointment as she slipped down off the table and chortled:

"So am I, but dont you sign up with anybody else till you see me," and the little feet tripped down the hall.

PLAYLETS

By E. Scott O'Connor

Cupid wanted to sharpen his arrows. He got Jealousy to help him.

Hatred sought to lengthen his existence. He asked for benefits.

A woman found a book. In it she read wisdom. One morning the book was gone. Love had stolen it. "I am wiser now," said the woman.

A coward complained when overcome by disaster. "I did sot defeat you," said Disaster.

Charity gave a ball to the Virtues and Vice. Justice, herself, could scarce tell one from the other.

"I fell so low," said a dying sinner, "from the weight of those I dragged down."

The suffering of ennui is often due to lack of pain.

"I never point," said Cunning, "toward the mark I wish to hit."

A man built himself a house without doors, and then complained he had no visitors.

Prejudice tried to build a church. It resulted over to one side.

Work gave Indie Sorrow's looking glass. Sorrow shocked her.

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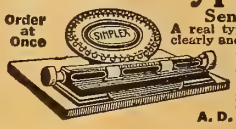
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Just read the announcements, then you'll read the issue. Check 'em up!

JESSE L. LASKY knows the Pulse of the Public. He told Frederick James Smith all about it and in his usual graphic style Mr. Smith gives it to the CLASSIC readers.

JANE NOVAK is viewed from a new and piquant angle by Maude S. Cheatham.

PAULINE STARKE, the one time extra girl, has scored in many photoplays, the most recent being "Soldiers of Fortune." You will know more about her after reading the APRIL-MAY CLASSIC.

Of unusual interest to our readers will be an intimate chat with Virginia Faire, one of the winners of the Fame and Fortune Contest.

The fictionizations will be unusual: "The Sporting Duchess" featuring ALICE JOYCE, "Judy of Rogues' Harbor" with MARY MILES MINTER and "The Dancin' Fool" starring WALLACE REID.

The cover will be from an unusual painting of Dolores Cassinelli.

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My way of teaching piano or organ is *entirely different* from all others. Out of every four hours of study, one hour is spent *entirely away from the keyboard* — learning something about Harmony and The Laws of Music. This is an awful shock to most teachers of the "old school" who still think that learning piano is solely a problem of "finger gymnastics." When you *do* go to the keyboard, you accomplish *twice as much*, because you *understand what you are doing*. Within four lessons I enable you to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well.

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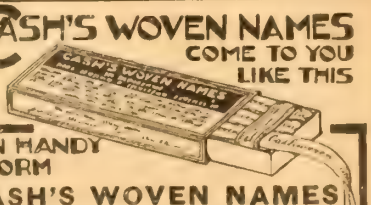
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Get well—enjoy life—build up your body. Be strong—and you can tackle all things. Be healthy—and you can give all your time to work, pleasure and rest—Be Joyful and your presence will radiate confidence as soon as you enter a room—**In Short—Be Well—You Can.—My Free Book MAN THE MASTER** explains plainly and clearly how to [illegible] ideal manhood, mental energy restored, prostate, bowels, stomach, nervousness, in fact, correct cause, placing you on the road to happiness, well, rested and look fairly tingling with the joy of perfect health. A mere reading will make you a better and happier individual write for it today—It's Free.

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Norma Talmadge admits it—honesty is the best policy.

In one of her recent productions she was forced to use a Ford automobile in some of the small-town scenes and as a reward for submitting to this and jouncing about agreeably in the Henry while her Rolls Royce stood parked outside of the hotel, her director pulled some wires and arranged to have the machine given to her.

Torn between moments of chagrin and pleasure, the little star decided to "unload" her new possession on one of her acquaintances, but when the acquaintance graciously refused the offer, Norma pursued a different course and decided to sell it.

Finally she found a prospective purchaser, but instead of following the established custom of automobile salesmanship, she commenced by reciting the machine's weak points.

"The spark plugs dont always spark," Miss Talmadge truthfully admitted, "and once in a while the oil pan rattles. One of the rear wheels is a little out of order and the steering apparatus shakes. I'm afraid the front tires have slow leaks and I know the radiator is rusty. Then, too, there is a little trouble with the compression."

The prospective purchaser smiled and climbed in for a trial ride.

Miss Talmadge kept repeating her attack on the machine, but something seemed to have slipped in her calculations. The spark plugs sparked in decorous harmony and the steering apparatus was as solid as an oak. None of the wheels fell off and the front tires seemed to have recovered from their asthmatic tendencies. To top things off the compression was working fine and the little old insect of the roads coughed like her Rolls Royce itself.

When the trip was finished Miss Talmadge had half made up her mind to keep the thing for her own amusement, but the purchaser insisted upon completing the bargain. A minute later Norma's former possession disappeared up the street in a cloud of dust and smoke.

And Norma persistently admits that "honesty is the best policy."

THE SCREEN

It looks upon the distant shore and sky,
  Searches the deepest caverns of the sea,
Recalls the glories of the days gone by,
  Foreshadows ages that are still to be.
It makes the dead to live and move again.
  Departed scenes are called to mind anew.
Hope's dearest wishes thru this fairy pane
  Are clothed with life and brought before the view.

It looks down summer lanes that have no end,
  Fringed with the bloom of never-fading flowers,
Hallowed with bonds uniting friend with friend
  Thru all the round of ceaseless golden hours.
It pictures dreams that lips could never tell,
  Dreams that the heart alone has felt and seen;
Each comes from out the shadows where they dwell,
  And walks, a living thing, upon the screen.



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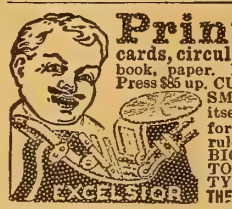
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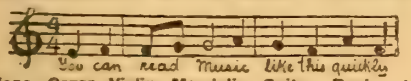
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Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really *can* and simply *haven't found it out?* Well, come to think of it, most anybody can *tell* a story. Why can't most anybody *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers — they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes —you may laugh—but these are The Writers of To-morrow.

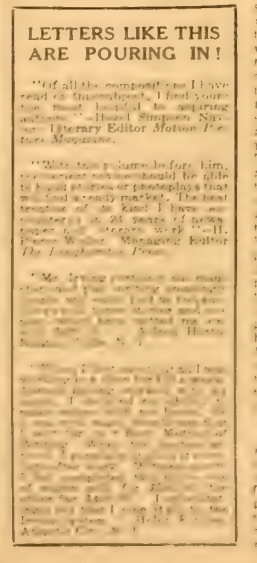
For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. *Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer?* Only maybe you are simply "huffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the Imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!



Copyright, Lumiere

Miss Helene Chadwick, versatile screen star, now leading lady for Tom Moore of Goldwyn Film Company, says: *"Any man or woman who will learn this New Method of Writing ought to sell stories and plays with ease."*

LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!



But two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. We can learn to put a story together easily and quickly, just as we learn to put a picture puzzle together, with the principles before our minds. [illegible] the principles there, but they *really learn to write* from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you'd be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't *I* learn to write?" *Who says you can't?*

Listen! A wonderful *free* book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about the Irving System—a Startling, New, Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called *"The Wonder Book for Writers,"* shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't *dream* they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless gold mine of ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you *are* a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to *win!*

This surprising book is *absolutely free.* No charge. No obligation. *Your* copy is waiting for you. Write for it *now. Get it. It's yours.* Then you can pour your whole soul into this magic new enchantment that has come into your life—*story and play writing.* The lure of it, the love of it, the luxury of it will fill your wasted hours and dull moments with profit and pleasure. You will have this noble, absorbing, money-making new profession! And all in your spare time, without interfering with your regular job. Who says you can't make "easy money" with your brain? Who says you can't turn your Thoughts into cash? Who says you can't make your dreams come true? Nobody knows *but the book will tell you.*

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The Funniest Thing You Ever Saw

YOU'VE witnessed sidesplitting happenings that start you laughing every time you think of them. Your friends double up with laughter at your funny stories. Why don't you set millions of people laughing—and get well paid for doing it—by putting those funny incidents into photoplays?

Good Laughs Always Bring Big Money

Movie fans like to laugh. The antics of Charlie Chaplin, Fatty Arbuckle, Harold Lloyd, and other famous funny men draw as many movie patrons as the longer features and thrillers. Producers and theatre managers eagerly snap up new sidesplitters.

The idea for a two-reel farce or comedy brings the photoplay writer a bigger check than any other screenable story of the same length. Good laugh-producing stories are scarce—largely because you people with a strong sense of humor don't understand just how to get your ideas on the market.

Why Not Capitalize Your Sense of Humor?

You've seen lots of sidesplitting movies built around ideas no bigger or better than yours. Probably you've often seen a picture where a different point of view, or a change of characters, would result in a brand new story—just as original, funny, and usable as that on the screen.

If you have the happy knack of seeing the funny side of things, why not turn it into a money-maker? You can soon learn how to give everyday happenings a humorous twist—invent laughable situations—elaborate one or two funny incidents into a two-reel photoplay.

Producers' Requirements Are Easily Learned

How to write photoplay farces and comedies as the big producers want them written is explained simply but thoroughly in our short, practical course. We teach you the methods by which others are winning success; give you expert criticism on your photoplays, and advise you on markets.

Our new booklet of information tells you the facts about photoplay writing and your opportunities for making big money at it. The coupon will bring a copy—free.

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Why the Publicity Men Wear That Hunted Look When They Show Visitors About the Studio

By WALTER VOGDES

"Where is Mary?"

"How do you manage to make things look so real?"

"Is it true that——"

"Is Vivian Martin married?"

"Dont you get awfully bored taking visitors about?"

"Who is the gentleman with the bald head?"

"Why do they use such bright lights?"

"Oh, you cant fool me. I know they take all the night scenes in the daytime and fix them up."

"Is her hair naturally curly?"

"My cousin's sister-in-law is in the movies. Her name is—oh, I cant think of it now, but you'd know her of course. She's a blonde and——"

"Does Mr. Fairbanks really do those stunts?"

"I didn't know it was such a big place."

"I suppose you like to have people come out to the studio. It's such a good advertisement."

"They wear a lot of paint on their faces, dont they?"

"Where is Mary?"

"You must spend lots of time thinking up ideas for pictures."

"How old is Marguerite Clark?"

"Why do you have that sign in the outside office about not letting visitors in?"

"I've come all the way from Youngstown and I did so want to see her."

"Yes, Bill Hart has such a kind face."

"I'll write a scenario for you."

"That piano looks real—why, it is!"

"Why, you have real carpets on the floor."

"Where's Mary?"

"He looks like himself, dont he?"

"Do they really say words or just make noises?"

"Doug never really climbed that church steeple, did he?"

"That looks just like the real thing."

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"Where's Mary?"

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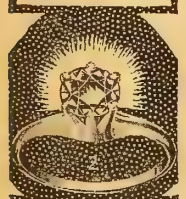
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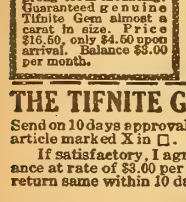
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Don't send a penny. Upon your simple request we'll send you a genuine Lachnite gem mounted in either of these solid gold rings on 10 days trial. These exquisite gems have the eternal fire of diamonds. Over 150,000 people have accepted this offer and have found the way to own beautiful jewelry at a trifling cost.

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When the ring comes make the first small deposit ($4.75) with the postman. Wear it 10 full days. If you can tell it from a diamond send it back and we'll refund your deposit. If you decide to buy, merely pay the balance at $2.00 a month. The total price of either ring is only $18.75.

Send Coupon — No Money

Send us your name and address today. Use the coupon or a letter or a post card. Be sure to send your finger size. To do this cut a strip of paper just long enough to meet over the second joint of the finger on which you wish to wear the ring. Send the coupon now—and not a penny in cash.

Harold Lachman Co., Dept. 1544, 12 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois

Harold Lachman Co., Dept. 1544 12 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Send me, prepaid, Ladies' / Men's ring on 10 days' free trial. When it comes I will deposit $4.75 with the postman. After ten days I will either return the ring or send you $2.00 a month until the balance has been paid. Total cost to me $18.75. If I return the ring, you will refund my $4.75 immediately. I enclose my finger size.

Name.....

Address.....



How to Find the Cream You Need

Stand in a good light—examine your face carefully in a mirror, and then—

Study this Chart

Acne Cream—for pimples and blackheads.

Astringent Cream—for oily skins and shiny noses.

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"A Beauty Aid for Every Need"

Marinello Toilet Preparations may be had at all Drug Stores, Department Stores and Shops.

Somebody Is Going to Win a Motion Picture Screen Position

thru the

1920 BIGGER AND BETTER

Fame and Fortune Contest

Will That Somebody Be You?

Somebody with unusual charm, a personality or beauty is going to be awarded a place on the screen. Send in your photograph and let the judges decide whether you have something about you that will be valuable in the motion picture world. Besides a screen position you will be given two years' publicity in our three magazines.

1920 Five-Reel Feature Drama

A strong and original story has been selected and we are searching for players to appear in this drama. This does not mean Youth and Beauty only, but men and women to fill several character types. State on the coupon below whether you wish to take part and if we find you suitable we will communicate with you. The 1920 Honor Roll girls will appear in this drama. The 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest discovered four American Beauties. Twenty-five girls appeared on the Honor Roll and took part in "A Dream of Fair Women," a two-reel drama. This film is to be shown thruout the country and this will give you the opportunity to see what is wanted in the motion picture field. If your theater man has not already secured this film, tell him to get in touch with Murray W. Garsson, Foundation Film Corp., 1600 Broadway, New York City.

RULES FOR 1920 CONTESTANTS

Contestants shall submit one or more portraits. On the back of each photo an entrance coupon must be pasted. The coupon must be from either THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC or SHADOWLAND, or a similar coupon of your own making.

Postal-card pictures, tinted photographs and snapshots not accepted.

Photographs will not be returned to the owner.

Contestants should not write letters regarding the contest, as it will be impossible to answer them. All rules will be printed in all three magazines.

Photos should be mailed to CONTEST MANAGER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Send as many as you like.

The contest is open to every young woman and man, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage rôles.

Contest closes August 1, 1920.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE ENTRANCE COUPON

Name.....

Address.....(street)

.....(city).....(state)

Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any.....

.....

When born.....Birthplace.....Eyes (color).....

Hair (color).....Complexion.....

Do you want to take part in the Five-Reel Feature Drama?.....

WHY MAN— we made this cigarette for you!

Camel CIGARETTES



YOUR highest ideal of cigarette enjoyment begins the day you get acquainted with Camel Cigarettes. You smoke them with the utmost pleasure!

Camels win you so sincerely on their quality merits. Their expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos is so new, so smooth and so fascinating to your cigarette desires *you'll prefer it to either kind of tobacco smoked straight!*

And, Camels are absolutely unique in so many other ways that appeal to the most fastidious smokers. They have a remarkable mildness, but that desirable "body" is *all* there! Again, Camels leave no unpleasant cigaretty aftertaste nor unpleasant cigaretty odor!

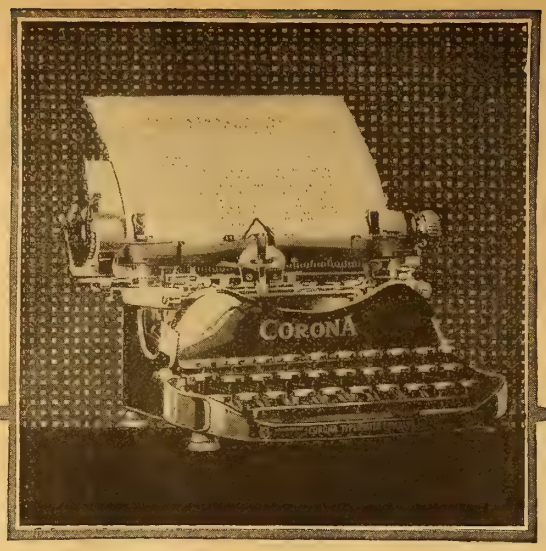
Camels flavor is so refreshing and the fragrance so unusual and likable that you are delighted that so much satisfaction could be put into a cigarette.

The real way to appreciate Camels best is to compare them puff-by-puff with *any cigarette in the world at any price!*

Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes for 20 cents; or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper-covered carton. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply or when you travel

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

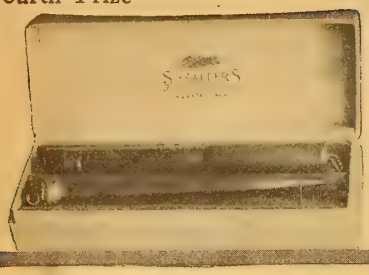
Third Prize



Second Prize



Fourth Prize



Ninth Prize



Sixth Prize



Popularity Contest Awards

THE new Popularity Contest, unusual and entertaining, is already the object of great interest — unfailing and rife. If you have entered it or have read the announcements which have appeared, and will appear, from time to time, containing the rules and regulations, you know it is actually a double contest—a contest in which both the public and players are equally interested.

The prizes depicted above and below were selected after much careful thought and attention and each one is destined to make some one happier, from the beautiful Crescent phonograph which suggests a twilight hour with the gems musical genii have given to the world, to the Marble nickel-plated axe which brings to mind a jolly time in some invitingly green woodland.

Perhaps you have not yet decided to enter the contest—if not do so *now*. Dont lose an opportunity of enjoying the unique entertainment it affords or of capturing one of the lovely and useful awards.

FIRST PRIZE

Crescent Phonograph, piano mahogany finish (value $160). Plays all makes of disc records: Victor, Columbia, Pathe, Edison, Emerson, etc., without the use of extra attachments or intricate adjustments; a simple turn of the sound-box is all that is necessary in changing from a lateral cut record to playing a hill and dale cut record.

A Crescent owner can enjoy a repertoire of the greatest opera singers, popular songs, dance music or anything that is turned out of the disc record. The tone of the Crescent is full, round, deep and mellow. It has a large compartment for records.

First Prize



SECOND PRIZE

Movette Camera and three packages of films (value $65). Compact, light, efficient, easily operated. Think of the possibilities during your vacation trip — your canoe trip—in pictures —pictures of your family or friends—living pictures that you can project at any time in your home. A priceless record of your life.

THIRD PRIZE

Corona Typewriter with case (value $50); an all-round portable typewriter, light enough and small enough to be carried anywhere, and strong enough to stand any possible condition of travel. It is trim and symmetrical and does not give one's study the atmosphere of a business office. Fold it up and take it with you anywhere.

FOURTH PRIZE

Sheaffer "Giftie" Combination Set, consisting of a Sheaffer Fountain Pen and a Sheaffer Sharp-Point Pencil, in a handsome plush-lined box. Gold filled, warranted twenty years. Cannot blot or leak. A beautiful and perfect writing instrument.

FIFTH PRIZE

Bristol steel Casting Rod agate guide, cork grip, strong and durable. Packed in linen case. Can be easily put in traveling bag.

SIXTH PRIZE

Loughlin Safety Self-Filling Fountain Pen. No extensions to remember, no locks to forget.

SEVENTH PRIZE

Star Vibrator, handsomely finished in nickel plate with three attachments. Alternating current. Excellent for massage. Use it in your own home.

EIGHTH PRIZE

Same as Seventh Prize.

NINTH PRIZE

Marble nickel-plated pocket axe of tool steel, carefully tempered and sharpened. Indispensable in camp or woods.



Fifth Prize

Seventh and Eighth Prizes



Greatest of All Popularity Contests

Unique Competition in Which the Voters Share in the Prizes

WHO IS THE ONE GREAT STAR OF THE SCREEN?

Is it CHARLIE CHAPLIN or ELSIE FERGUSON?
Is it RICHARD BARTHELMESS or WILLIAM S. HART?

Concerning this matter there is great difference of opinion. Every fan, in fact, has his own idol. The Wall street broker swears by MARY PICKFORD; his wife thinks TOM MIX is the best actor the cinema has produced; the office boy has a "crush" on THEDA BARA and the stenographer collects photographs of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

What do you think? If you had a vote would you give it to NAZIMOVA or to LILLIAN GISH? Would you vote for a man or a woman or for little BEN ALEXANDER?

Shadowland, Motion Picture Magazine, and **Motion Picture Classic**—the three great magazines of the Motion Picture world—have decided to refer this question to their readers by taking a popular, world-wide vote. In regard to matters concerning the stage and theater their audience is the most intelligent and discerning; the most wide-awake and well-informed in the world today. If any picture patrons can pick out the leading star, it will be those who read **Shadowland, the Magazine** and **Classic.**

The coupons will show you how to enter your own name and the name of your favorite player. But you may vote on an ordinary sheet of paper provided you make it the same size and follow the wording of these coupons. We prefer the printed coupons for uniformity and convenience in counting.

There will be prizes for voters and prizes for stars.

Votes registered in Class Number 1 will probably be cast by favor. Votes registered in Class Number 2 will call for a wide knowledge of the Motion Picture business, keen powers of perception and skill at detecting the trend of popular favor. You cannot guess the winner offhand.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The Contest began on December 1, 1919, and closes on June 30, 1920.
2. There will be seven ballots as follows:

December	1919 ballot
January	1920 ballot
February	1920 ballot
March	1920 ballot
April	1920 ballot
May	1920 ballot
June	1920 ballot

3. The result of each month's ballot will be published in each one of our magazines the second month following such ballot.
4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.
5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules thereof shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for **Shadowland** every month, and the same for **Motion Picture Magazine** and yet again the same for **Classic.** Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

Class Number 1

Shadowland, Magazine and **Classic:**
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I consider ..... the most popular player in the entire field of Motion Pictures.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....
Country.....
Dated .....

Class Number 2

Shadowland, Magazine and **Classic:**
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I believe that ..... will win the Big Three Popularity Contest with ..... votes.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....
Country.....
Dated .....

Remember! This is the greatest player contest in history.

The Biggest Novelty-Special Ever Produced!

To the Motion Picture Public of the World:

DO YOU KNOW HOW STARS ARE MADE? COULD YOU BE A SCREEN STAR? DO YOU WANT TO BE A SCREEN STAR?

If So- - - - - - - - *SEE*

"A DREAM *of* FAIR WOMEN"—

Produced by the M. P. Publishing Co.

Publishers of

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
THE CLASSIC *and* SHADOWLAND

Presented by

MURRAY W. GARSSON

This picture shows the types wanted, as selected from the 1919 contest, and coincident with the running of the picture your exhibitor will conduct a local contest, the winner of which will be placed on the honor roll of the 1920 contest.

Tell your exhibitor to get in immediate touch with his exchangeman, or with Mr. Garsson, Foundation Film Corp., 1600 Broadway, New York City, regarding this film and the local contest.



Photo © Campbell Studio, N. Y.

Listen to Marion Davies:

"Hyglo packages are so handy to carry when traveling, and they do their work so satisfactorily I would not be without one."

Marion Davies

The public likes Marion Davies. An atmosphere of charm, simplicity and beauty surrounds her that endears her to us all. Like all stage and screen stars, she knows what toilet and manicure preparations best preserve and heighten her charms—her judgment is an *expert* one. To keep her nails pretty and attractive Marion Davies uses

HYGLO
Manicure Preparations

They give the perfect manicure—no hangnails, no cuticle cutting, no irritation. Simple, efficient and sure—and put up in such convenient boxes that they are ideal traveling companions.

Start today! Get the Hyglo Complete Manicure Outfit, containing Hyglo Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach, Nail Polish Cake, Nail Polish Paste, Pink, Nail White, flexible file, emery board, orange stick and absorbent cotton in an attractive box, as illustrated below, for $1.50.

Hyglo Manicure Preparations are sold individually at leading drug and department stores at 35c to 65c.

To enable you to try Hyglo preparations, we will mail you small samples, upon receipt of 10 cents in coin.



GRAF BROS., Inc.
119 West 24th Street, New York
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc.
Selling Agents
171 Madison Ave., N. Y., and 10 McCaul St., Toronto, Can.



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YOU pay only this small amount each month for this masterpiece, sold to you at the direct rock-bottom price, the lowest price at which a Burlington is sold. This masterpiece of watch manufacture is adjusted to position, adjusted to temperature, and adjusted to isochronism. Send the coupon today for free book on watches.

Send the Coupon

You do not pay a cent until you see the watch. Send the coupon today for this great book on watches, and full information of the $3.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch. Don't delay. Act right NOW!

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Burlington Watch Co., *Dept. 1265 19th Street and Marshall Boulevard* **Chicago**
338 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba

Please send me (without obligation and prepaid) your free book on watches with full explanation of your cash or $3.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch.

Name.....

Address.....

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BROOKLYN, N. Y.



ETHEL CLAYTON



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Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Rinse carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

A 25 cent cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment and for daily cleansing.

Send for sample cake of soap, with booklet of famous treatments, and samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream.

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury treatment) together with the booklet, "A Skin You Love To Touch", containing the treatment for *your individual type of skin.* Or, for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Write today to The Andrew Jergens Co., 1304 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1304 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is for sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.



Woodbury's Facial Soap

FIRST, FOREMOST AND FINEST

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

JUNE

25 CTS



FLORENCE EVELYN MARTIN

JUN 20

RIT

TRADE MARK REG U.S. PAT OFFICE.

Cake, Flaked and Powdered





There is an irresistible charm to old garments brightened and freshened with Rit.

Fashion's Every Demand for Colorful Lingerie May Be Gratified

Never have the shops been so ablaze with color. Every last detail of milady's apparel is gorgeous with pinks, blues, yellows and reds. To be in fashion one simply must be in color. Yet, so much of one's wardrobe in the past has been in white. These white pieces—they too may be given the subtle touch of charming color effects.

That dainty camisole, that demure night dress, that shimmery blouse, may be *washed* any color of your heart's desire. A rare bit of magic it may seem—yet with Rit you may revel in the colors so in vogue among women who first reflect the subtle charm of Paris.

And the beauty of it is, Rit is so convenient to use.

No Fuss, No Muss—

just *wash* and the "Rit"-ing is done. What need you care if lingerie in the season's fashionable shades is not available. Just use Rit, and wonder of wonders—that choice bit of apparel is washed into a joyous creation of most approved color.

All the soft, elusive shades so winningly described in your favorite magazine are actually yours with Rit. From sheerest underslip to your loveliest frock of dream crêpe all is a picture of rich, glowing color.

Silk sweaters, lingerie, frocks, even corsets, may enjoy the subtle charm of the season's newest shades. Simply wash them with Rit, and lo! the magic is done. Rit makes possible perfect color harmony throughout your entire costume.



From veils to stockings Rit may be used with perfect confidence. Wonderfully satisfying are its results.



Lovely pinks, dainty lavender, soft blues, even black, are the Rit colors in demand for lingerie. While for frocks, blouses, sweaters, stockings—Rit brings you a color range from the most delicate shades to gorgeous, splendid reds, greens or yellows.

New Life for Old Friends

Part of the charm of using Rit is the thrill of renewing again an intimate piece of apparel whose colors have faded. It may be something choice in cotton, or wool, or silk; it makes no difference.

Rit proves equally successful with every fabric. So fresh and new do things look after being "Rit"-ed that the joy of accomplishment is equaled only by the charm of color. One need have no fear in using Rit of dingy or streaky colors.

Many million women are using Rit every month with complete satisfaction. In fact, many, many women are finding Rit so convenient they keep a supply in the house all the time.

No staining of hands or washbowl. In using Rit it is gratifying to note that while the colors are fast—Rit does not stain the hands, nor is there the slightest danger of injuring the daintiest fabrics.

All good stores carry Rit for your convenience in buying.

Sunbeam Chemical Company

A Corporation

Chicago, New York, Los Angeles, Paris, Cable, Wis., London

Fashionable RIT Colors

Black	*Tangerine*	*Taupe*
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Rose	*Golden Yellow*	*Lavender*
Old Rose	*Emerald Green*	*Light Blue*
Salmon Pink	*Light Green*	*Dark Blue*
Red	*Light Grey*	*Orange*
Yellow	*Battleship Grey*	*Tan*
Flesh	*Chartreuse*	*Brown*

Also FLAKED RIT, in a variety of colors, for sheer, washable materials, and POWDERED RIT FOR BOILING—dark colors only—for heavy materials.



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Your interpretation of a piece of music may be in itself a highly artistic achievement, but not if superimposed on the interpretation of a master. It then would be neither one thing nor the other.

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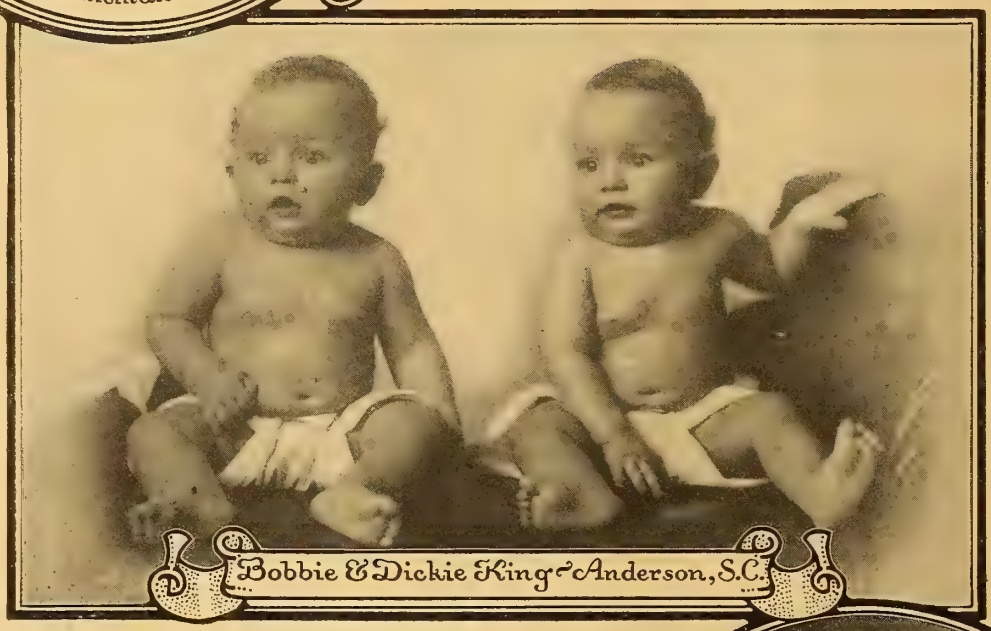
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Claire Greenstein ~ New York, N.Y.

JUN -3 1920

Established December, 1910. "We lead, others follow," and it was ever so

Motion Picture Magazine

(Trade-mark Registered)

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

Vol. XIX JUNE, 1920 No. 5

Entered at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post Office as second-class matter
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Almost a decade ago, when the art of the screen was first pronounced worthy of depicting life's dramas, this Magazine was founded. From the first, it aimed to be the voice of the Silent Drama—the friend of those in front, and of the shadowed players. It has always been ready to encourage all that is good, and eager to wield its power against all that is unworthy. Every word, every picture in this Magazine is printed for you, the reader; hence it is your magazine, and the official organ of the Motion Picture public.

On sale at all newsstands on and after the first of each month

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(Also Publishers of the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, out on the fifteenth of each month, and SHADOWLAND, out on the twenty-third)

Address all communications to

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE 175 DUFFIELD STREET BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Issued on the 1st of the month preceding its date and on sale by all newsdealers. In the event of failure to obtain copies, a notification to us will be appreciated.

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Gives the skin a velvety softness and youthful texture.

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Millions of marriages that start happily are wrecked by ignorance of

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Let us help you hold permanently the love you now possess, win back the love which should be yours, and constantly increase it in strength and beauty.

SEND TODAY

One dollar and your name and address written plainly

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STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

By "JUNIUS"

Astor.—Fay Bainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American. Racial barriers seem insurmountable, but there is a happy and surprising ending. Has all the ingredients of popular drama.

Booth.—"The Purple Mask," with Leo Ditrichstein. A stirring, romantic melodrama of the days of the First Consulate in France; tense, colorful and highly interesting. One of the best evening's entertainments in New York. Mr. Ditrichstein is delightful as the royalist brigand, the Purple Mask; Brandon Tynan is admirable as the republican police agent, Brisquet; Lily Cahill is a charming heroine, and Boots Wooster makes her bit of a peasant girl stand out.

Broadhurst.—"Smilin' Through," with Jane Cowl. An odd, but effective, drama which purports to show how those who have gone before influence and watch over our lives. Miss Cowl is exceedingly good as a piquant Irish girl and also as a spirit maid whose death occurred fifty years before. "Smilin' Through" will evoke your smiles and tears.

Casino.—"The Little Whopper." Lively and amusing musical comedy with tuneful score by Rudolf Friml. Vivienne Segal pleasantly heads the cast, which also numbers Harry C. Browne, who does excellent work; Mildred Richardson and W. J. Ferguson.

Central.—"As You Were," with Irene Bordoni and Sam Bernard. A delightful musical show in which Miss Bordoni dazzles as the various sirens of history. Pleasant music and a pleasant chorus lend effective aid.

Cort.—"Abraham Lincoln." You should see this if you see nothing else on the New York stage. John Drinkwater's play is a noteworthy literary and dramatic achievement, for he makes the Great American live again. "Abraham Lincoln" can not fail to make you a better American. Frank McGlynn, a discovery, is a brilliant Lincoln.

Comedy.—"My Lady Friends." Highly amusing entertainment adapted from a Continental farce. Much of the humor is due to the able work of Clifton Crawford in the rôle of the guileless young publisher of Bibles whose efforts to spend money get him into all sorts of difficulties. June Walker scores in Mr. Crawford's support.

Eltinge.—"Breakfast in Bed," with Florence Moore. A rather amusing farce satirizing the movies with vaudeville's lady clown, Miss Moore, working very hard to put it over.

Empire.—"Déclassée," with Ethel Barrymore. One of the big things of the dramatic season is this clever play by Zoe Akins. Whether or not it has the basis of truth, it is brilliantly written and is well played by Miss Barrymore.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Storm." A well-told melodrama of the lonely Northwest with a remarkable stage effect of a forest fire. Helen MacKellar is admirable as the piquant French-Canadian heroine.

Globe.—"Apple Blossoms." The ambitious and much heralded operetta of Fritz Kreisler and Victor Jacobi plus colorful Joseph Urban settings. An offering far above the musical average. John Charles Thomas sings admirably, Wilda Bennett is an attractive heroine.

(*Continued on page* 8)

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AGE.....OCCUPATION.....

STREET.....

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WRITE PLAINLY

(*Continued from page 6*)

Harris.—"Wedding Bells." A bright and highly amusing comedy by Salisbury Field. Admirably written and charmingly played by Margaret Lawrence and Wallace Eddinger. One of the things you should see.

Hudson.—"Clarence," Booth Tarkington's delightful comedy, built about the way a returned soldier reunited a disturbed but typically American household. Superb performances by Alfred Lunt, Glenn Hunter and Helen Hayes give the comedy a fine verve.

Little Theater.—"Beyond the Horizon," by Eugene O'Neill. This powerful drama was produced at a series of special matinées and proved so successful that it won a theater all its own. A gripping study of a human being crushed by environment, told with compelling force. One of the biggest native dramas of years. Richard Bennett heads a remarkable cast.

Maxine Elliott's.—"What's In a Name?" The most beautiful musical entertainment, with the possible exception of the Ziegfeld revues, yet seen on Broadway. Colorful new art stage designs, remarkable use of lights and gorgeous costumes lift it into the realm of the exquisite. Intelligently written and put together, too.

Morosco.—"Sacred and Profane Love," with Elsie Ferguson. An absorbing—if loosely conceived—drama by Arnold Bennett, which marks the return of Miss Ferguson to the speaking stage. It is the story of a remarkable love, a keenly mental authoress and a musical genius who slips into the slough of drugs. Miss Ferguson has many admirable moments, and Jose Ruben contributes some brilliant playing as the drug wreck.

New Amsterdam Roof.—Ziegfeld 8:30 and midnight revues. Colorful entertainments unlike anything to be found anywhere else. Mlle. Spinelly, a Parisian favorite, is now in the cast of the two revues. Mary Hay stands out and the entertainers include Fanny Brice, Carl Randall and W. C. Fields.

Republic.—"The Sign on the Door." A very good melodrama which boasts many instances of the unexpected—and Marjorie Rambeau in highly emotional scenes.

Shubert.—"The Blue Flame," with Theda Bara. A lurid melodrama with the famous Theda in the dual role of an ingénue with and without a soul. It is breaking box-office records, proving that every one wants to see Miss Bara "in person."

Thirty-Ninth Street Theater.—"Scandal." Cosmo Hamilton's daring drama which Constance Talmadge played on the screen. Francine Larrimore and Charles Cherry have the leading rôles in the excellent footlight production.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1919." A typical girly garden show in which the famous runway gets plenty of use. The revue presents a number of travesties upon current attractions, particularly colorful being that of "The Jest," with Charles Winninger doing a clever burlesque of Lionel Barrymore.

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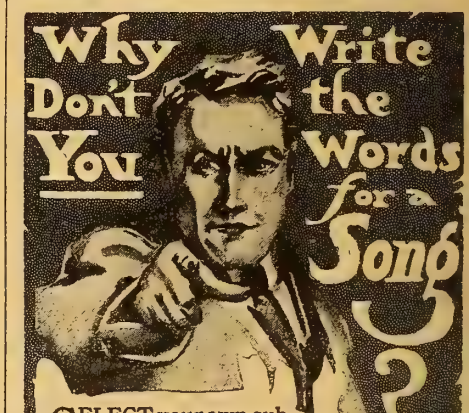
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Letters to the Editor

The same exterior "set" used in countless productions robs the picture of the gossamer of realism, says this correspondent:

DEAR EDITOR—In several recent Paramount pictures, produced in California, I have noticed that the same village street is used in every story demanding such an exterior.

The first time I noticed this was in "The Secret Garden," with Lila Lee, and then in "Greased Lightning," with Charles Ray. It was also used in the Vivian Martin picture "The Home Town Girl." It seems to me that this should be corrected as it destroys the realism of every picture when the same village street appears, whether the locale of the production be New York, Minnesota or Kansas.

And while I am writing, I would like to put in a word of praise for Lila Lee. She is a very clever actress and most generous with her photographs.

Yours very sincerely,
DOROTHY PARKHURST
1028 N. Boulevard, Springfield, Mo.

The letter printed in a recent issue criticising the Southern expressions used in the subtitles of pictures has caused much controversy. Below is a letter differing in opinion to that of Mrs. J. Redwine's:

DEAR EDITOR—I have just read the letter by Mrs. J. Redwine of Boston in your issue for January, 1920, in which she says that such expressions as "you all" and "do" for door, "thar" for there are never used in the South, except perhaps in cases where the person speaking is very illiterate. She says that "you all" is never used by a Southerner in speaking to two persons or to one. She cites "Bill Apperson's Boy" as an example of using these phrases incorrectly.

The movies make enough mistakes without having anything like this blamed on them. I must say Mrs. Redwine got her information concerning the South from the wrong source. I was born in the North and educated in Brooklyn—lived there up to two years ago. Since then I have traveled considerably in the South and met all classes of people and I'll say that even the well-educated Southerner will ofttimes use these phrases; and they certainly do say "you all" when talking to one person. Recently I came from Jacksonville to Pensacola in a machine and I was addressed at least a dozen times in that 400 miles as "you all," both words distinctly pronounced. Incidentally the most educated Southerner cannot always break himself of the habit of saying "fo" for four, and "do" for door.

Yours for the truth,
C. P. TAYLOR.
Pensacola, Fla.

Movies in the country not as entertaining as in the picture palaces of the big cities, writes this correspondent—yet the fact that they have reached the most outlying districts would seem to prove their undeniably universal appeal:

DEAR EDITOR—Perhaps some of your readers might be interested in the "Country Movies," or rather the movies as I saw them in one of the small towns



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I spent last summer up among the pines in Wisconsin and soon found that Wednesday and Saturday were movie nights — everyone from miles around comes to the movies in their "fliv." The jail, library and courthouse are all in the same building with the movies, and the best they can do on pictures are the old Triangle and Mack Sennett releases.

A country kiddie "grinds" out tunes on a player piano and "The Rose of No Man's Land" always finds itself in use for a dying scene. "The Alcoholic Blues" comes in handy for both comedy and emotional scenes.

The movies begin at 9 P.M. and "Good Night" is flashed on the screen at twelve. The chairs are just the common ordinary kitchen chairs, and if one isn't satisfied where their chair is, they just simply pick it up and move it all over the place.

After this experience I was glad to get back to a real Chicago movie where they have real music and real plays. In fact the first night I was back I actually sat thru the entire picture twice!

By the way I want to say a few words about the Motion Picture Magazine. Our company volunteered to furnish us with three magazines each month and—do you know—the Motion Picture Magazine won by at least twenty-five votes over any others. I love just every bit of the magazine. It's great!

Sincerely,
Aline L. Gibson
5728 S. Ada Street, Chicago, Ill.

In the movies they do it—and when we take some things into consideration we must admit the saying is, at least, pertinent. However, the silent drama is making rapid strides—it will not always be so:

Dear Editor—Having read some letters which other readers of your magazines sent in, I thought you might be interested in some criticisms of an amateur critic who is also a reader of your magazine.

In the past month I have seen three pictures, all of which boasted well-known stars. Every one of them was poorly directed. Perhaps others who know more about the movies will place the blame elsewhere, but it seems to me to have been the director's fault in every instance.

The first picture I have in mind was Geraldine Farrar's "Flame of the Desert." In the scene where she goes for help to save her brother and meets the soldiers on the desert her hair is down and flying all over, yet, when she gets back to her brother, her hair is fixed as nicely as it was before she started.

The second picture was "The Vengeance of Durand," starring Alice Joyce. In the first half of the picture, G. H. Jeyfertitz, who played the part of Durand, had a mustache and a Van Dyke beard. At the costume ball, he is smooth-faced—still in the rest of the picture he has the mustache and beard again. I might also say that a lapse of twelve years made very little difference in most of the company. The player who was "Tubby" is a young man in the beginning of the picture and yet, after a lapse of twelve years, in which time Durand's daughter grows from girlhood to womanhood, he is just as young as ever.

The third picture was "The Band Box," featuring Doris Kenyon and, incidentally, it had very poor lighting effects. In one scene, where she comes in from the hall on the left side of the room and walks across the room to the telephone on the

(*Continued on page* 14)

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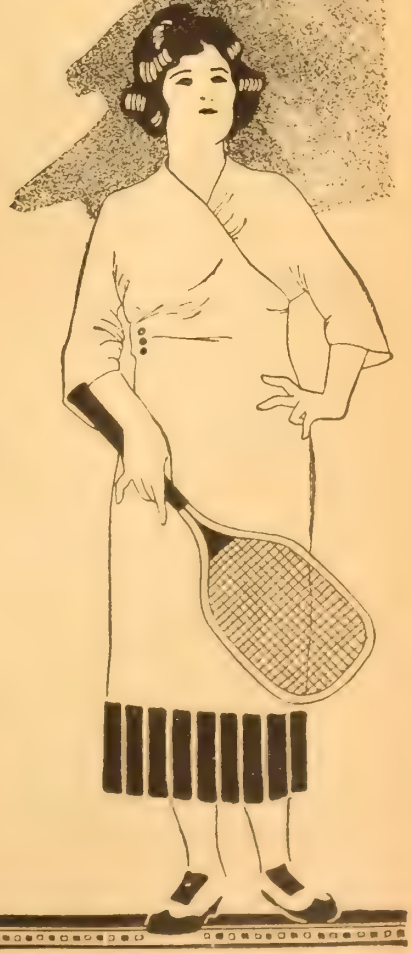
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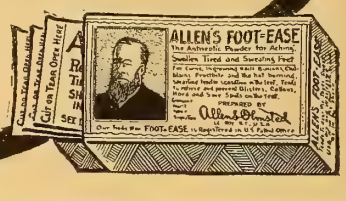


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DR. THOMAS LAWTON

120 West 70th St. Dept. 55 New York

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 10)

right side, they show two pictures. One shows her coming in thru the doorway, turning on the lights and walking to the table, which is in the middle of the room, and the other shows her walking from the table to the telephone. In the first scene, altho she turns on the lights, it is as dark as night, yet the scene right after that, as I explained above, was as bright as if it were taken outdoors on a sunny day.

And, incidentally, that reminds me of the latest picture of George Walsh, "The Brute." The scene shows him turning off the lights, going to the window and pulling up the shade after talking to a friend all night. Without exaggeration I may say that it took the sun the longest time I ever could imagine to come in that window after the shade had been drawn up. The fellow who took care of the lights must have fallen asleep at the right time and then decided to turn them on suddenly when he awakened.

Hoping this letter has not been tiresome, I am

Yours truly,
NORMAN LOWNDES.

New York City, New York.

We thought that the cinema stood by itself—that it was considered something of an institution reverting good in abundant measure to the public. We thought that everywhere it was recognized. It seemed impossible to believe that there existed a town such as was mentioned recently in our department "That's Out." Yet the mail-bag a few days ago brought us the letter we have printed below. With the screen so rapidly proving itself a factor for public benefit in both an educational as well as recreational sense, such conditions seem deplorable:

DEAR EDITOR—As a constant reader of your periodical, I came across an article in the last edition of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, under the department "That's Out," which said that the mayor of Harrison, N. J., had his town council enact an ordinance, prohibiting the exhibition of motion pictures in that town and saying that Harrison, N. J., was the only town in this country which had no motion picture theater.

I now beg to call to your attention that there is a town a few miles from this city, known as one of the prettiest and wealthiest towns in the Middle or Southwest, that cannot boast of a moving picture theater. I say boast, for several attempts by public-spirited men as well as financiers to erect a building which not alone would make a most up-to-date and first-class picture house, but also a monument to the town, have proven futile, the town council having voted down every attempt to build a theater in that town, as well as refusing to grant a license making this possible.

This is the present condition of Kirkwood, Missouri.

Trusting that this information may be of interest to you, I beg to remain with very great respect,

Yours very truly,
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With Lionel Barrymore
Directed by Charles Maigne

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Production
"Male and Female"

Cecil B. DeMille's
Production
"Why Change Your Wife?"

"Everywoman"
Directed by George H. Melford
With All Star Cast

George Fitzmaurice's
Production
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Wm. S. Hart *in*
"The Toll Gate"
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George H. Melford's
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"Treasure Island"

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NEW YORK

ARTCRAFT PICTURES

CONTENTS

JUNE, 1920

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

Cover portrait of Florence Evelyn Martin by Leo Sielke, after a photograph by Ira L. Hill

Sure, and it's Emerald Isle which boasts as being the native heath of bonny Florence Evelyn Martin who adorns the cover,—adorns it with her brown tresses, grey-blue eyes and bewitching dimples. The Arthur Guy Empey pictures have been more attractive because of her recently—and, in the last production, "Oil," she plays the light comedy rôles she loves so well—and, being Irish, does so well.

		PAGE
Gallery of Players Portraits in gravure of Pearl White, Dorothy Gish, Myrtle Stedman, Peggy Hyland, Earl Metcalfe, Pauline Frederick, Tom Moore, Doris May and Viola Dana.		19-28
Stunts	*Editorial*	29
Tones of Lavender A chat with Mildred Harris Chaplin.	*Maude S. Cheatham*	30
Sir Galahad in California Ralph Graves sets the vogue among leading-men.	*Hazel Simpson Naylor*	32
The Talmadges Three		34
Please Page Jimmie Morrison A one-act interview playlet of two scenes.	*Gladys Hall*	35
The Memento A novelization of the new Corinne Griffith-Vitagraph picture.	*Grace Lamb*	37
Alice Lake—The Many-Sided An interview with the new Metro star.	*Ralph D. Robinson*	42
Costuming In which an important phase of the cinema is described.	*Ellen D. Tarleau*	44
The American Britisher Over the dinner-table with Percy Marmont.	*Adele Whitely Fletcher*	46
Contest Wins Universal Interest The Third Honor Roll is announced.		48
When Ouija Reigns Movie stars join ouija-board craze.		50
The Blower of Bubbles		51
Venus From Sweden Setting forth Anna Q. Nilsson and—her ideas.	*Truman B. Handy*	52
A Domestic Olive		54
The Luck of the Irish A chat with Florence Evelyn Martin.	*Lillian Montanye*	56
The Stolen Kiss The recent Constance Binney-Realart feature fictionized.	*Janet Reid*	57
Gerry: The Woman A word picture of an evening with Geraldine Farrar.	*Adele Whitely Fletcher*	62
Cinema Relations What relatives mean to the cinema folk	*Truman B. Handy*	64
Alla Nazimova		66
That's Out	*Tamar Lane*	67
Anent June Brides and Trousseaux Marion Davies gives a bit of advice.	*Betsy Bruce*	68
The Great Accident A novelette of the Tom Moore-Goldwyn screen play	*Norman Bruce*	69
Billings and Doings An interview with Florence Billings.	*Gladys Hall*	73
Across the Silversheet The latest screen offerings in review.	*Hazel Simpson Naylor*	74
Our Animated Monthly of News and Views Gossip from the Pacific Coast	*Sally Roberts*	78
The Answer Man	*Himself*	86
The Screen Time-table A composite critique of many productions		91

READ

An [illegible] interview with Alice Brady, [illegible] illustrated [illegible] to appear

WATCH FOR

The announcement of the winners in the Popular Players Puzzle to appear in the July Magazine





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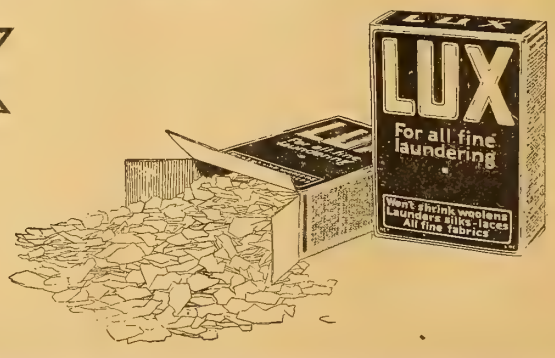
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Chiffons	Lawns	Babies' woolens
Lace	Voiles	Blankets



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Photo © by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Gallery of Players

PEARL WHITE

It is doubtful if there is any silversheeter responsible for more real thrills than Pearl. Now, however, she has abandoned the serial and, therefore, a goodly portion of the thrills. The next Fox feature production in which she will appear is "The Tiger's Cub."



DOROTHY GISH

Once upon a time Dorothy was just "Lillian Gish's little sister," but in the last two years she has won laurels of her own, bringing many happy hours to her audiences thru her Paramount pictures.



Photo by Sykes, L. A.

MYRTLE STEDMAN

After an absence of over a year Myrtle has returned to the cinema fold and she is at present playing the leading rôle in the Rex Beach story, "The Silver Horde." The screen has always held a fascination for Myrtle—winning her from the operatic field as a very young girl, when she appeared in Selig pictures.



Photo by Hoover Art Co.

PEGGY HYLAND

Gladys Hutchinson she is really. Peggy Hyland is the alias she adopted when her family, including five clergymen uncles, objected to her theatrical career. A native of merry England, Peggy came to the American screen after a short experience in the musical comedy field.



Photo by Packard

EARL METCALFE

It was in a little country town "somewhere in Ohio" that Earl first saw the light of day. His stage career began at the age of fourteen years and except for an interruption when his parents requested his return to the Cincinnati Law School, it has flourished ever since. His most recent work is with Corinne Griffith in "The Garter Girl."



Photo by Hartsook

PAULINE FREDERICK

Amateur theatricals are responsible for many famed stars. Pauline Frederick numbers among them, for it was thru school-plays that she became possessed of a desire for a theatrical career. Winning stardom on the stage she came to the screen, to which she has devoted herself entirely for some time.



Photo © by Evans, L. A.

TOM MOORE

Tom has been held in popular regard ever since his Kalem days and it wasn't long after he joined the Goldwyn forces as a leading-man that he found himself in stardom. Being Irish, and therefore superstitious, he attributes all his good fortune to the bit of Blarney stone which he carries with him always.



Photo by Evans, L.A.

DORIS MAY

Doris is one of the most recent acquisitions of the film firmament. She won recognition thru playing leads opposite Charles Ray and her work in the Paramount comedy-dramas in which she co-stars with Douglas MacLean bids fair to place her among the brightest stars that twinkle.



Photo © by Evans, L.A.

VIOLA DANA

Viola first bowed to the public at the age of five, when she did toe-dancing. Then her interpretation of the title rôle in "The Poor Little Rich Girl" brought her to the attention of the Edison Company, where she served her film apprenticeship. And in the last few years she has done a number of worth-while things, but it remained for "The Willow Tree" to show us just what Viola could do. In it we have another Viola. . . . with a fragile beauty and a delicate whimsy.

Keep your skin fine in texture



"A SKIN like a child's!"—but do you realize what makes a child's skin so beautiful? More than anything else it is the exquisitely smooth, fine texture which men and women alike so often lose in later life.

You cannot begin too early to arrest this tendency of your skin to become gradually coarser. Examine your face in a strong light. Do the pores seem to be growing enlarged? If so, begin tonight to give it this special treatment:

Just before you go to bed, dip your washcloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water, and rub the cake itself over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until your face feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse your face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing your face with a *piece of ice.*

Special treatments for each different skin condition are given in the famous booklet of treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake today and begin using your treatment tonight. A 25 cent cake of Woodbury's lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, or for general cleansing use. Sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada.



An oily skin and shiny nose can be corrected. In the booklet of treatments wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap learn how to overcome this condition.

The famous treatment for blackheads

APPLY hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth, work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold, the colder the better. Finish by rubbing the face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

A sample cake of soap, the booklet of famous treatments,

samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream sent to you for 15 cents

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment), together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love To Touch." Or for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1306 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1306 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1920



Stunts

TODAY he is the talked-of son of fortune; newspapers devote three-inch headlines to him, magazines send interviewers to sound him, and movie concerns offer him fabulous stellar contracts. But tomorrow—his aeroplane crashes to earth, he misses his footing, death or oblivion swallows his sudden success, for the Goddess of Chance is ever fickle, and Fortune's favorites of a day are forgotten in a night of mistakes.

Base not your future on a stunt.

For while the man who takes the long but safe road may reach his goal later, he isn't so out of breath when he gets there that he cant enjoy the view.

What manner of man are you?

Two types of men there are who succeed: one who by hair-brain stunts and breath-taking escapades acquires fame in a day; the other, the careful plodder who climbs each step of his ladder safely and surely.

Are you one of those who jump fences?

Do you spend most of your energy knocking down barriers?

You all know the stunt man who leaps into public favor, fortune and fame in a few short hours by vaulting from one cloud-going aeroplane to another, by climbing forty-story buildings, or by a sudden coup of any kind.

Persistent, consistent endeavor may seem stupid to you impatient ones, but the sweetest fruits do not ripen in a day, nor is the ultimate race to the swift.

Do not be satisfied with one sudden taste of success.

Build, stick to it and then build some more, until the blocks that you have fashioned so carefully and determinedly form such a secure tower of honest endeavor that neither the wind of an unlucky day, nor the attacks of envious rivals, nor the tides of time can tear it down.

Better a perpetual climbing than to fly on waxen wings . . . and fall.



Tones of Lavender



Photo by Hoover Art Co., L. A.

"I used to pray," smiled Mildred Harris Chaplin, "'Oh, please let me have long curls like Mary Pickford's!'" Above a new portrait and, below, the Chaplin Los Angeles home.

"WHY *lavender?*" I questioned of Mildred Harris Chaplin, as I looked about her dressing-room at the Mayer studio, for only lovely shades of this color were used in the decorations.

"Because it is my very favorite color," replied this young star. "Its tones are always soft and restful and they never clash. At home, my boudoir is in lavender and the sun-parlor is——"

"Hurry, Mildred; they are waiting for you on the set," quietly urged Mrs. Harris, watching her daughter's deliberate movements as she slipped out of her white silk smock and sport skirt. "She has no idea of time," continued Mrs. Harris, with a smile, turning toward me. "If the house was on fire, she couldn't hurry, and she is *always* late!"

Mildred laughed. "Never mind, mother; you do your best to keep me punctual, so dont worry. In the days when I had to be at the studio at eight in the morning ready for work, I vowed that if I ever became a star I would have better hours, so do let me enjoy my privileges. Quick, Laura, give me that dress!" she called to her colored maid, but tho the words expressed haste, the tone remained unhurried, as did her movements.

"We are finishing 'Polly



By
MAUDE S.
CHEATHAM

of the Storm Country.' It is a squatter story, and I am crazy over it, for it gives me a wide range of emotions and a variety of costumes. Why, I wear everything from rags and satins to a gorgeous, floaty costume in the Biblical vision scene."

As she talked, Laura's nimble fingers were buttoning her little mistress into a shabby and much-mended gingham dress. Now, gingham may often hide a sad and honest heart, but in this instance it covered the most alluring georgette crêpe and real lace under-frillies imaginable, such as a princess might covet, and the heavy, cheap shoes were finally put on over frivolously embroidered white silk stockings.





All photos © by Evans, L. A

As I watched her I realized that this young beauty, with her freshness, daintiness and sweetness, could never be submerged by surroundings any more than could the orchid whose wondrous colors she loves so well. Above and below, two new portraits

"This is just a retake and my stockings wont show," Mrs. Chaplin declared, cheerfully, refusing to become ruffled when Laura announced that they had forgotten to bring the cotton hose belonging to this scene.

Mrs. Harris was arranging her daughter's glorious mass of golden hair—and *golden* it is—radiant, lustrous and naturally curly.

"My hair has grown four inches during this past year," Mildred told me, when I exclaimed over its great beauty. "It was only to my shoulders, and I used to pray, 'Oh, please let me have long curls like Mary

(*Continued on page* 108)

Sir Galahad in California



Photo by Hoover Art Co.

Ralph Graves is only a very young man, tall, slender, well-groomed, light-haired, with the profile of a Greek god—a Gibson man—or an Arrow-collar hero. He makes fun, too, of his own career . . . . it is such a young thing yet and he is totally unaware of the predictions concerning him. Above, a new portrait study and, below, with Dorothy Gish in her new production

OUT on the California coast, and especially around the Griffith studio before the famous D. W. decided to move East, there was one subject of general conversation: Ralph Graves.

Said Dorothy Gish: "He's the finest lad that ever entered a picture studio."

Said D. W.: "Wait until you see him in my new picture; he's a revelation."

But the main item of gossip concerning Ralph Graves is that he has created a novel situation in the studios. Without consciously realizing it, he has started a fad for fine, clean leading men—in other words, he has brought Sir Galahad back to fashion in the California studios.

When Ralph Graves came to California he had no special standing in the film world. He had played bits with Essanay and graduated into leads with Maurice Tourneur. Then he took a post-graduate course to fame with Dorothy Gish and David Griffith.

Ralph was always jolly, always beaming with good spirits—good spirits not artificially stimulated. He never presumed to call any actress familiarly by her first name. His attitude was always deferential and courteous and, altho he was acting in a moving picture studio, he didn't forget that he was a gentleman.

It became rumored about that Ralph Graves cared only for the conservative type of girl—gradually rouge, affectation and hectic appeal became unpopular with the feminine portion of the studios. For be it known that Ralph is very good-looking and presented the unattainable, than which nothing is more fascinating to the fair sex.

And gradually, to make a long



By
HAZEL
SIMPSON
NAYLOR



Photo by Hoover Art Co.

Originally he came from Cleveland, Ohio—he flunked in high school exams, and entered pictures as an extra at Essanay. Above, another new portrait study

story short, other men who had considered themselves "smart" perhaps found they were losing out. They were being measured and found wanting.

And altho Ralph Graves doesn't know it, behind his back they call him Sir Galahad.

His clean method of living is closely followed also by Richard Barthelmess and Bobby Harron. These three boys will do more for the good of motion pictures than a hundred vice crusaders — for the attractive example is everything.

The first time I saw Ralph Graves, he burst into the Dorothy Gish studio, brandishing *two* fan notes in his hand, with a broad smile spreading across his face.

"Look!" he exclaimed; "I'll soon be rivalling Mr. Barthelmess."

Is it necessary to explain that Richard receives at least a hundred fan letters a day?

Which is just an example of Ralph Graves' good, clean fun. He kept us laughing with him and at him all during his stay. He was in the same class as the California sunlight with his good cheer.

Wherever Ralph Graves is, a sense of naturalness prevails. Affectation, temperament, self-satisfaction, conceit drop from one like so many dead leaves from the trees in autumn. One becomes natural, ashamed to meet him on any level but his own.

The second time I saw Ralph Graves was in the Los Angeles Athletic Club, of which he is one of the most popular members. He invited me to join his party at luncheon. I told him whom I was waiting for.

"Nothing doing!" he exclaimed. "My invitation is canceled. No handsome naval officer can join this luncheon. *I'm* taking no chances. My quest is too beautiful."

Later, we, the aforementioned officer and myself, sat at a table adjoining that of Ralph Graves and the Girl. She was a very beautiful girl of the high school age. Ralph took a great deal of joy in bantering her about her new Castle hair-cut.

Ralph himself is only a very young man, tall, slender, well-groomed, light-haired, with the profile of a Greek god, a Gibson man—or an Arrow-collar hero. He makes fun of his own career . . . it is such a young thing yet, and he is totally unaware of the predictions concerning him.

Originally he came from Cleveland, Ohio . . . he flunked in high school exams and entered pictures as an extra at Essanay. Maurice Tourneur gave him his first real chance in "Sporting Life." Since then he has been leading man with Dorothy Gish and more lately with D. W. Griffith.

But the main reason for this story is to let you in on the ground floor. It's house-cleaning time in movieland and the most vital reason is the excellent example set by the younger players, principal of whom is Ralph Graves, the Galahad of the studios whose grail will be found in stardom if he continues along his present path.



Photo by Charlotte Fairchild

The Talmadges Three

Please Page Jimmie Morrison!

A One-Act Play in Two Scenes

By GLADYS HALL



Photo by Packard Exchange, N. Y.

"It gives one a chance to think . . . having some malady," said Jimmie Morrison, "which is a chance seldom to be had in the rush and scramble of every day"

CAST:

MR. JAMES MORRISON, conspicuous for his absence.
THE INTERVIEWER, conspicuous for her presence.
THE CALL-BOY, dispassionately dubious.

Scene 1 is laid in Peacock Alley of the Waldorf Astoria, and discloses the Interviewer, very much out of breath, interrogative of eye and considerably befuddled of manner, roaming distractedly the length and breadth of said corridor. The Call-Boy, typical and wholly detached, strolls into nonchalant view and the Interviewer buttonholes him, brandishing a dime.

INTERVIEWER (*audibly, to say the least, for one in pursuit of an exponent of the silent drama*)—Have you seen Mr. Morrison? Mr. James Morrison? The screen star, y' know? Erstwhile of Vitagraph. You *must* have seen him! I'm four minutes late, and I *know* he'd wait five. They always wait five, at *least*, because they are always too late themselves. No, that wouldn't make it, would it? At any rate, you *must* have seen him. What else are you *here* for? Any more than what else am *I* here for? You'll call him? Oh, do, yes, *do!* I'll rest here. Be sure you call him *loud!* He's used to a director, you see.

(*Call-Boy departs and Interviewer collapses into chair, only to rise again every second and a fraction of a half to peer distractedly into the faces of passing male persons, no matter what their outer coverings be . . . one never knows . . . Jimmie Morrison might have fled to the interview in any sort of make-up. Better to be on the safe side. Anon the Call Boy circles back to the same corridor, calling with lusty vociferation.*)

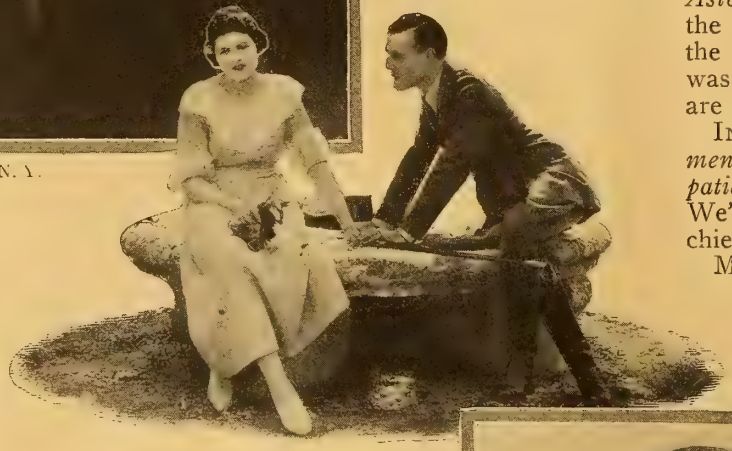
CALL-BOY—Mr. Morr-i-son! Mr. Morr-i-son! Mr. Morr-i . . . (*Espies collapsed Interviewer and saunters over.*) He isn't here, miss. I've been *there*. Sometimes (*comfortingly*) they *aint* . .

INTERVIEWER (*wringing her hands*)—Oh, but he *must* be! His press agent *said* . . . (*Call-Boy flees, with a chortle. There is no green in his eye. He has heard tell of a press agent before. Interviewer gives a few last peers into the passing throng and dejectedly departs.*)

Scene 2 is the corridor of the Hotel Astor on the follow



Photo by Packard Exchange, N. Y.



ing Saturday afternoon. Amidst the usual crowd the Interviewer enters, skeptically, and does not stop to peer. She falls upon the brass buttons of a Call-Boy, albeit with a lightened confidence, and gasps, with entreaty.

"I loved the old Vitagraph days," he said. "We were like a big family and we knew each other. It is essential, I believe, for two players to have a sense of each other, to 'get' each other." Above and below, two portrait studies, center with Elaine Hammerstein in "The Woman Game"

INTERVIEWER—Please page Mr. Morrison—Mr. James Morrison. I dont suppose he's here . . . but . . .

(*Call-Boy wheels about twice, brings himself smartly erect, calls.*)

CALL-BOY—Mr. Morr-i . . .

(*There is a hasty stir and a slight dispersement of the crowd and a young man, unobtrusively attired and with an anxious eye and a pleasantly extended hand, advances upon a non-believing Interviewer, who, non-belief and all, is yet alert enough to register the fact that here is a star, humanitarian enough to be himself concerned anent an interview. Auguring, of course, niceties . . . Close inspection is brought to bear, and it IS Mr. James Morrison. He is, the Interviewer "gets," a tactful person, this Mr. Morrison, aside from the aforementioned deductions of humanitarianism and unobtrusiveness of bearing. Tact, indeed, is evident as an essential quality. It tempers his whole bearing with a comfort and a charm. He does not harrow with questions or harass with explanations until he says, first*):

MR. MORRISON—Let's have tea. Too bad it must be tea, but then, as Stephen Leacock would comment, "This glad bright world we live in" . . . (*A table is secured and a sedulous waitress, and Mr. Morrison, with a sort of gentle solicitude manifest in his whole bearing, orders tea and sandwiches and cigarets and pastries and all sorts of things conducive to comfort and conversation. A very wise young man, the Interviewer decides, with appreciation, watching his mild and beneficent eye . . . There is something more here than just a screen star to be interviewed; not to depreciate the import of that, there is a thought back of whatever is done, or spoken. After the tea is dispensed*) . . .

MR. MORRISON—Last week . . . . when we were to have met . . . where, may I ask?

INTERVIEWER—*I* was at the Waldorf. I waited one hour. I had you paged and *paged*. I did a bit of *personal* paging myself. Where, may *I* ask . . .

MR. MORRISON—Too bad you had to do that, too bad . . . (Ha! I thought, sympathetic as well—well, *well* . . . success nor war nor youth nor adulation have been able to mar this young man's innate simplicity, innate sensibility; this, I thought, is good, very good, indeed.) Why, *I* was here at the Astor. *I* waited an hour by the clock, and I had *you* paged. The man who made our arrangements said the Waldorf *Astoria*, no doubt, and I, frequenting the Astor as I do, took him to *mean* the Astor, and there you have it. It was a shame. Still, things like that are a part of the game, aren't they?

INTERVIEWER (*ascribing to him, mentally, a nice philosophy, not to say patience*)—Of course. All's well . . . We'll put it down to loss of time, chiefly on your part.

MR. MORRISON—I had been shopping last week. I looked

(*Continued on page* 104)

Photo by Underwood and Underwood



By
RALPH D. ROBINSON

I can do lots with my hair—curls or do it up high, or just brush it back, plain. Maybe when it's curls, as in the first episode of 'Should a Woman Tell?,' I do suggest Mary Pickford. And when I part it in the middle or on the side and brush it back smooth, people see traces of Norma Talmadge or hint of Miss Marsh.

"Anyway, it's not studied on my part. It's not a conscious effort. When I am playing before the camera I try to be—to live—the character I am portraying."

Alice gave her explanation with deliberate emphasis. Once in a while she narrowed the fringed lids of her rich hazel eyes in reflection.

"Dont you believe," she went on, "that almost any actress who plays a variety of parts is bound, at one moment or another, to bring to the spectator's mind a picture of some other girl or woman? Naturally, the beholder sees the resemblance to a personality that is well known to the public.

"Yet, why not a resemblance to the spectator's sister, or sweetheart, or mother? That would be equally as reasonable; but the fact seems to be that one seldom thinks of one's nearest and dearest ones in the matter of resemblances. One's mind, or rather the quick recollection, reverts to a type of social beauty or a type of actress, for instance, who is widely known and loved."

"Quite true," we observed. "Human nature is akin the world over. What is one woman's joy is apt to be the joy of another. And what is one woman's grief is also her sister's."



Photo © by Evans, L. A.



"Alice is a trouper," Bert Lytell remarked with the admiration of the professional connoisseur. "She can act. Watch her go up the ladder"

Alice Lake turned swiftly grave.

"I have always felt that my experiences were no different from those of other girls from here to Hindustan," she averred. "It has been instinctive with me to realize that what would make Alice Lake cry would bring tears to Jennie Smith in Peoria, Ill., or to Suzette Marcelle in a tiny village in France.

"Are we not all the same? In spiritual make up, I mean, altho, of course, every one of us is a distinct individuality. Even twins, you know, are different underneath the skin."

We had sought out Miss Lake with full knowledge of the astonishing transition that, in a few brief months, she has made from slapstick comedy with Mack Sennett and "Fatty" Arbuckle to stellar rôles with Metro—rôles of tremendous emotional power.

(*Continued on page* 113)

Costuming---



'The directors," quoth the wardrobe mistress, "a pretty fussy bunch, I'll say. Go to untold trouble to get a certain costume and use it once." Above, Naomi Childers in the Vitagraph costume room and, below, Ethel Clayton and Assistant Director Lew Howland selecting a rough coat at Famous Players



I AM now about to turn the spotlight of publicity on a very interesting and important item in the making of motion pictures—costuming. For, if we are to appreciate all the labor and thought that is lavished on a production, so that it may make its bow to the public equipped not only with a well-acting cast and a well-written script, but clad, so to speak, in a fitting and adequate setting, we must naturally turn to costuming as one of the chief factors in making the photoplay a correct and plausible portrayal of real life.

By costuming, I mean the fitting out of the actors in a play with the correct costumes demanded by their parts. If the production be a period play, or the scenes laid in foreign countries, the costumes will naturally be rich and elaborate, or at least strange, but it is of equal importance that the humble everyday characters, which we are so familiar with that we hardly notice what they wear—the farmer, the chef, the soldier, the nurse, and lots of others, are correctly garbed, for in our subconscious mind there is a fixed image of each and every one of them, *the* chef in white coat and cap, *the* officer in olive drab, with puttees, Sam Browne and a peaked cap, *the* maid in black dress, white cap and apron, etc., etc., and, being slaves to convention and precedent, we feel outraged if the actors in the play are not dressed in the accepted standard costume of their characters. And, of course, we are right, for a farmer in a natty business suit instead of overalls and broad-brimmed straw hat would never do. He would not be convincing.

Hence, the costuming companies. It is their mission to

By
ELLEN D. TARLEAU

fit out the players and see that every last detail in costuming is correct. Their racks are filled with every imaginable kind of costume—cowboys and Mexicans rub shoulders; vampires and butlers, Spanish cavaliers and Colonial dames, Hawaiian dancers and nurses hang peacefully side by side. Even Father Time is represented, and the Statue of Liberty and Uncle Sam, and, last but not least, the comedy policeman with his perennial club. There is, by the way, quite an assortment of clubs, from the nobby caveman variety to the plain, everyday club, such as the policeman swings or the housewife wields over her flirtatious hubby. They are all alike, dangerous-looking, but all harmless enough, being made of cloth and filled with cotton. Yet those "stuffed clubs," as they are called, inspire the audience with pity for the poor, unfortunate actor on whose head they land. Such is the power of illusion.





Said the wardrobe mistress, "The queerest thing I ever did was make gold crowns for the rats in Marguerite Clark's picture, 'The Seven Swans.'" Above, Director George Melford and Moon Kwan, interpreter, after outfitting a venerable actor for a forthcoming scene; below, Assistant Director Sam Wood tells Wanda Hawley the sash is all right

You will also find shoes there for every occasion and of every period. Colonial slippers, with their square, gunmetal buckles; American, French, Belgian, even German army brogans; Greek and Roman sandals; Chinese embroidered shoes—even the mythical seven-league boots of the fairy tale. It is, too, indeed a paradise for one interested in guns and rifles of every make, old armor and daggers, swords and flags.

The scene is a very colorful one, and it is rather a pity that all those gay and brilliant hues are lost on the screen. Yet photography brings out the relative value of each shade, and if the picture does not possess richness of

(*Continued on page* 102)

The American Britisher



He said, "I think a belief in fate is a consoling belief. Fatalists accept things and do not resent reverses as others do . . . they do not grow cynical as easily as others, either . . ."

IT would not be difficult or in the least far-fetched, as you can imagine, to think of dinner with Percy Marmont as a rather pleasant affair. But unless you experienced it you would not think of the little things—the almost inconsequential things, yet really so consequential things, which go so far in making conversation generally stimulating.

The men of Britain possess more naturally some attributes which one finds pleasing than do our American men—and it is a good rule, that—so it works both ways and there are many things which the American man possesses more naturally than does the Britisher. A native of the merry isle of England, Percy Marmont has all the acquisitions of the Englishman, and in the two years and few months in which he has been in America he has come to possess also those characteristics which we recognize with pride in our native sons.

Really, to have given the interview just the proper atmosphere, there should have been old and rare wine and mellow cigars—he would fit eminently into such an atmosphere, but a hotel as ultra modern as the Algonquin does not keep just those cigars, and wine, of course, no matter how vital to atmosphere, is taboo in this new era.

My first shock came when the waiter dropped the piece of ice into his water goblet—I fully expected him to shield it from the ice with his hand, but he did no such thing.

"You dont want ice!" I gasped, knowing well the English habits and feeling quite sure of his English blood—and even more sure of the accent. It was not a thing acquired, but quite evidently native.

"I do," contradicted Percy. "Ice-water without being termed dotty is one of the main reasons for my remaining in America."

And after that I felt that I was prepared for any deviation from form, but alas! one—never—knows——

Over the telephone he had informed me that he was en route to England and, perforce, I had eagerly seized upon the opportunity of seeing him as soon as possible.

"You said," I ventured along about the time that the fish was being served, unable to constrain my curiosity any longer, "that you were en route for England."

"Oh, I say," laughed Percy, and he laughed heartily and long, "I thought you knew about that, dont you know. I've been en route for two years and several months now, and it's likely I'll be en route for some time to come. We were in Africa on a tour and decided to return home by way of America, stopping at San Francisco, crossing the continent and stopping for a fortnight at the very most in New York. While we were here waiting for passage I was offered a part with Ethel Barrymore—on the stage, mark you, for I knew nothing of picture work, and I'm jolly glad to say I'm still here."

I laughed with him—you would, for even if his laugh didn't prove contagious, the sparkle in his grey eyes would.

Running true to the proud American form, I thought of the Grand Canyon, which he had undoubtedly stopped off at when crossing the continent. It is one of the seven wonders of the world which America boasts and—well, I wondered what he had thought of it. I mentioned it.

"I say," ejaculated Percy, "it's a nasty gash, dont you know."

I came perilously near choking. My indignation was great until I caught the glimmer of a twinkle in his eye,

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

and then we laughed together. Somehow, I contend that there are some Irish Marmont ancestors. His sense of humor manifested itself in human flashes all thru the evening—no Englishman ever came honestly by such a great sense—not unless all signs fail!

He is most enthusiastic over America—not in any cheap or patronizing way, but with a deep sincerity.

"I dont need to tell you how I like it when I'm staying on," he said; "nothing could be further proof. I have come to understand that which I previously misunderstood in the American, judging him by the tourist—the *nouveau riche* tourist, just as the American judges wrongly the Englishman because he sees the corresponding type of Englishman swanking about in this country. We are akin—Anglo-Saxon—and the day cannot be far distant when the two countries shall be closer entwined than they are even today."

Now and then he would lapse into slang—he professed a great liking for it; in fact, maintaining, as so many do, that it is most expressive and often entirely adequate.



Photo by Bangs, N. Y.





He is much younger than he looks on the screen and well-groomed as Englishmen are well-groomed . . . and he is never-failing in his diplomacy. Above, a portrait study; center, with Alice Brady in "In the Hollow of Her Hand"; and, below, with Alice Joyce in "Slaves of Pride"

Books came in for their share of the conversation and there seemed to be nothing deemed worth while which he had not read. The conversation, taking a serious trend, touched upon fate, and he admitted a belief in it.

"I think a belief in fate is a consoling belief," he vouchsafed. "Fatalists accept things and do not resent reverses as others do—they do not grow cynical as easily as others, either, and they strike more of a happy medium in their plan of living."

"You dont think it is a belief which robs one of ambition or of incentives?" I asked.

"No," he declared, "I do not believe that it does. None of us believe that it is previously ordained whether we eat duck or beef at a certain meal and we all know that we must make strides, but I do think the great issues of our life are more or less predestined."

You readily believe that he has set no easy goal for himself, and when he said he was leaving the Vitagraph, sorry as he was to sever such pleasant connections and as much as he had enjoyed working with Alice Joyce, "a delightful and charming woman," he wanted to do other things which he felt he could not do there.

Having worked before the camera, he would be loath to leave it, and he does not care to do both stage and

(*Continued on page* 102)

Contest Wins Universal Interest





Above, Bertha Helen Keating of Springfield, Mass.; center, Beryl Williams of Ventnor, Atlantic City, N. J.; and, bottom, Johanna Huschle, of Jamaica, New York

WE are still able to breathe with much effort. Our head is the only thing left visible from under the avalanche of photographs which have descended upon us. We are almost snowed under—and we are reminded somewhat of the small boy who carelessly kicked a tiny, grey, nondescript-looking object on the roadside. A swarm of insects ascended from the grey object and, settling themselves forcibly on various parts of his anatomy, gave the boy much food for reflection for many a day to come. Like him, we are finding it in our hearts to realize quite clearly that we have "started something," as it were.

At this, the date for the issuance of the third honor roll of winners in the Fame and Fortune Contest now running in all three of our publications, *i.e.*, THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND, the contest editors are snowed under an avalanche of photographs representing the stupendous fact that nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand dream of and long for the chance to prove that they are potential Mary Pickfords, Theda Baras, Wallace Reids and Douglas Fairbankses, etc. From the sunny shores of the warm Gulf Stream to the frozen plains of the Great Northwest, we have had responses from those who are anxious to enter the contest—from those who are anxious to enter a brother, sister or friend.

We never dreamed that beauty had as many varied exponents! A ceaseless stream of photographs pours into our offices, and we gaze upon a blonde from New Orleans that looks like a dream come true—and look into the great, dark orbs of a brunette from Alaska and—forget our environment.

We wish to make this the most novel and unusual of all Fame and Fortune Contests—and we open the gates to all—tall and short, girls and boys, men and women, rich and poor. The only condition which must be kept in mind is that you have not had any great amount of stage or screen work. That is, you must not have played prominent parts in either field.

And another thing. We wish you to bear in mind that there is no accepted standard of beauty. Moreover, beauty is not absolutely essential. If you possess that which is greater than all beauty, that which is prized above rubies, that which is as rare as a June day—namely, *charm*, it will show in your photograph. See that the man behind the camera does not retouch your photograph. By sending a photograph of yourself as you are—a truthful portrayal of your features as they appear—you will avoid much trouble and annoyance.

You may possess neither

Photo by Lumière



Announcement of Third Honor Roll

beauty nor charm—but you may possess that greatest of all requisites for a screen career—*screen personality!* With this you may be assured of yourself and of your future. Screen personality is the foundation of rock upon which to construct your temple of fame. It is the secret of success of each and every star shining in the firmament of fame today!

With the contest now under way, we fully expect and hope that no corner in the entire country will be left untouched. From the obscurity of a village hamlet there may emerge, thru the all-reaching medium of the Fame and Fortune Contest, a worthy successor to Mary Pickford, to William S. Hart. The contest is open to all—and we play no favorites. A staff large and capable is in charge of things, and the photographs are carefully selected and passed upon—then discussed in detail before the names of the winners are announced.

Ladies and Gentlemen—We take great pleasure, then, in presenting to you the following winners who comprise the third honor roll:

Bertha Helen Keating of 49 Marlboro Avenue, Springfield, Mass. Miss Keating was born in Springfield in 1906 and is a blonde of fair complexion with blue eyes. She has had no experience whatever.



Photo by Chircorta, Cleveland





Top, Marion Cole of Cleveland, Ohio; center, Agnes Zetterstrand of Waterbury, Conn., and, left, Edna Moore of Sioux City, Iowa

Beryl Williams of 5 North Sacramento Avenue, Ventnor, Atlantic City, N. J. Miss Williams has brown eyes and a fair complexion with golden brown curls. She has posed for calendars.

Johanna Huschle of 245 Hillside Avenue, Jamaica, N. Y. Miss Huschle is five feet seven inches tall, with dark-brown eyes and hair and has had no experience.

Marion Cole of 1363 East 112th Street, Cleveland, Ohio. Miss Cole was born in Chicago in 1901, and is of light complexion with blue eyes and golden hair. She has had no experience.

Agnes Zetterstrand of 331 North Main Street, Waterbury, Conn. Miss Zetterstrand was born in 1902 and is a blonde. Her only experience has been in amateur plays.

Edna Moore of 903 Sixth Street, Sioux City, Iowa. Miss Moore was born in Montana in 1903 and has hazel eyes, black hair and a dark complexion. She has had no experience.

When Ouija Reigns---







Cinema stars and directors—all are in the throes of the ouija board craze. Between scenes and during luncheon hours the psychic boards are brought forth and coaxed into foretelling all sorts of things. Zena Keefe, Rubye de Remer, Director Bob Ellis and Elaine Hammerstein are all ouija fans—they insist the little table travels over the board by itself and that they dont push it—ever!

The Blower of Bubbles



Dorothy, o' the clan Gish, cherishes a dream . . . a hope of some day forsaking the comedy field and devoting her talents to the more serious things—drama, perhaps tragedy. And we find it in our heart to hope it will remain a dream bubble. The silver-sheet would be poorer by far without comedy à la Gish

Venus From Sweden



Photo by Evans, L. A.

PERHAPS, if you happen to fancy flowers, you've watched a pink rose bud first peep thru the slender green of its calyx, tremble for a brief while in the midday sun, extend its petals ever so carefully, and at length offer itself to the world in all its delicate, full-blown beauty.

A long time ago, when pictures were young and the world of the screen was a small one, a girl with soulful blue eyes, a wealth of golden hair, and with all the exquisite pink-and-white in her skin that expert weavers cannot blend into velvet texture, emerged from the portrait studio of Penrhyn Stanlaws in New York, picked her way to the old Vitagraph film plant in Brooklyn, found herself dazzled by the piercing, artificial lights of the studio, and, under their almost cold warmth, opened her heart—a Swedish Venus, the Neyron of the screen.

The poets say that women are flowers. Some have the lowly humility of the pansy; others the gorgeousness of the rose, as Anna Q. Nilsson. Still others are the purple poppies of passion and a very few have the cold whiteness of the cereus.

Various shades of pink characterize Anna Q. and her Hollywood bungalow. First, there is Anna Q. herself, the faintest pink-and-white; next is her wall-paper, pinker pink; finally, there is her negligée—a deep cerise.

She is reclining on a chaise-longue by the window. It is Sunday afternoon and she is resting. "Snook," a diminutive Boston bull, blinks sleepily at her from his point of vantage in her lap as he inwardly thrills from the stroke of her hand across his silk-like, shiny and fat back. A tall, standing lamp is a canopy over her head. Fluffed pillows protect her back from the wicker hardness of the chaise and her feet from the spiky, woolen Navajo blanket on which they are resting.

The room is tiny—as tiny as only a room in a California bun-

'It is hard to be really in love," said Miss Nilsson. "A love affair, you know, is a real masterpiece—and hardly any of the twentieth century males are capable of genius." Above, a new portrait and, below, in her Hollywood bungalow

Photo by Browers, L. A.



The Stolen Kiss



By JANET REID

MAJOR TRENTON'S beautiful daughter, Octavia, was a sensation when she was introduced into the very aristocratic society her father moved in. She was a sensation, always, with her father. He pinned his faith and love to her as he did his pride. When she was twenty she married, very much against his will, and came, for the first time in her sheltered, lovely life, hard up against realities. She had, abruptly, harshly, the veil of illusion torn away from her. She knew poverty, love's seamy side, illness, death. After her baby was born she never walked again, and shortly after that her husband died, and the old major, saddened, embittered, took them home to live.

"There is one stipulation, Octavia," he told his daughter, "and that is that Felicia is brought up according to my idea—and my idea is to build a wall about her and around her, so high that she cannot scale it, so guarded that it cannot be climbed. The tides of the sea outside must not drift in . . . with their wreckage . . ."

Octavia was beaten and saddened. Life had taken her and had manhandled her. Her spirit was bruised and broken. She was ready to assent to anything so that she could feel quiet and safe. Walls seemed good to her. Safe to her. There would be, within walls, no din and confusion, no storm and stress, no hurting—just peace. So terribly had she been battered by the fates that she had forgotten the calls of youth. She had forgotten the needs. The colors, the songs, the dreams . . . the dreams . . . so bright . . . She forgot that Felicia would grow up to them, her heritages, and that they would not be there . . .

Thus it was that Felicia came to "play-pretend." She had to. In all the world there was just her mother, on her back, staring, almost all the time, straight ahead of her, with listless, widened eyes, turning, now and then, to smile at the child with a smile that tightened Felicia's little throat.

"Love did that to your mother," her grandfather told her once. And Felicia came to associate love with pain.

And there was her grandfather. He said very little and then it always saddened Felicia, too. He said such very dreadful things of tides outside the walls, engulfing sorts of tides that swept over one and bore one away to be shattered to infinite bits upon disastrous rocks. For all Felicia knew, or was permitted to know, there *was* a washing, dreadful sea outside the high walls of their garden. She had never seen beyond.

Felicia, when nearly grown, was still "playing pretend." She had no facts at her command—her grandfather had seen to that. But he had not been able to hold in abeyance her instincts, and her instincts told her things. Lots of things. She knew that even if the great sea did wash outside their garden walls that there were, there must be, islands on that sea . . . far away . . . oh, far away . . . islands where people lived and loved and laughed . . . and some day . . . some day . . .

Then, one afternoon, Felicia was playing in her garden. She was making believe the flowers could talk to her and was having a busy time. All at once, miraculously, it seemed, a hat spun over the walls and dropt at her very feet. A boy's hat, like, and yet unlike, the one her grandfather wore. Like, and yet unlike, the hat old Dobbs wore when he fared forth upon the open sea for provisions.

Felicia spoke no more to the flowers. A laugh had followed that hat. It, too, had come over the garden wall. It, too, had dropt at her feet, and then, little by little, as the sun draws the warm vapors from the ground, her heart drew the laugh up, and up, and it nestled there . . . at home . . .

Felicia was eighteen. There was no mention made of it, and yet Felicia knew that to be eighteen was to have, in some form or other, achieved a landmark. "Certain Legal Matters" had been there that day, for one thing, and Felicia, coming into her grandfather's study unex-

pectedly, had heard her name going back and forth between the two. She had never liked "Certain Legal Matters," whose correct title, she knew, was Mr. Burrell. She felt that he did not belong in the simplicitude of their house within the all-encircling walls.

Late that night, she stole forth into the garden. The moon was riding high above it and yet, tonight, it did not seem to be so very high. It seemed almost as tho, a white angel, it was bending low to her to whisper something to her . . . something wonderful and very sweet . . . and the stars, too . . . how golden they were . . . how tremulous as with many mysteries . . .

All at once, miraculously, oh, surely, a boy spun over the garden wall, a man, and dropt at her very feet. He stayed quite still after his descent and looked up into her face, and his eyes were still and yet startled. And then, little by little, as the sun draws the warm vapors from the ground, her heart drew him to his feet and he bent forward there on that first immemorial night and kist her . . . and she kist him, too . . . and they were at home . . .

"Where did you come from?" he breathed.

"How did you find me?" she whispered.

"How wonderful!" he said.

"Oh, wonderful . . ." she echoed.

"That you are you," he said.

"That you are *you,*" she told him. "Is it . . . just another . . . play-pretend?"

He seemed to understand. He shook his head. "It's real," he said; "it's true. Oh, it's true, Moonshine, Starbright . . . whatever wonderful, shining thing you are . . . it's *true* . . ."

"Yes . . . it's true," she nodded, "the *first true* thing. The very first. The . . . the only true thing . . . in all . . . my world . . ."

A little later she said. "Was it *your* hat . . . years ago?"

"Yes. I must have known. Even then. I felt you calling. I felt it again . . . tonight . . ."

"I *was* calling . . . and I didn't know. For truth. For the truth of things. You . . . you are the truth of things. Tell me, is there a world beyond, or just a sea . . . washing at these walls . . ?"

"A world, my Beautiful. A world, full of things. Colors and songs—pain, too, but we must keep that from you . . . happiness . . . people doing good. Suffering, but joy, too. Oh, you would love the world, Beautiful, and the world would love you."

"Then . . ." The girl held him with her ineffably dreaming eyes.

Outside the garden walls strains of music came to them, and, in the moonlight, Felicia danced, as often, to some drifting, vagrant tune, she had danced before.

The boy watched her, spellbound. "That is the music of the world," he said, "and you . . . you dance to it . . . as the young tree bends to the young wind's call . . ."

The dance was abruptly stopped. Felicia's grandfather heard the voices under the garden wall, and came upon them, just in time to see Felicia touch young Dudley Hamilt's lips with her own.

The silver shift of the dreams they had been weaving was rent asunder.

The next day Major Trenton and his granddaughter departed for Canada and an even more secluded dwelling, The House in the Woods.

It was lonely, after that garden dream, but Felicia could still play-pretend. She could pretend, for instance, that down that straight path between the sentinel pines the boy would walk to her, head high, heart tender. Oh, he would come one night . . . And she could play-pretend that she would run to meet him . . . and would kiss him as she had done that night within the garden walls . . . and they would talk . . . and dream . . . ah, surely, that sweetness would come back again . . .

And she would play-pretend, too, that once he came he would not go again . . .

There is only one trouble with play-pretending. It



She knew poverty — love's seamy side, illness, death. After her baby was born she never walked again, and shortly after that her husband died and the old major, saddened, embittered, took them home to live



And her nursery! She found that she could rent it for three dollars a week, and that it gave her the pitiful, the inestimable privilege of weeping over the ramping lion whose cavortings upon the nursery walls had filled her infant days with a delicious terror

has a habit of coming out in rather an obverse fashion. Felicia's play-pretending did not bring Dudley Hamilt, but it did bring her a letter from him. The letter told her many things. Made her feel that play-pretending had gone rather beyond its rightful limits; that she was a woman grown with a woman's work to do. It told her, too, that her mother had died. Her grandfather had told her, merely, that they had taken her mother away to a place where she might have better and wholly curative care.

Felicia had a bad time of it. Her mother was a fixture in her young life, in her young thought, a beautiful, still sort of thing, beautifully permanent. To know that she had gone crashed down the outer wall and let in waters despairing and engulfing.

Dudley told her, too, that her old home was in a bad way. Taxes were encumbering the old place, and, in an effort to collect revenue, no matter how, "Certain Legal Matters" was letting the rooms of the old mansion to a number of entirely undesirable tenants. "My heart broke," wrote the young lover, "when I saw who was defiling your garden, my Sweet, when I saw faces at the window where your face had been wont to look down, so wondering, so wonderful, so white . . ."

The letter brought Felicia definitely outside the walls. Her grandfather, she knew, had no longer the power to keep her there. He had grown very old under the strain of her mother's death. At any rate, he paid little attention to things about him now. It was easy for Felicia to slip away. It was the thing for her to do. Some one had to look after the major's affairs, and the some one was she.

It is not easy to deal with facts for those who have, always, dealt with fancies. And yet, Felicia found, fancies are but facts dressed for a masquerade. There had been a frequent visitor at their home in days gone by, a man who handled her mother's few and detached affairs for her. Felicia had never known his name, but she had called him the Portia Person for reasons best known to herself. Once, coming upon her in her garden, he had held her small face between his hands . . . such kind hands! . . . and had told her that he had a little whimsy to the effect that some day she might want a friend . . . a real one . . . one who had dwelt on the uncharted seas beyond the wall, and that, if she ever did, she must come to him and he would help her steer her course . . .

It ought to be easy, Felicia reasoned, to find the very important Portia Person.

It was not easy at all.

THE STOLEN KISS

Fictionized by permission from the Realart production. Adapted to the screen from the story, "Little Miss By the Day," of Lucille Van Slyke's by Kathryn Stuart. Directed by Kenneth Webb, starring Constance Binney. The cast:

Octavia Day / Felicia Day	Constance Binney
Dudley Hamilt	Rodney la Rocque
Major Trenton	Bradley Barker
Peter Alden	Frank Losee
John Ralph	Robert Schable
Dulcie	Edyna Davies
Mamselle D'Ornay	Ada Nevil
Marthy	Agnes Everett

No one had ever heard of any Portia Person. After a while it occurred to Felicia that the meeting with the Portia Person would have to be in the nature of a great adventure. Some day she would be going just around the corner, and lo! there he would be. In the meanwhile, the money she had brought with her wouldn't last and she must live. Princesses in towers, she remembered, sat at a spinning-wheel all day long. She couldn't spin, but she could make a shining needle fly . . .

It didn't seem possible to Felicia, just at first, that the enchanted house on Montrose Place could become the place it had. And her nursery! She found that she could rent it for three dollars a week, and that it gave her the pitiful, the inestimable privilege of weeping over the ramping lion whose cavortings upon the nursery walls had filled her infant days with a delicious terror.

Little Miss By the Day became a figurine on Montrose Place. Only to one or two, and one a child, did she confide that she had been the mysterious personage kept for so many years secluded in the walled-in garden. She went from house to house, plying her shining needle and "playing pretend" that she wove into the cloth dreams that would garment the people who wore it in silver shoon and amber-gold. It was quite a happy play-pretend. And when there were children in the house she sewed in, Little Miss By the Day would tell them marvelous tales to the tune of her shimmering needle. She filled their little brains with moonbeams and star-dust and sent them to bed all tingling with fairy lore and the game of Being Good. She told them that good fairies were ever and ever so many more than bad ones and that there was, always, a "live happily ever after" ending to *everything*. She said that hers hadn't come yet, but that it was waiting for her, she knew, "just around the next after this one corner."

And when there were children in the house she sewed in, Little Miss By the Day would tell them marvelous tales to the tune of her shimmering needle—she filled their little brains with moonbeams and star-dust . . .

There were quite a few corners to turn—and then Felicia went one day to a new house to sew and found herself face to face with the Portia Person. After that, of course, things began to unravel, just as the fairy tales do. The Portia Person was just as he had always been. He said that Felicia had no business to be going about in such a way, doing such work. It would be, he supposed, a sort of tangle to get the right thread to the major's complicated affairs, but he would do what he could . . . and in the meantime he would, personally, direct Felicia to places that would be pleasant as well as safe . . .

The very next place was the home of Dudley Hamilt's grandfather. It didn't seem as incomprehensible to Felicia as it might have seemed to one who had not dwelt in the realm of play-pretend. It was, indeed, an *almost* natural thing for Dudley's voice to come to her from the room next the one in which she was sewing. Felicia believed in the good fairies and the live-happily-ever-after ending. Dudley would *have* to come back!

It didn't seem, tho, looking at herself in the mirror above her, that princesses *looked* as she did. She was all out of place in the dainty room. The gown she wore was the gown her mother had worn when she had been a girl. All at once she knew that she did not want Dudley Hamilt to find her like this. He must come to her in the garden, and she must be clad in silver shoon and amber-gold. That was the way it would be in the land of play-pretend.

Felicia left an odd little, hasty little note and stole away. Something hurt her where her soft heart beat. She didn't feel like going back to the despoiled garden There was a park nearby and she wandered into that.

There was a girl sitting on a rustic bench and Felicia





"Did he . . .?" he breathed, "did he . . . did he dare . . . oh, my White Rose . . ." "No," Felicia said, "no . . . no . . . Dear"

sat beside her and began to talk in the friendly, yet impersonal little way she had. The girl, who was a Sculptor Girl, it seemed, had a heart-hurt, too. She was in love with a man whose name was Dudley Hamilt . . . (in the dark how those two young hearts quivered!) . . . and that very day Dudley Hamilt had told her that he could never give her the love she wanted . . . because he loved another . . . a dream person . . . and had loved her . . . and would love her . . . all his life thru. "Of course, in a way, I'll be glad," the Sculptor Girl said, "when I get over the very first pain. I'll be glad because it's beautiful. It's a *very* beautiful thing that Dudley gives to his 'Princess Play-Pretend'—that's what he calls her, to me."

The Sculptor Girl went home, that night, with Felicia, and the two were the beginning of a sort of a restoration of the old house. Felicia filled it, gradually, with the persons she met or the Sculptor Girl met who were doing, endeavoring to do, beautiful things. It was peopled again by dreams and its corridors echoed with the light footfalls of fantasies. In the reborn atmosphere, which yet admitted of the washing seas without, Felicia felt almost happy again. In his House in the Woods she made glad the heart of the old major by her letters telling him how, once again, she dwelt within the walls with a little company of folk, all believers in the fairy folk.

It came to Felicia, in the old garden, that she, too, might contribute to the beauty of things herself. She could sing, and dance, she could give to the heart-hungry without the walls, high on the tidal, restless seas, some of the beauty, some of the witchery, some of the quaint old-timeness, the unworldliness, the play-pretend of the walled-in garden. She could give them what she had . . . the heart of a child in the heart of a city. She could teach them, who knows, to be in the midst of strife and sorrow, of evil and distress, yet not be of it . . . she could give them her glad believing . . .

And of course she did. A broken heart will harbor fairies and be glad . . .

"She is a piece of thistledown," they said, "come from an old-time garden into a city's draught."

And then, one night, after the Sculptor Girl and the others had gone to bed, Felicia stole out into the garden, where she had revivified the roses, the hollyhocks. The silver shoon of the riding moon was glorifying them . . . On such a night, she thought, Dudley Hamilt had come to her . . . and given her the kiss that lingered, even tonight, upon her mouth, a sacrament . . . a seal . . .

On such a night . . .

Outside the walls, a voice called her name. She answered and Allan Gramer, a theatrical manager, responded to her invitation to come in.

He looked at her thru slightly quizzical, slightly puzzled eyes. "You are either beyond belief," he said, "or you are the fortunate victim of *most* fortunate propaganda. This cloistered stuff is great business, and I'll say that you get away with it. Whatever it is . . . what does it matter? You're a divine thing to look on and you've got the gift, and no mistake. I've come here tonight for a twofold purpose. The one is to ask you to take the stellar rôle in my new musical production. The other . . ." he came closer, his breath, unakin to the soft breaths of the roses, touched her face, "the other is to . . ."

Felicia screamed Something dreadful, she sensed, was about to happen to her . . . the washing seas, bearing driftwood, were coming in upon her . . . then it was true what her grandfather had said . . . this was what

(*Continued on page* 96)

Gerry: The Woman



Photo by Hartsook

IT is quite true that I set out to "cover" Geraldine Farrar the prima donna and Geraldine Farrar the cinema star. And while, after a fashion, I did "cover" them, it was primarily Gerry the woman with whom I chatted away the evening. And I might have called my story "The Philosophy of Geraldine" and it would have been quite all right, for her philosophy is well worth handing on to every one. But somehow, when I left her palatial home and wended my way subwaywards, I felt that I had met, above all else—the woman.

Her philosophy is not of the brand which orators deliver to audiences, clothed in exquisite literary style—it is an every-day philosophy and she does not talk it—she lives it.

She is vivid, possessor of unlimited energy, optimistic and supremely happy.

One might shrug his shoulders and ask why she should not be happy. Fortune has remembered her consistently, it is true, and she has tasted in a great measure the success for which countless thousands daily strive.

At the Metropolitan Opera House in New York she holds the audiences spellbound by the magic of her voice and the artistry of her acting thru the entire winter season. The glittering horseshoe, with all its representativeness, culture and wealth, has been at her feet.



In the winter she devotes her entire time to the opera and it is in the spring, summer and early fall that she and Mr. Tellegen live quietly in Hollywood, giving themselves to the screen



Photo by Sarony

Thru her films, she has reached out into the most obscure corners of the world, bringing romance in all its tones of

By

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

rose and silver to those who may never know Geraldine Farrar the prima donna.

But I should not say that it is primarily because of this that she is happy.

Her home holds many treasures; its curving marble stairways are carpeted in velvet and the walls are tapestry hung; rare rugs from the East, where dusky hands spent lifetimes in their weaving, cover the exquisite floors; there are priceless bits of furniture, many pieces with a history; and the cream book-shelves encircling the rose-silken upholstered walls of the library hold priceless volumes, many of them first editions, hand-tooled with exquisite engravings.

Because these things have come to her thru her own endeavors they possess for her a value far beyond their intrinsic worth—but again I should not say that it is this which brings her happiness.

Before she came I had been conscious of the great beauty about me, even while I talked with her secretary.

Then she came—Gerry—one always thinks of her as that; it suits her, somehow, with her happy earnestness.

The iron-wrought door clanged; she spoke a few sentences in French to the butler and then she swept in, swathed in caracul cloth and chinchilla.

"Miss Fletcher," she said, "you have waited. It was kind of you."

Then the wrap and hat were flung into the old-rose recesses of a wide polychrome chair and she curled up on the lounge, giving her mar-

(*Continued on page 94*)



Photo by Hartsook



Photos by Sarony Studios



...that I was born with a happy disposition," she said. "My parents could have given me no greater heritage. I think it must be frightful to have to teach yourself to be happy"

Cinema Relations



Photo by Campbell, N. Y.

But, as things actually stand, the photo-famous, being quite human . . . lay claim to large quantities of close family relations

Above, Anita Stewart and brother George

Center, Madge Kennedy and Mother Kennedy

Below, Mildred Harris Chaplin and Mother Harris



Photo by Clarence S. Bull



HOW would you like to be Mary Pickford's cousin? Or, perhaps, Elsie Ferguson's brother, or Tom Moore's sister?

Or, better still, how would you enjoy being a first magnitude motion picture twinkler yourself—a reel personage whom titled ladies in New South Wales are wont to claim as a "long lost" brother?

As it stands, however, the matter of relatives is definitely closed—with the stars. Every picture player who is anybody at all gets hundreds of admirers' letters every day. Being exceptionally calculating, we shall proceed to burst into mathematics by saying that in every ten letters received there are four which claim said film idol as an estranged relation. A third cousin by marriage, perhaps, or, to be even more intimate, as 'twere, a strayed-from-home son.

Lonesome ladies in Ireland are wont to write the above-mentioned Tom Moore, telling him of sons who strayed to this land of the free (this is written with no thought of prohibition) years and years ago to win fame and fortune. And Tom, having acquired them both, is certainly *the* long lost one.

And, to balance the equation, we beg to announce that doddering daddies in Keokuk, Iowa, are wont likewise to insist that Clara Kimball Young is a daughter of theirs who ran away to get married.

It's just that way.

But, as things actually stand, the photo-famous, being quite as human as those of us who ride on street-cars and eat thirty-five cent luncheons, themselves lay claim to large quantities of close family connections. Usually, it's customary, in a yarn of this sort, to start off dignifiedly. Let those who would crave fame show how wise they are! Me for the domestic prattle.

Business managers are absolutely necessary adjuncts in the movie game, because the time-honored profession has its snags—in the form of portly gentlemen who sit behind portentous desks and speak the language of Mammon—that are calculated to chill the heart of the most ardent aspirant to cinematic honors when she enters the

By
TRUMAN B. HANDY

imperial chamber for the purpose of signing contracts with the producing organization.

Foremost among the managerial coterie, permit me to introduce Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, mother of Mary, Jack and Lottie, beside whom a Wall Street financier is a small-town boob. Mrs. Pickford is perhaps more the famous Mary's "silent" partner—silent, at least, until it is time for the check-book to do its work. At which instance "mommer" is quite apt to step in and cool the flaming ardor of advertising solicitors and would-be scenarioists. But, seriously, tho, Mrs. Pickford has from the first been *the* one person to whom Mary could turn for professional advice without being cheated out of her shoe-buttons. She has handled every big "deal" Mary has ever contemplated, and now that Miss Pickford is the head of her own producing organization for United Artists, it is her mother who wields the managerial gavel and tells employés of her daughter just exactly *how* much of *her* money they are at liberty to spend for the various necessary adjuncts of production.

And, of course, together with Mary, there are likewise Jack and Lottie, and Mrs. Pickford, in addition to attending to her studio

(*Continued on page* 92)



Photo by Chas. Rosher



Above, from left to right, Mrs. F. C. Benson; little Mary Pickford Rupp, niece of the famous Mary; Mr. F. C. Benson, cousin to Mrs. Pickford; Mary Pickford and Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, manager of her famous trio, Mary, Jack and Lottie

Center, Tom Moore and his wee daughter, Alice Joyce Moore

Below, from left to right, Wallace Kerrigan, brother and business manager; Mrs. Sarah Kerrigan, mother; Kathleen Kerrigan, sister and secretary, and J. Warren himself

Photo by Woodbury, L. A.





It is in a large house with exquisite gardens and sweeping lawns that Nazimova dwells. Here she seeks respite from the studio life—here she ceases to be Nazimova, exotic,—bizarre. Here she becomes the woman,—but even then Alla is not just as other women. To her there must always be a vividness, a certain distinction—it is that which makes her—Nazimova!

That's Out



By TAMAR LANE

MOTION picture concerns are multiplying so rapidly that producers are having a difficult time thinking up new names for them. We offer the following titles as being so far untouched:

Ulikem Productions.
Weona Film Co.
O Cedar Photoplays, Inc.
Uneedum Pictures.

With Jess Willard, Jack Dempsey, Jim Corbett, Kid McCoy, Benny Leonard and Carpentier being rushed from the prize-ring to stardom on the screen, it begins to look as tho the surest way to become a movie star is to be a champion boxer.

Yet last month we saw a book advertised for sale at ten cents giving full instruction on how to learn the dramatic art and become a screen star.

Any one who buys a book on dramatic training or takes a course in a motion picture school is wasting valuable time. The thing to do is to join the Y. M. or Y. W. C. A. and take a few lessons in boxing or swimming.

Already we've had served us on the screen:
"Who's Who?"
"Who Is Your Brother?"
"Who Is Your Neighbor?"
"Who Is Your Servant?"
With quite some anticipation we look forward to seeing:
"Who's Your Iceman?"
"Who's Your Pawnbroker?"
"Who's Your Undertaker?"

An actor is reported as suing Douglas Fairbanks for $100,000 for an injury received in a scene. If an actor can recover this sum for one clip on the jaw, we know a lot more prize-fighters who will quit their profession and take up the dramatic art.

About the only one that believes what a press agent says about a star is the star herself.

We were going to write about the original hard-boiled movie pests, but An Old Exhibitor in the *Dramatic Mirror* has beaten us to it. Here they are:

1. The would-be author who knows that his stories are so good that the screen cant do without them.
2. The embryo star who hopes to land at the top of the ladder in one jump.
3. The wonderful director who has put on a few Sunday-school productions but is sure that if given an opportunity he will make Griffith and Ince take a back seat.
4. The camera-man who once had a snapshot studio of his own in Hohokus. But his pictures were *some* likenesses.
5. The art director who could revolutionize the business at one stroke, but . . .
6. The child actress, a second Mary Pickford . . nuff sed!

Originality is not a dead issue on the screen, after all. The ouija board has had a lot of newspaper publicity of late, and yet so far this month only six producers have used one in their productions.

SOME SURE-FIRE WINNERS

Jay Belasco.
Josephine Hill.
Irene Rich.
Frank Mayo.

Some day some brilliant author is going to write a story about a young millionaire who gets kicked out of college, has his allowance cut by his father, but goes out West and makes good by showing the cowboys how to ride horses.

Clipped from a New York paper: "Another director is 'rushing' East with a print of a picture he has just completed." If any motion picture director, producer or player has ever made the trip across the continent at a normal rate of speed, the phenomenon has never been recorded.

Now that the Gloom boys are predicting that Charlie Chaplin is "going back," (like they did about Mary Pickford two or three years ago), Charlie will have to disappoint them with one of his old-time comedies.

Anent June Brides and Trousseaux

By BETSY BRUCE



Photo by Geisler & Andrews
Gown by Kurzman, N. Y.



Center photo by Geisler & Andrews
Center frock by Kurzman, N. Y.



There is an air of efficient practicality about her which gives her words a certain weight and you inadvertently wonder how she had come to know of conservation — economy. Above and center, in two new creations, and below, charming in bridal finery

"NATURALLY," said Marion Davies, "with prices soaring and inflated as they are today, the June bride will have to exercise care in the preparation of her trousseau. However, that doesn't necessarily mean any limitation as to the occasions for which the gowns and wraps will suffice."

She smiled slightly. "Of course, you know," she said, "I have had no experience in trousseau-shopping, but, like every other girl, I have ideas on the subject, very decided ideas, in fact," and she patted the violet tea-gown she was wearing thoughtfully and began to pleat one of the pale pink streamers which fell from the neck.

"About the bridal gown itself," I questioned, "what do you think about that? Is it an extravagance?"

"Oh, I think not," she hastily answered. "A wedding is so wonderful and a girl looks so very beautiful in the dress and veil that it would be a great pity to miss it all, wouldn't it? If I were planning a wedding and my funds were limited, I'd manage a wedding-gown and veil somehow.

"A lace veil, naturally, would be useless extravagance," she continued, "but one of net has the same softening effect. The main thing is, tho, I would say, to have the veil arranged becomingly about the head. There are so very many ways that it can be worn—high with a coronet effect, with peaks like the Dutch girl's cap or drawn softly back with a few gathers.

"And as to the dress itself—well, you need an evening gown above all else, for the receptions and things which follow the wedding tour and the sprinkling of parties, dances and family gatherings which will come during the first year for which the trousseau is generally supposed to provide. Trains are detachable and there are many suitable fabrics which will lend themselves to dyeing if a pale shade is preferred for evening

(*Continued on page* 121)



The Great Accident

By NORMAN BRUCE

"IF Winthrop Chase is elected mayor, he'll lick you for Congress next fall. You know that well's I do, Amos." Peter Gergue spat with nice aim into the cuspidor across the room and elevated his knees comfortably higher.

Amos Caretell made no direct reply. A born politician, Amos, who knew better than to admit anything, even the undeniable. Instead, his shrewd eyes turned from their contemplation of the dirty little law office with its dusty piles of old briefs, its faded carpet and fly-specked map of North America on the wall to the section of Hardison to be seen thru the dusty window.

It was a typical small-town scene, the brick block with the Masons' hall and dentist's sign above the drug-store, the windows of which flaunted political appeal to "Vote for Chase and Law" and "Vote for Holliwell and Personal Liberty." Beyond the ramshackle bulk of the Drummers' Hotel loomed, like a disreputable old loafer, blinking evilly in the late afternoon sun. Into the doorway of the hotel a slim, boyish figure was just turning, dog at heel.

"H-m—young Wint Chase still absorbing Kite's Cure for Care, eh?" Amos commented. A light had come into his crafty blue gaze, a smile tugged at the corner of his lip. "Sh'd think his drinking would hurt his father's dry campaign."

"It's helped it," the lawyer scowled. "Chase considers Wint a disgrace and lets everybody know it, not excepting Wint. Says he wants to be mayor so's to close up the town so tight there cant a drop of whisky leak thru. And he'll do it, too, tomorrow. Holliwell's a joke. He'll poll about ten votes, all told."

"H-m," buzzed Amos Caretell. He rose, tall, loose-jointed in his almost consciously negligent clothes, worn in deference to the farmer vote, knocked the ashes out of his pipe and stuck it into his pocket. "After the meeting tonight, Peter, suppose you keep the crowd together, after Chase has left. I've got a few words to address to the voters of Hardison myself."

The lawyer, weazened as the brown calf volumes on the shelf before him and, like them, dusty, regarded his patron dubiously between his elevated knees. "Hardison'll eat out o' your hand in most things, Amos," he droned, "but even you cant get it to elect a poor feeble fish like Holliwell that wouldn't dare to contradict his own shadder."

"My eye-teeth may be store-made," Amos growled, "but I dont need any advice from a 'whereas' slinger like you! Your business is law, Gergue; mine's *folks* Leave Hardison to me!"

In the rear room of the Drummers' Hotel, Wint Chase, unwholesomely flushed and bloodshot of eye, was chevying a soiled billiard ball about the dingy green-felt table. He was a likable looking youngster of twenty-three, with a white, girlish forehead, a mouth that did not close quite firmly enough and a dogged chin. The combination of the latter two features had resulted in his expulsion from college the year before and in his drinking steadily ever since. Yet the reason at the bottom was neither depravity nor weakness, but a furious dislike of good advice. He was thinking now about the last person who had attempted to reform him, only an hour ago, and tho his hands shook and his eyes filled boyishly at the memory, his chin was stubborner than ever.

"—and so you see," Joan had said, sadly, "even if I do

care about you, Wint, I—I cant go on. I care about me, too, and I'll never marry unless I see I stand a fighting chance of happiness." Her delicate face had quivered as she laid the little pearl ring in his palm. "Oh, Wint! I wish—if you'd only brace up and stop drinking——"

And so, because he wouldn't be bossed by anybody, Winthrop Chase, Junior, had come straight from Joan to the Drummers' Hotel and had drunk already more than was good for him. He'd show her she couldn't nag him into doing what she wanted, he'd show 'em all.

"*Hel*-lo!" Carter Routt, tight of waist, sleek of black hair, wonderfully tailored in a showy green suit, stood beside him, with a friendly blow on the back. All small towns know Routt and his kind, the son of the village washwoman, usually, handsome, admired by all the girls, always supplied somehow with pocket money and leisure. "Thought I'd find you here, old man! I s'pose it wouldn't do to ask the son of Hardison's dry mayor to have a moist one? No, you've had enough—better cut it out, Wint. It's the only safe way—for you."

Wint flung off his friend's hand irritably. "Oh, for God's sake, dont you begin preaching! I'm fed up on that holy stuff, Cart! Get it from morning to night at home. What's the odds how much I drink? What else is there for a live fellow to do in this dead town?"

He had another drink; several others, in fact. And they did not improve his appearance. When he stumbled into the hall of his home, a little later, Hetty Morfee, the hired girl, passing thru with a clean tablecloth over her arm, uttered a subdued squeal. "Oh, Wint!"—in Hardison the help has not yet learnt to use the humbler style of address toward its employers—"you've been at it again! Gee! You'll get it when your father sees you, and him getting 'lected tomorrow on prohibition!"

Wint laughed derisively. "You should fret, Hetty! I'm a bad lot, didn't you know that? You've heard it often enough around this joint!"

At the sound of his voice a frail, worried-looking woman in an uneasily worn black silk dress hurried out from the dining-room. Hetty disappeared, leaving Wint to face his mother's eyes defiantly. "Dont nag, Moms," he said, sullenly. "I've had a few drinks, and I expect to have a few more before dad gets the town mopped up. I dont want any supper, anyhow——"

He tried to brush past her, but she put out one sallow hand and caught at his sleeve. "Something's happened, Wint. I guess I know! Tell mother, dearie. Is it—is it—Joan?"

The boy nodded, twisting his hat-brim. "She says the same as the rest of you, that I'm worthless and all the rest. Well, she's right enough——"

"So the son of the next mayor isn't good enough for Joan Arnold, even if her father is the banker!" Mrs. Chase blazed. "Well, I guess you've no call to worry, Wint. They's plenty other girls prettier than Joan, and stylisher, too. There's Agnes Caretell, now. I noticed she kep' looking over at our pew last Sunday, and it wasn't to admire my bonnet, either, I guess." Her tone dropped, took on the old familiar plaint: "But, oh, Wint, if you'd on'y keep straight——"

Election day was an event in Hardison, second only in importance to circus day. From early in the forenoon until the official closing of the polls in the barber shop at six, little knots of citizens stood about the streets, conversing in subdued tones, with the important gestures and expressions of those who had the fate of the nation upon their shoulders. It was essentially a man-day. The women—suffrage had not yet come to Hardison—kept humbly within doors and gathered up the crumbs of the day's happenings that fell from their husbands' lips at the supper-table.

"It's all over but counting the ballots, mother," gloated the elder Chase, as he sat down to supper, so genially inclined toward the world that he had no hot word for his son, who sat, silent and sullen, playing with his fork and eating none of the food which Hetty placed before him. "If that poor fool, Holliwell, got a dozen votes it'll surprise me mightily. Amos Caretell admitted it. I dont think he loves me—he's afraid for his own skin in the congressional elections next fall, but when he met me just now he said he guessed there was no doubt that the name of the next mayor would be Winthrop Chase."

Wint pushed back his chair with an unpleasant, rasping sound. His father looked up, scowled. "Where you think you're going tonight? To that disreputable resort you seem to find so congenial? Well, you're not! I've stood all I'm going to stand of your goings on with my decent name. You're a disgrace to it, but by heaven, you're not going to drag it in any more mud, not while you live under my roof!"

Winthrop, Junior, faced his father blackly. His chin grew very



In the rear room of the Drummers' Hotel, Wint Chase, unwholesomely flushed and bloodshot of eye, was chevying a soiled billiard ball about the dingy green-felt table

grim. He opened his lips to tell him that he'd find another roof then, but the words were never spoken, for the telephone in the living-room rang shrilly. As Chase sprang to answer it his son hesitated, turned on his heel and plunged out into the hall. The boom of the closing door seemed to disturb the older man's hearing, for he cried out violently, "Eh? What's that you say? I—I didn't understand."

His wife came and stood beside him. She saw his face grow grey, his lips sag incredulously, saw him hang up the 'phone slowly and turn toward her a face piteous with bewilderment. "They say—they've elected *Wint* as mayor——"

Mrs. Chase began to babble excitedly, but he pushed her aside and sank into his chair. "He has—the same name. They simply wrote 'Junior' after it on the ballots." His sagging frame tightened with a great burst of rage. He brought his fist down crashing on the table. "God! They've made a joke of me before the whole State! It's some of Amos Caretell's doings—he and Wint framed it up! They thought it was great sport to elect a drunken loafer—a no-account—as mayor! Where is that ingrate who did this——"

But Wint had gone. And no one was able to find him that night. The committee of announcement were seriously embarrassed by their lack of a candidate and early the next morning sallied out to find the missing mayor, the search finally bringing them to the disreputable Weaver House, a frame building below the railroad tracks which was patronized by mill hands, foreigners and the riff-raff of the town. The dirty old woman who met them at the door pushed back strands of wispy yellow-white hair and smiled toothlessly.

"He's here," she admitted, "and beautifully drunk. Not that he got the stuff here, saints forbid, but——"

Wint was, as she had said admiringly, beautifully drunk. He lay sprawled on the squalid bed, breathing heavily, and only snarled when Amos Caretell shook him. "Go 'way—lemme 'lone. I'm ver' comf'ble——"

When they continued their efforts, and finally, dragging him up on the pillows, managed to get his eyes open, told him their errand, he repeated the words foolishly, "Made me may'r? Nonshenshe—mean my fat'r. I'm—horrible 'zample——"



Winthrop Chase had been an arrogant man, a proud one. He was hurt, humiliated to the depths of his soul, and he poured out on the boy before him, savagely, all the venom of his wounded pride and disappointment

At length the truth of their meaning penetrated beneath the film of drink and brought him to his feet, swaying, stumbling, but almost sobered. "Then—all I got to shay—to *say*," he spoke laboriously, "iss you played a dirty shyster politician's trick on my father! Get out of here and lemme—let me think!"

It was half an hour later that Winthrop Chase, Junior, his clothes creased, face shadowed with stubble, white with dissipation, but strangely older and graver, strode up the steps of his home and into the sitting-room where his father sat, staring straight before him. "I didn't know anything about it, dad," Wint said, quietly, "not till this morning. I'm—I'm awfully sorry, and I'm going to do just whatever you say."

Winthrop Chase had been an arrogant man, a proud one. He was hurt, humiliated to the depths of his soul, and he poured out on the boy before

THE GREAT ACCIDENT

Fictionized by permission from the Goldwyn play based on the *Saturday Evening Post* story by Ben Ames Williams. Directed by Harry Beaumont from the scenario of E. A. Bingham and starring Tom Moore. The cast:

Wint Chase	Tom Moore
Joan Arnold	Jane Novak
Winthrop Chase	Andrew Robson
Amos Caretell	Willard Louis
Mrs. Winthrop Chase	Lillian Langdon
Hetty Morice	Ann Forest
Carter Routt	Philo McCullough
V. R. Kip	Otto Hoffman
Peter Gergus	Roy Laidlaw
Williams	Edward McWade
Sheriff	Don Bailey
Sam O'Brien	Lefty Flynn

him, savagely, all the venom of his wounded pride and disappointment. He called Wint unforgivable things, unforgettable things. He raved, he swore. He ended by ordering his son out of the house. And Wint went, holding his young, brown head very high. In the hall he kist his mother silently and shook hands with the weeping Hetty.

"Let me know if I can do anything for you, ever," he told the girl, touched by her real grief for him. Poor Wint had not had many tears shed for him, and they fell gratefully on the arid places of his soul.

Hardison chattered, gossiped, made a nine days' wonder of the break between the Chases and of Amos Caretell's championship of the young mayor by inviting him to stay at his own home. Then, gradually, as the days went by they forgot to wonder, almost forgot that Wint Chase's election had been a joke. They could not guess, of course, that the sole reason for the boy's new steadiness, his abandonment of his old haunts and attention to the duties of his office was due to Amos Caretell's careless remark, on the first evening of his régime:

"I suppose, of course, you wont see this thing thru, Wint? Guess it's too much of a stunt for you, eh?"

All the old stubbornness, fury at being dictated to, rose in Wint and spoke for him, almost without his meaning to say the words. "Stick? I'm certainly going to stick! And the folks that thought it would be a joke to elect drunken Wint Chase as mayor are going to find that the joke's on them!"

It would be possible to write the annals of Mayor Wint Chase's first term, of the surprises he sprung, the amazing innovation he introduced when he directed the town marshal to see that the obsolete liquor laws were obeyed literally and in truth. Wint did not do these things at once; most of them he did not do until his term was drawing to a close, but he did them and thereby awoke strange and diverse sentiments in the breasts of his amazed and incredulous fellow townspeople.



She took off her slipper, shook it daintily and put it on again, taking her time about the operation. Agnes had a very pretty foot, and knew it

But, of all the changes made in Hardison, the most radical changes were those he made in himself. With the first touch of responsibility that he had ever known, Wint Chase seemed to see himself for the first time. And he grew a trifle sick at what he saw. Doggedly, with the thoroness which had led him to make such a complete success of dissipation, he began to tear down and rebuild. He who had spent few useful hours now settled himself to learn something of what was expected of a mayor, of the laws which he had sworn to enforce. And, to his amazement, he found the study interesting.

People began to say that young Wint might make something of himself yet. There were those who watched and said nothing. Winthrop Chase, Senior, never referred to his son, nor allowed his name to be mentioned at home, yet there was little that Wint did that the grim, gaunt man did not know. Hetty, too, oddly silent and

(*Continued on page* 114)

Billings and Doings

By GLADYS HALL



All photos by Lumiere, N. Y.



She is not a spectacular person. She is the sort of girl you would wish your daughter to be . . . She is no drone in the hive and would have no use for the drone. Above and below, two new portrait studies

MY first impression of Florence Billings was of a very competent person.

My last impression of Florence Billings was of a *very competent person.*

And in the middle, which consisted, substantially, of luncheon at the Knickerbocker, my impression was the same.

I may say, without hyperbole, that Miss Billings *is a very competent person.*

I knew that at once by her nicely managerial attitude. To wit: I was clutching a very unwieldy pair of rubbers in my right hand, and unwieldy rubbers which same have seen the mud of many a Long Island road are not just the impedimenta to take with one to a luncheon at the Knickerbocker. Also, I had two important 'phone calls to make, didn't know the numbers, and was in a high state of frustration. Upon meeting Miss Billings I felt as tho a cool hand had been laid upon my brow and, in some figurative sense, my helm had been grasped. Miraculously, the rubbers became neatly engulfed in brown paper, later to vanish completely via the checking system, and Information had smoothed away the snarl of the ambiguous numbers.

Then—the way she ordered luncheon! With what competence and with what cool insistence upon ways and means! Upon service, obsolete art!

It's just her way!

She would be doing something. One knows that. And she would be succeeding at it. It wouldn't very much matter what. The only thing she *wouldn't* be doing is *nothing,* and the only way she wouldn't be doing it is unsuccessfully.

She is probably the only silversheeter in captivity who didn't have the idea of the screen in mind when she reached the very mature age of sixteen or less. Mostly less. Miss Billings didn't. She had it in mind to write, and having it in mind was just one logical step behind *doing* it. She *did* do it. She wrote scripts. She then, systematically,

(*Continued on page* 101)

Across the Silversheet

Reviews of the New Pictures

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

IS obviousness going to be the bane of silversheet drama? Somehow I, than whom there could be no greater admirer of the silent stage, could not force this thought from my mind during my attendance at last month's picture shows. It seemed to me as if every point was driven home to the audience so positively . . . as if we were school children and everything must be carefully explained. It seems to me it is high time that the picture audience was credited with some intelligence. It is not necessary for an actor to gesticulate all over the celluloid to make us understand that he is portraying anger, neither is it necessary for an actress to hop all over the screen to successfully simulate carefree youth. A time *did* exist in the history of the movies when emotions had to be hammered home to the audience by playing them crescendo. This was before we found our movie feet, however . . . now we are able to walk alone . . . and we can appreciate subtlety of acting. If there is one plea I would like to force home to the average picture player . . . it is to refrain from treating their audience like infants. Credit us with a little imagination, intelligence and understanding. We, the audience, as well as you who make the silent drama, have passed the primer stage.





Above, Irene Castle in the Paramount production, "The Invisible Bond." Center, May Allison in "The Walk-Offs," and, below, Viola Dana in "The Willow Tree," both from the Metro studios

POLLYANNA—MARY PICKFORD PRODUCTION

Even our beloved and serious-minded Mary Pickford errs in this, her latest production, in trying to jam an emotion, or rather an effect, down our throats. As Pollyanna she is bewitching and looks the part of a dear little girl. She is the little girl—and it is not necessary for her to prance all over and play all sorts of odd poses and pranks for us to realize that she is youthful, carefree and joyous. I anticipated great things of Mary Pickford's "Pollyanna,"







Above, Constance Binney in Realart's "Erstwhile Susan"; center, Shirley Mason in "Treasure Island," of Paramount, and, below, Mary Pickford in her latest offering, "Pollyanna"

because the little glad girl who maintained her belief in the goodness of things despite her serious reverses is one of my very favorite fiction characters. Perhaps it is because of this that I sensed a disappointment—perhaps I expected too much. It would seem, tho, that Miss Pickford has depended upon slapstick action rather than heart situations to get her effects, but the Pickford poignant beauty is more in evidence than ever before, and her antics, it must be admitted, are amusing—and now and then she touches our heart-strings. I saw Patricia Collinge play "Pollyanna" on the stage, and I am not ashamed to say that my eyes were scarcely dry thruout the performance. I would like to see Mary Pickford play "Pollyanna" again—without the obviousness of the rainstorm and the puddles . . . and I'd like to see her portray the sentiment of Pollyanna's romance with the orphan boy she had befriended. The screen "Pollyanna" is handicapped, too, by a cast for whom we can neither arouse interest nor sympathy. Aunt Polly alone is optically satisfying.

ERSTWHILE SUSAN—REALART

On the other hand, young Constance Binney, a comparatively new comer working against the indifference of her audience, completely wins us to a heartfelt interest in her fate before we have seen fifty feet of her as the abused girl-child in "Erstwhile Susan." While this is an older release, I cannot pass it by without a word of high praise for the excellent humanness of the direction and the lovable characterization so seemingly unconsciously wrought by Miss Binney. Mary Alden, too, as the peculiar but kind stepmother, disciple of Delsarte, contributes one of the very finest bits of acting I have seen on the silversheet. The atmosphere of the whole play is excellently maintained and the whole cast so well chosen that we feel a personal worry over the fate of each one of them.

THE WILLOW TREE—METRO

I found this Japanese romance as fragrant as the first violet of spring. It satisfied me as only that which is ideal and dainty . . . *young* and inspiring can do. Not a whiff of the horrid, the sensual, the ordinary ugliness of life has been allowed to soil its charm. It is as sweet as youth's day-dreams and as fragile. Viola Dana as the little Japanese girl who rebelled against a loveless marriage and substituted herself for a wooden image in a young man's home, betrays a depth of understanding and a sweetness of inspiration that amazed me. Trenton Pell alone, as the young hero,

was too heavy and of the earth for this pretty picture fabric. He seemed heavy . . . as if his footsteps might break the Dresden china beauty of the "Willow Tree."

THE INVISIBLE BOND—PARAMOUNT

Altho this plot deals with every-day troubles and not ideal might-have-beens, its very trueness to life is its great asset. Irene Castle and Huntley Gordon portray a man and wife who are separated because of very human faults which any of us might possess. Having taken his stand by the other woman, the husband is too proud to admit himself in the wrong; the wife too injured, nay, too proud, to ask him to return to her—and so they go their separate ways until an accident kills the second wife and the husband rushes to his first wife . . . for in time of trouble only the mate of his heart remained in his memory. So naturally is the whole played that it is like a day of life. The actors neither tear their hair nor beat their breasts, and yet we can almost feel their thoughts. Mrs. Irene Castle-Tremaine is to be congratulated, also Huntley Gordon, the director . . . and the adorable child.

STRONGER THAN DEATH—METRO

No greater artiste at touching the lachrymal glands exists than Nazimova. Yet in this torrid drama of the East she seems to me over theatrical. Perhaps my blood is running cold, the result of New England ancestors, perchance; but I found myself completely out of tune with all the heated passions this picture presents. Yet it has moments of intense power. Especially the scenes between the brutal colonel, played by Charles French, and his son, portrayed by Charles Bryant.

THE LUCK OF THE IRISH—REALART

Again Allan Dwan has gone to enormous expense in his production, this time Harold MacGrath's novel. For his settings he takes us practically around the world, and the atmosphere is very well retained. The story concerns a poor Irishman who falls heir to a fortune and forthwith sets out on a Cook's tour accompanied by a small urchin he has

(*Continued on page* 107)







Above, Alice Brady in "The Fear Market," a Realart production; center, Jack Pickford in "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," Goldwyn, and, below, Metro's "Stronger Than Death," with Nazimova



Your hands express your real self — Be sure you manicure them the right way

How you can have hands as well groomed as these

THE consciousness of unbecoming or unattractive clothes may hurt—but it cannot strike deep down as can the fear that you are judged wanting in real refinement. That you are judged unmistakably lacking in personal nicety.

How uncomfortable this fear can make you! How many times magnified any shortcoming which may cause it becomes in your own eyes!

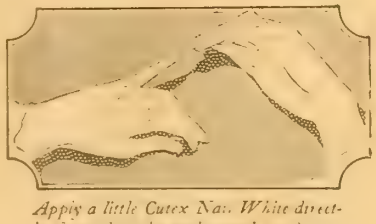
Of all the indications of personal refinement the most significant, next



Cutex quickly and harmlessly softens and removes surplus cuticle

to personal cleanliness, is well-kept nails. To many, ill-kept nails indicate more than carelessness, they indicate actual vulgarity.

A few minutes of the right kind of care, once or twice a week, will keep your nails and cuticle always exquisite. The most important part of the manicure is the care of the cuticle. You must never cut it, for cutting ruins the cuticle. But with the Cutex way you can always have perfect nails and cuticle.



Apply a little Cutex Nail White directly from the tube underneath each nail

Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package). Dip it in Cutex and work around the base of the nails. Then wash the hands, pushing back the cuticle with a towel. The surplus cuticle will disappear, leaving a firm, even, delicate base.

If you like snowy white nail tips apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nail. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish. For an especially brilliant lasting polish, use Cutex Paste Polish first, then the Cutex Cake or Powder Polish.

If your cuticle has a tendency to dry or grow coarse, apply a bit of Cutex Cold Cream each night. This cream was especially prepared to keep the hands and cuticle soft and fine.

Give yourself a Cutex manicure regularly, once or twice a week, according to the rapidity with which your cuticle grows, and you can have nails that you are always proud of.

Cutex is on sale at all drug and department stores.

Six manicures for 20 cents

Mail this coupon below with 20c and we will send you a complete Introductory Manicure Set, not as large as our standard sets but containing enough of each of the Cutex products to give you at least 6 manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, 114 West



Put a bit of Cutex Nail Polish on the palm of the hand and rub the nails briskly over it

17th St., New York City. *If you live in Canada address Northam Warren, Dept. 806, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.*



MAIL THIS COUPON WITH TWO DIMES TODAY

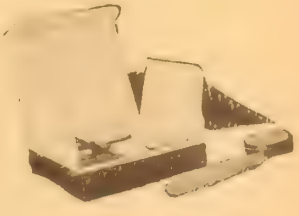
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806



Our Animated Monthly

of News and Views

By SALLY ROBERTS







Above, Viola Dana as she appears in "Liza Comes to Town," with Jimmie Morrison in his "Alias Jimmy Valentine" togs; right, Charles Spencer Chaplin, otherwise known as "Charlie," entertains Harry Lauder at the Chaplin studios, and, below, Carlos Hope, a representative of *El Universal*, a Mexico City paper, meets Mabel Normand when he visits the Goldwyn studios

I ATTENDED the first-night performance of "Mary's Ankle" in Los Angeles, and found Doris May receiving congratulations in the lobby later. Of course, I joined her admirers promptly. Mrs. May was with her daughter and very pleased over her popularity. The mother is an accomplished writer, a very lovely and cultured member of the Los Angeles literary set, who has great ambitions for Doris. Just between ourselves, Mother May wasn't very well pleased at Doris' decision to act—but now that Doris has *arrived,* her mother is awfully amiable about letting her remain in pictures, altho she had hoped that Doris would be a college graduate and writer. Miss May was wearing a taffeta frock, a long, fur-trimmed, loose coat and small turban. Later I saw them again alone at Petitfil's, enjoying hot chocolate and French pastry. The hour was early, only nine-thirty, when they got into their car to go home. Doris is one of the sensibly brought-up young girls of the screen, so simple, sweet and unaffected that one might think she had never known publicity.

Tod Browning just finished cutting "The Virgin of Stamboul," and after saying good-by to everybody on the old back ranch at Universal, roped his little old trunk, gathered up the wife of his bosom—otherwise known as Alice Wilson—and departed for a four-weeks' trip eastward, principally southward, for they are to visit in the old home at Louisville, *Kaintuck.*

I was watching Lee Moran and Eddie Lyons on the set one day with great amusement. They direct each other, you know. It's hard to tell who is acting and who directing when the camera is not turning, for each follows the other's suggestions so closely that one isn't sure who's rehearsing and who's directing. They are very earnest—a regular Damon and Pythias—before and behind the camera.

And Bessie Love is to do Little Nell of "The Old Curiosity Shop." Could any one be more quaintly delightful than Bessie? Seena Owen has gone to American studios, Santa Barbara, to take Margarita Fisher's place.

Elliott Dexter was simply swamped the other day by people shaking his hand and congratulating him on his screen return, for he started work that very day. He looks fine, younger, so much rested. He has been putting much of the time spent in convalescing in home-garden work, raising lovely flowers—and lettuce! He limps very slightly, and expects to be out of that condition shortly, too.

As I walked over to the executive offices, I sauntered into a small room where sat Tommy Meighan, made up for "The Prince Chap," comfortably



Poise and Charm

These are usually possessed by the woman who knows that in the careful execution of her toilet, she has left no opportunity for slighting comment. Every detail has had attention—particularly her complexion.

She is equally at ease in the witching candle light of the tea room and the bright sun-light of the busy street because she knows that her skin is smooth, soft—delicately lovely.

RESINOL SOAP is often found among the toilet requisites of such a woman, because it refreshes and invigorates while it lessens the tendency to oiliness, roughness, blotches, chapping and other blemishes. Try it today not only for your complexion but for your bath.

At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.
Trial cake free on request.
Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

RESINOL SOAP

RESINOL SHAVING STICK
cannot be excelled for the man
with a tender skin.







Above, Ralph Bushman, son of Francis X., makes his screen debut in Christie Comedies; right, Roscoe Arbuckle, alias "Fatty," about to "shoot a scene" in his new production, and, below, Mary Miles Minter shares her hot dog with her new director, Charles Maigne



swaying on a straight chair tilted in a corner, reading a movie magazine. He jumped up blithely and rushed to fetch a paper cup of water, for the hot set had made me horribly dry. Tommy is always so Irishly gallant—no doubt that's why every woman falls so hard for him. He told me he is playing opposite the first *small* leading woman of his long career, little Peaches Jackson. She ran in just then, and was followed by that cute child, May Girraci, who has been famous ever since the old Griffith days. She and her little sister are dark, swarthy types like their tiny mother. One meets them continually at the various studios, for these children are very popular because of their acting ability, obedience and adaptability.

"I'm to have my first starring part next month," confided the pongee-shirted Mr. Meighan. "'The Frontier of the Stars' was written by Alfred Payson Terhune, and it deals with all the New York tenement tops and skyscraper lines—which are the real frontier of the stellar bodies, you see. There will be an invalid girl, something like 'The Miracle Man' girl—I dont know who will play the lead, for you see, she must be very unsophisticated and innocent-looking and—well, nowadays there are not many who quite fill that description, are there? The girl will be suddenly cured thru a fright—which is quite logical; it has happened often that people have learnt to walk again when animated by fright and the spirit of self-sacrifice. I think it's a corking good story!"

Over in a corner stood three huge pasteboard boxes, the sort in which canned goods are shipped. I asked boldly, "Whose fan letters are those, Mr. Meighan?" Tommy said, "Mine—they are going to look after the answers at the studio now; it's grown beyond my ability. They've poured in by the thousands since 'The Miracle Man' was shown."

I saw "Fatty" Arbuckle, too. He has bought the house in which Theda Bara lived while in Los Angeles.

At Metro, I saw Viola Dana cuddled up in her chair, wearing the funniest old dolman cape, with those high-shouldered effects and the most impossible figured material.

"My, but your eyes look like the Pacific Ocean today!" I was struck by the odd change in Viola's orbs.

"Green, aren't they? Yes, I've been crying hard, and they always turn green when I do that," she confessed.

"Do you have trouble crying to order?"

"N-o-o-o, not if I think hard about the sad part of the scene. But if they play for me I have to laugh, and that spoils the waterworks. I rarely can stand music while I'm crying; seldom is it of the right kind. If it sounds sort of wailey, I have to laugh every time."

Poor kid, she had been ill all day, but was too game to go home. I said, "Why dont you stop work now—it's almost three?" You cant put anything like that over on Viola, tho; she's the essence of a New England conscience. "No"—she shook her head very soberly for that imp of mischief—"I

(*Continued on page* 116)



You can see them everywhere

This new method is used on millions of teeth now. Wherever you look you see the results of it. You see glistening teeth — teeth you envy, probably. And you know they are well cared for.

You can learn the way, without cost, by a simple ten-day test. And we urge you to make it now. There are few things more important.

Those Pretty Teeth

No Cloudy Film-Coat on Them

This is How Millions Now Get Them

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Millions of people have found the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. This is to urge that you accept a ten-day test. See how it changes your teeth, then decide about it by the visible results.

They fight film

Modern research shows that the cause of most tooth troubles is a viscous film. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. So brushing has left much of it intact. And night and day, on countless teeth, it may do a ceaseless damage.

It is this film-coat which discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So few escape the troubles caused by film.

The way to end it

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat film. Able authorities have proved its efficiency by clinical and laboratory tests. Now leading dentists everywhere advise it.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And this new-day tooth paste, in all ways, complies with modern dental requirements.

To make it known quickly to the millions who need it, a 10-Day Tube is being sent to everyone who asks.

Based on pepsin

The film is albuminous matter. So Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The object is to dissolve the film, then to constantly combat it.

Pepsin long seemed impossible. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But dental science has now found a harmless activating method. Now pepsin can be every day applied, and forced by the brush where the film goes.

It complies with all modern requirements. So in three great ways this dentifrice surpasses all the former methods. Now every family should at once find out how much this method means.



The results are quick and apparent

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Pepsodent needs no argument. You will see the results when you try it. And the book we send explains the reason for them.

Compare your teeth now with your teeth in ten days. The facts will be a revelation to you. Decide by those results then between the old ways and the new. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

Pepsodent
PAT. OFF
REG U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, combining two other newly-recognized essentials. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere. Druggists supply the large tubes.

10-DAY TUBE FREE 378

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 355, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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ONE TUBE IS A FAMILY

Green Room Jottings

Little Whisperings From Everywhere In Playerdom

Richard Barthelmess will again be seen opposite Lillian Gish in the screen version of "Way Down East," the stage success for which Mr. Griffith has obtained the motion picture rights.

Marguerite Clark, better known in New Orleans as Mrs. Frank Williams, has purchased a beautiful residence at Hammond, La., the center of the state's strawberry district.

Mary Anderson, at present under contract with Colonel Wm. Selig, will be seen in the character of "Bubbles," her latest starring vehicle.

Madame Petrova has posed for head and bust for Francis Cranmer Greenman, a young portrait painter of the Middle West, who is to exhibit it, along with portraits of other notables, at the Milwaukee Institute and the Detroit Museum of Art this spring.

Alice Lake is extremely proud of her Irish ancestry. Hence she was more than pleased at receiving from an admirer a St. Patrick's Day poem which read:

"Erin go Bragh, Wurra, Wurra, Bedad and glory be:
Oh, pray be gay, St. Patrick's Day and many of 'em, Whee!"

Louise Glaum came East early in the spring on a shopping tour and lunched with us one day at our Bohemian lunch table. She talked of chicken raising and housekeeping and was not at all "vampirish," but extremely charming in a "regular" way.

David Warfield, the distinguished stage star who has hitherto sedulously avoided participation in the silent drama, has developed an interest in the stage's sister art to the extent that he visited the Metro studios recently and together with William H. Crane, the veteran American actor, posed for the first motion pictures ever made of him.

Eulalie Jensen is supporting Herbert Rawlinson in his newest feature picture, "Soul Spinners."

Lucille Cavanaugh, loved and admired thruout the whole continent as a vaudeville star, makes her screen début in support of William Russell in his new picture, "Leave It To Me."

Helen Ferguson is playing opposite Mitchell Lewis in "Burning Daylight," the first of four Jack London stories to be picturized.



VIRGINIA FAIRE

Raymond McKee is playing opposite Shirley Mason in "Love's Harvest," another story from the pen of Pearl Doles Bell.

A letter from Maysil Commerford, daughter of **Thomas Commerford,** known to his friends and co-workers as "Dad" and the "Grand old man of the movies," announces the passing of one of the most famous men of the last decade in the motion picture world. He entered the picture business in its early days with Selig and later with Essanay. His best work was done with the latter and thousands will remember him in "Graustark," "Thirteen Down," "The Sting of Victory," "White Sister," and other screen plays.

Virginia Faire, one of the winners of the "Fame and Fortune" contest, who has been engaged for a long term of years by Universal, is soon to be seen in the rôle of a French-Canadian girl in "The Red Lane," a story by Holman Day.

Eileen Percy has affixed her name to a Fox contract and will appear in a series of six pictures.

Antonio Moreno, the only American picture star of Spanish birth, entertained V. Blasco Ibanez as his guest in California when the famous Spanish novelist was touring the country.

Alice Brady has dozens of pairs of earrings of all periods and designs. While Miss Brady no longer wears them, she still delights in taking them out occasionally and reveling in their beauty and thinking of who wore them and to what period they belong.

When **Helen Keller,** deprived of the sense of sight and hearing, appeared in the picture production, "Deliverance," it was thought that she had reached the limit of her possibilities. But another triumph has been scored for this remarkable woman in her vaudeville début at the Palace Theater, New York City.

Wanda Hawley, who has played many leading feminine rôles in Paramount pictures, will become a Realartist and will appear in a series of light comedies.

A famous trio, Alma Rubens, Montagu Love and Pedro de Cordoba, will be seen in a Cosmopolitan production, "The World and His Wife," a drama of modern Spain.

Betty **Compson** has formed her own company and will produce at the Brunton studios under the direction of Arthur Rossen.

Betty Ross Clarke has a leading rôle in the Griffith production of "Romance," starring Doris Keane.

Corinne Griffith was the winner in a popularity contest recently conducted in a chain of Brooklyn theaters operated by the Wehner Amusement Company.

Grace Davison, who has been vacationing on the West Coast, is working in a new story written and directed by Charles T. Horan.

Irene Rich, who has played opposite Will Rogers in several pictures and who has signed a contract which will keep her busy in Goldwyn productions for a number of years, came to the screen from private life, without previous screen experience.

The **Historical Film Corporation** of America, recently formed in California, has two projects before it. One is to film the stories of the Bible, applying them to modern conditions to meet a demand of schools and churches, the second project is to make a series of educational films for the use of universities, colleges, high schools and other institutions.

Geraldine Farrar has severed her connection with the Goldwyn company. It is not her intention, however, says Dame Rumor, to leave motion pictures entirely.

Herbert Rawlinson is doing his second picture for J. Stuart Blackton, called "The Soul Spinners," a story of manners and life in the higher strata of American society.

Corinne Griffith will be starred in "Gumshoes 4-B," which was among the thirty stories which won prizes in the recent O. Henry memorial contest conducted by the Society of Arts and Sciences. The purpose of the contest was to develop stories in the style of the famous O. Henry.

Dorothy Dalton will be starred in "This Man—This Woman," adapted for the screen by Rosina Henley from Avery Hopwood's play.

HOW TO FIGHT THE LITTLE FOES WHICH WORK TO MAR YOUR SKIN

YOUR complexion is surrounded by enemies—There is that inward enemy that shines the face. There is the tricksy breeze that dries and dulls the unprotected skin. There is dust that clogs the pores.

Be always on your guard against their wiles.

EXPOSURE to wind, sunlight and dust coarsens your skin. Skin specialists say that you can protect your complexion from this injury by applying a protective cream before every outing.

Of course you cannot apply a *cold* cream before going out—cold cream leaves your face too oily.

Lightly touch your face and hands with Pond's *Vanishing* Cream. It is made precisely for daytime and evening use. It has not a bit of oil in it, so it cannot make your face shine.

In this way you can keep your face appealingly soft and smooth no matter how much time you spend out of doors.

YOU never can tell when that treacherous enemy, an ugly glisten, will creep upon you unawares and make you look your worst.

This cannot happen if you powder in such a way that it will last. You cannot expect too much of powder. The right powder foundation is essential if you are to *stay* powdered. For this you cannot use a cold cream. The oil in it soon comes out in a worse glisten than ever.



To foil wind, sun and dust, use a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream before going out



The same greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream makes the powder stay on

Before powdering rub a tiny bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream on your face. Then notice how smoothly the powder goes on, how natural it looks. It will stay on indefinitely. Until you wash your face it cannot shine again.

DUST is a subtle enemy. When your skin grows dull, loses its clearness, it is simply an announcement that the pores have become clogged deep down with tiny particles of dust.

To remove these, vanishing cream is not enough! Only a cream with a good oil base will suffice.

Before you go to bed and after a train or motor trip, rub Pond's *Cold* Cream into the pores and wipe it off. It contains just enough oil to work deep into the pores and thoroughly cleanse them. You will be shocked at yourself when you see how much dirt you were harboring.

When you go downtown, stop at the drug store or any department store and buy a jar or a tube of each cream. You need never again fear the little flaws that ruin one's appearance.



Before retouching remove the dust that is lodged deep in the pores with a cream with an oil base—Pond's Cold Cream

YOUR SKIN NEEDS TWO CREAMS

Every skin needs two creams. For daytime and evening a cream specially made without oil, so that it cannot reappear in a shine. This is Pond's Vanishing Cream. It has no oil and cannot make your face shiny even for a moment. It is based on an ingredient which is prescribed by world famous physicians for its softening effect. Use it for protection from the weather, for a powder foundation and for freshening the skin at a moment's notice.

On the other hand, for cleansing, for supplying a lack of oil, and for massage, Pond's Cold Cream should be used. Its formula was worked out to supply just the amount of oil required to give it the fullest cleansing power, and just the smoothness to work well into the skin.

Neither of these creams will foster the growth of hair on the face.



Tiny deepening lines can be kept at bay with a Pond's Cold Cream massage

FREE SAMPLE TUBES
Mail this Coupon

Pond's Extract Company, 127 C Hudson St., N.Y.
Please send the free tube items checked:
Sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
Sample of Pond's Cold Cream
I enclose 10c for these samples. I desire the larger sample tubes checked below for which I enclose the required amount.
A 50c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
A 50c sample of Pond's Cold Cream
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

POND'S
Cold Cream &
Vanishing Cream
One with an oil base and one without any oil

Green Room Jottings

Little Whisperings From Everywhere In Playerdom

Marshal Neilan has been requested by the government to make a special Americanization picture. As soon as he obtains a suitable story Mr. Neilan will comply with the government's wishes.

William McPherson, a well-known film cowboy, was instantly killed when the automobile in which he and four other cowboys were riding to location was struck by a Southern Pacific freight-train near Los Angeles.

Charles Miller will present Nancy Devor, a young Australian actress, to the American screen in "The Law of the Yukon," the first of a series of six pictures for Mayflower Corporation.

Jack Pratt, who deserted the megaphone of the director for the grease-paint of the actor to play a rôle in "The Third Generation," has been signed for a prominent part in the forthcoming Za Su Pitts' picture under Henry Kolker's direction.

Johnny Hines, well-known comedian, is visualizing on the screen the adventures, pranks and antics of "Torchy," the famous character of Sewell Ford's stories.

George Stewart, nineteen-year-old brother of Anita, is playing the juvenile lead in Douglas Fairbanks' comedy, "The Mollycoddle."

Jack Holt and **Mabel Juliene Scott** are announced to head the cast of "The Translation of a Savage," a screen version of Sir Gilbert Parker's novel of that name.

Billie Burke missed her train one day on her way to "location" at Atlantic City and flew to the seaside resort in the aeroplane she will use in producing "Away Goes Prudence,"—and that's what the gang cried when Miss Burke left the aviation field.

Mrs. May Mason, mother of Shirley Mason and Viola Dana, is in London visiting another daughter, Edna Flugrath, who is now appearing on the stage in London.

George Larkin and his wife, Ollie Kirby, are back on the coast after an absence of a year.

Many stars have been scheduled as "about to leave" for a trip to foreign lands for the purpose of making pictures, but **Peggy Hyland** is actually doing it. She is now happily on her way to England, France and Egypt, where she will make pictures for Samuelson Films.



PRISCILLA DEAN

Betty Blythe will play one of the principal feminine rôles in Lew Cody's next picture tentatively titled "The Mischief Man."

Janis Wilson, who is the younger sister of Lois Wilson, will play a leading rôle in Maurice Tourneur's next production.

Florence Turner, popularly referred to as "The Vitagraph Girl," will make a reappearance on the screen in a single-part comedy entitled "Stenographers First."

For the first time in the history of New York theatricals, Ethel, Lionel and John Barrymore appeared on the same bill recently at a benefit performance for S. Rankin Drew Post, No. 340, American Legion. S. Rankin Drew, son of the late Sidney Drew, was the first American actor killed in the late World War, and this Post, composed of theatrical and motion picture people, was named for him.

Rubye De Remer is credited with possession of the largest collection of kimonos this side of Japan and will wear most of them in support of Eugene O'Brien in "A Fool and His Money."

Wallace Reid has been appearing after studio hours at the Little Theater in Los Angeles and has been so successful upon the speaking stage that Jesse Lasky and Oliver Morosco are threatening to send him East to star in a Broadway production. It is said, however, that Wallie will make at least three more screen productions on the coast.

Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle will appear hereafter only in five-reel feature comedy productions as a Paramount-Artcraft star.

Virginia Caldwell, late of the Ziegfeld Follies, is breaking into the movies in support of Owen Moore in "His Word of Honor."

Hugh Ballin, who directed Madge Kennedy in her first Goldwyn picture, "Baby Mine," several years ago, directed her in her latest picture, "Trimmed With Red."

Anetha Getwell, one of the winners of the Fame and Fortune Contest, is working in an American Cinema production.

In "Sifting Shadows," a Leonce Perrett production, Emmy Wehlen wears some of the most entrancing gowns ever shown on the screen or stage. And how Emmy can glorify clothes!

Norma, Constance and **Natalie Talmadge,** with their mother, spent several weeks at Palm Beach in the early spring, during which time Constance devoted a week to making exteriors for her fifth First National, "The Love Expert."

Louis B. Mayer has added two more powerful starring vehicles to the series especially secured for Anita Stewart. The two new purchases are "Harriet and the Piper," by Kathleen Norris, and "Sowing the Wind," by Sidney Grundy.

Marian Davies' next Cosmopolitan Productions starring vehicle will be "Buried Treasure," a romantic adventure tale of the Spanish Main brought up to date.

Filmland had the surprise of its young life the other morning when it awoke to its morning paper to learn that **Alice Joyce** had become the bride of James Regan, son of the owner of the Knickerbocker, one of the largest hotels in New York. Mrs. Regan has returned to the Vitagraph studios after a fortnight's wedding trip and is now busily at work on her new production. Mr. Regan, Sr., is turning over the Knickerbocker to Mr. Regan, Jr., it is said, where he and his bride will reside.

Earl Metcalfe, who will soon be seen with Corinne Griffith in the Vitagraph production, "The Garter Girl," adapted from "The Memento," by O. Henry, pleads guilty to being the composer of one of the new songs. "Days o' Dreams" is from his pen and is proving something of a hit wherever it is on sale.

Rod la Rocque is another who finds life too easy when working only before the camera. Like so many others of the silent drama he will shortly be doing stage and screen work at the same time. The play in which he will appear behind the footlights has not yet been announced.

Alice Brady is going to reside in a bungalow in California thru the summer months with Husband Frank Crane, where she will devote her entire time to starring in Realart productions. In the fall, however, she will again undertake stage and screen work at the same time, as she is scheduled to open in a new play.

Tanforan

The New Beauty Treatment for the HANDS



Posed by Nita Naldi. Century Theatre.

BEAUTIFUL hands — white as pearls—soft as satin—fragrant as the breath of spring blossoms—a rare gift from the Court of Marie Antoinette—Tanforan!

Subtly rounding and strengthening the tissues that have begun to sag or wrinkle, soothing and softening red chapped skin, Tanforan vanquishes those arch enemies of beauty—time and household duties. You will appreciate and marvel at the magic of Tanforan!

And there is still another reason why you will love Tanforan—its perfume! A tantalizing essence of blossoms—music—moonlight—and tender memories! The first breath will grip your heart.

Tanforan is not to be confused with hand lotions, vanishing creams, etc. It is an entirely new kind of beauty treatment.

Tanforan may be had at most of the better toilet goods counters. Ask for it today, and learn how easy it is to have beautiful hands and skin.

Be sure to read the attractive little booklet which accompanies each bottle of Tanforan. It contains a story that will interest you, as well as directions for the use of Tanforan.

What Do Your Hands Express?

Most women have beautiful hands. It remains merely to bring out the hidden beauty by the magic of *Tanforan.*

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The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

GREETINGS, fellow seekers after wisdom! Most people dont know anything, but they think they do. I dont know anything, but I dont think I do, hence I am wiser than most people. So, come along with me and I will conduct you on a pleasant, and perhaps a profitable journey.

SILVER SPURS.—Yes, Charles Ray is playing in "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway." This is his first for First National. Rubye DeRemer in "His Temporary Wife." Rubye would make a pretty nice permanent wife for anybody, dont you think?

HAZEL A.—But you must not believe in dreams. Sweethearts and dreams seldom come true. So you think Gloria Swanson is too eccentric, and that you are glad Bebe Daniels is being starred. Raymond Hatton has just signed with Goldwyn.

M. A. W.—Oh, yes, I always make it a point to be at the office at 8:30, and I usually walk to the office to save carfare and to preserve my girlish figure. Why, Lillian Walker in "$1,000,000 Reward" released thru Grossman Pictures, Inc., 110 W. 42nd St., New York.

WALLACE REID ADMIRER.—So you are studying to be a clergyman. My best wishes. They say the best evidence of a clergyman's usefulness is the holy lives of his parishioners, so be sure you get among a likely bunch. Wallace MacDonald is playing opposite Edith Storey in "Moon Madness."

PEG O' THE NORTH.—Glad to hear from you again. Oh, yes, you can buy World Film Stock on the market, and other film company stock also—some of it for a cent on the dollar. No, we accept very few contributions from outsiders. Lottie Pickford's husband is in the automobile business. Pauline Frederick with Goldwyn. Yes, there are several dramatic schools in New York. Come in again soon.

GIRLS' CLUB.—Oh, you girls! But what is a more lovely sight than that of a youth growing up under the heavenly influence of goodness and truth! No, girls, I am not married. Too old! Darrell Foss was Stephen in "The Brat."

WM. P.—No, I do not agree with Anita Loos and John Emerson when they say "Use lots of sub-titles, it's one of the secrets of good screen dramatization, but make them terse." What are moving pictures if the players do not tell the story? People go to see a picture, not to read a book. No, I dont insist upon good spelling and punctuation in my letters, but you ought to know how. So you think Doug Fairbanks is funny. I understand there are others who think so too.

ELVAH O.—Please write your name plainer. It looks like a Chinese prescription for the chills. So you think Viola Dana tried to imitate Dorothy Gish in "Please Get Married." No, I wouldn't say that. Earle Williams is still on the coast. He played in "Capt. Swift." Bong swoir.

A. M. P.—Well, you'll observe in traveling, or anywhere, that a man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners. No, Al St. John is not the same as Buster Keaton.

JOHN H.—No, I dont keep steady company. I'm only a "once in a while." Afraid of breach of promise, you know. I cant tell why Mary Fuller left the screen. We rarely hear from her. Come in some time and have a pinch of snuff with me.

DOROTHY V.—No, I dont know when "Mary's Ankle" will be shown in Philadelphia. (That's in Pennsylvania, isn't it?) You just watch for it. Louise Glaum is going to be a vampire again in "Theodora." She was in to see us not long ago when I was South, so she didn't vamp me, but from all accounts she vamped everybody else—judging from the nice things they all say about her.

ISEPINGO.—You ought to join one of the correspondence clubs. Enjoyed reading yours muchly, and hope to hear from you againly.

H. E. N.—Have no fear because typhoons can only rise in hot, damp, still air, and therefore do not occur outside the tropics. Bert Lytell married? Dont know what to say this minute. Nazimova will play in "The Heart of a Child."

ESTHER.—So you dont like the way some of my readers talk about Alice Brady. And you dont like the way they talk about Doug Fairbanks. Esther, Esther, aren't you willing to let other people have opinions when they differ with yours? Yes, Paul Panzer is playing in "The Mystery Mind." He is the villain as usual. Violet MacMillan the lead.

EDITH M.—No, I never ate a fried ostrich's egg. Did you know that one of them equals twenty-two hens' eggs. You must think I have some appetite. You want an interview with Jack Holt. Rose Tapley and Tefft Johnson in "The House on the Hill."

PHYLLIS P.—You bet I'm going to keep right on living. You know that no more than one person in 600 lives to the age of 80, but I'm going to be that one. That wasn't Harold Lockwood. Marion Davies played in "The Restless Sex" taken in Miami, Fla. Ralph Kellard and Carlyle Blackwell in the cast.

THELMA J.—Yes, Goldwyn is going to produce "The Christian," Hall Caine's famous novel. Vitagraph produced it beautifully some five years ago, with Edith Storey and Earle Williams. Sorry, but I haven't the casts for the plays you mention. Alice Brady didn't play in "Iris." You ask, what is the saddest thing in the world? I should say it was the high cost of buttermilk.

ENGLISH GIRL.—I dont want to discourage you or cast any gloom upon your intentions, but they do say, old dear, that one marriage out of every ten in the U. S. ends in a divorce. You refer to Elmo Lincoln. Let me know when you come to America.

WABBLE BLOSSOM.—You tell your teacher that the Amazon is estimated to be nearly 700 feet deep at a point 1,000 miles from the sea. Beverly Bayne was Beverly in "The Great Secret." You say you want to see more of William Hinckley. Perhaps you would like to see him in a bathing suit.

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The Answer Man

CURIOUS CATS.—I should say curious, but not the latter. Electric lamps were invented by Brush in 1879. Harveyized armor plate was not invented until 1891. And it is claimed that the first electric car, the first practical attempt, was built and set to work in Kansas City in 1884, in which double overhead conductors were used with a trolley wheel riding on top of the wire. That'll be 2 pesos. You're very welcome.

HELEN THE FIFTH.—Say, what do you think I am, a machine? Yes, stick-to-it-iveness is a good thing, particularly when you are climbing a telegraph pole. Douglas MacLean and Doris May in "Mary's Ankle." Tom Ince took it—not the ankle but the picture. Alan Dwan is producing "The Luck of the Irish." He is with Realart.

E. H., FAR EAST.—*Amende honorable* means satisfactory apology or reparation. Well, we all have two educations, one which we receive from others, and another, and the most valuable, which we give to ourselves. It is this last which fixes our grade in society, and eventually our actual condition in this life, and the color of our fate hereafter.

TARZAN.—You say two-fifths of the adult population of Switzerland have bank accounts and beggars are few. Me for Switzerland. Bryant Washburn in "The Six Best Cellars." Not books, nor salt cellars, but wine cellars. From what I notice, they are all pretty good in Brooklyn. George Walsh weighs 180 pounds. Hardly think the Gish girls will answer, because they are very busy. But dont think they are not lovely, sympathetic, appreciative girls, for they are.

KIA ORA.—You say that means good luck. Thanks. I need it. My wish is that buttermilk might go down—I mean down my throat less expensively. So this is your first letter to me. Hope there will be many more. See above for Lillian Walker. Helen Holmes is in Los Angeles. My dear little girl, happiness is not in a cottage, nor in a palace, nor in riches, nor in poverty, nor in learning, nor in ignorance, nor in active, nor in passive life; but in doing right from right motives. Selah.

E. O. S.—I should say about 60 companies. Cleo Ridgely has not been in pictures for some time now. Yes, she was a beauty. She rode across the country for this magazine once on horseback. Write me more about the West. Tom Moore in "Duds."

LEON.—Thanks for the clipping.

PEARL WHITE ADMIRER.—You ask me how much money I have saved. This is so sudden! Well, I started in this business nine years ago without a cent in my pocket and I've got it yet. You say your motto is "Remember the past, consider the present and provide for the future." On $9.50 per, I cant provide much future, can I. Why it almost costs me that for a glass of buttermilk. Yes, the Lee children have attended many social functions.

LITTLE EVA.—How's Uncle Tom? Kenneth Harlan is in Los Angeles. Lottie Pickford playing with Allan Forrest. Madge Kennedy in "The Blooming Angel." Dorothy Dalton in "A Gamble in Souls."

ANNA BELL.—Well, somebody was kidding you. Because a Barmecide's feast is a delusion, a mockery and a sham. Barmecide asked a starving beggar to dinner and seated him at a table of empty dishes. Yes, Earl Metcalfe is with Vitagraph. He stopped in to see how we all were the other day. Girls, he has handsome blue eyes, and not married.

E. W.—No, it was the fault of the director. Warren Kerrigan says "You can hardly blame women for refusing to wear short skirts any longer." Them's my sentiments, Warren.

CATHERINE MC.—Of course I liked your blue paper. I am nearly color-blind when I finish a day's work. William Bailey is playing the lead in "The Mad Talon," and Sidney Olcott is at Goldwyn studios, New York. William Russell, Los Angeles, Cal.

SCROLL CLUB.—Did you know our old friend, W. A. Peavey, who was in France so long fighting for us, is back safe and sound and has joined the Edgar Jones Productions, Augusta, Me. He has played in "A Fight for a Soul," "Border River," and "Looking Up Jim." He will be glad to hear from his old friends.

RUTH LOUISE.—I dont want this to be a gossip department, but Mary Pickford and Owen Moore have divorced, and Mary says she will never marry again. Alice Joyce has married James A. Regan, Jr., of New York. I really dont know why Billie Burke doesn't kiss in pictures.

LUCILLE.—Yes, but pride of possession is usually measured by how much we pay. A double-priced hat feels better even if it doesn't look or wear better. Yes, Anna Luther in "The Jungle Trail." Robert Ellis in "Up Stairs and Down." You're just a little late for January.

WOODROW WILSON WORSHIPPER.—Glad to see that the President has one admirer left other than myself. Yes, Willard Mack is in the matrimonial race, too, for he was just married again, I hear. Betty Compson is pretty, and you say you like her better than Marion Davies. I married?—I should say not, I am as free as nature first made man.

MARIS.—Glad to hear from you again. Hardly think I will leave my character behind me—I'm going to take it with me when I go. The paths of glory lead but to the grave, as my friend Gray says. Haven't seen the Bushmans in their new play, but am glad you liked it.

SNOODLES.—Olga 17 is probably married now, but she doubtless still thinks of Crane Wilbur. "U 53" hasn't written for some time—he is probably submerged somewhere in the melting snowdrifts and rainfalls of late spring. Elaine Hammerstein is playing in Selznick's "Things that Hurt."

ADRIAN A.—Write Gale Henry, Los Angeles, Cal.

GRAY EYES.—Thanks. *Volo non valeo.* You want to know whether Joe Martin is a monkey with a lot of sense, or a man minus sense. Why dont you ask him yourself? R. S. V. P. means *repondez s'il vous plait*—answer if you please. Vivian Rich playing in a series of society dramas for Fox.

V. L. D.—You ask if I ever take liquor. Do I? "Have one with me?" No, indeed, Gloria Swanson is not a newcomer, but quite an old-timer. So you liked her in "Male and Female."

O SOLO MIE.—So you're old, but beautiful. So am I. Pauline Starke doesn't smoke cigarets, I am told, but what of it if she did? Elsie Ferguson in "His House in Order."

MAY ALLISON ADMIRER.—No, no, I wasn't on a strike, the printers were. Mollie King in "Women Men Forget." Some of them you never can forget, and some are better forgotten. It was Tennyson who said, "Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all."

JUST THREE GIRLS.—Sorry, girls, I cant write personally, but I wish you could see this cage of mine. I'm actually mailed in. Thanks for your *billet-doux.*

MARY C.—Egad! Egad! Egad! You say to settle an argument. Will you please tell me whether the man's scarf should be worn between his suit coat and over-coat, or between the suit coat and vest? Since when did I become an authority on man's attire? A scarf should be worn around the neck, altho some wear them around the waist. I wear mine between the two coats, and that ought to settle the fashion. Write direct to our circulation department for back numbers, enclosing 20c for each number. You can get a sample copy of SHADOWLAND for 35c, or twelve of them for $3.50 per year. You ought not to miss it. Dont know where Ann Murdock is.

HAPPY THO MARRIED.—I'm glad to hear that. I hope it is not true that "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence." Whenever I hear of a happy marriage, I make a note of it in my diary. Vivian Martin is about 24 years old. Sorry I missed that tie, but it wasn't my fault.

JUICY 17.—No, I never have played roulette. There is a famous club in London which has its card-room decorated with 6,000 playing cards arranged in every conceivable order, while another room of the same establishment is papered with theater tickets, completed with a cornice of champagne corks. Herbert Rawlinson is again with the Blackton Productions. Mae

(*Continued on page* 118)

Chinwah

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A Résumé of the Fame and Fortune Contest, Past and Present

So many of our readers have written to us asking for information about the Fame and Fortune Contest of last year and for this year, that we think it advisable briefly to review the history of the contest from the beginning.

The Fame and Fortune Contest was conceived and started late in 1918, and was featured in all three of our publications, during the year 1919. Nearly every issue of each magazine contained several pages of pictures of the leading contestants, which we called the Monthly Honor Roll. While we never counted the photographs, we have reason to believe that over fifty thousand were received from all over the world, and some of the estimates are much larger than that.

Our idea was to go thru the country with a fine tooth comb, as it were, bringing forward all of the young girls who had motion picture possibilities. We feel safe in saying that there were very few villages thruout the country which had not heard of this contest, and were not talking about it. We can almost believe that nearly every town sent in a representative to the contest. Those who read our announcements and saw the pictures of the leaders in each issue of our three magazines, talked about it to friends and neighbors, and even wrote to distant cities recommending that certain young ladies enter the contest.

For example, in one case a lady living in Dallas, Texas, had a niece who lived in Denver, Colorado. She sent a copy of our magazine to the young lady and advised her to enter the contest, and she did so. Thus, even those who were not regular readers of our publications learned of the contest, and we believe that the country was well covered.

However, it was our first venture and we made several mistakes. This year we are making good use of our first experience and are confident that the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920 will far outshine the previous one.

On account of the recent printers' strike and traffic and freight troubles, together with a far-reaching shortage of paper, we have been very much handicapped, as have all other publications, and several important announcements regarding the contest did not find their way into our columns. But for these and other troubles, we would have been publishing every month the usual two pages of beautiful pictures of the contestants. All difficulties having been surmounted, the contest is now under way, and running in full force.

Last year the judges of the contest were Mary Pickford, Thomas Ince, Cecil de Mille, Maurice Tourneur, James Montgomery Flagg, Howard Chandler Christy, J. Stuart Blackton, Samuel Lumière and Eugene V. Brewster.

The judges for the 1920 contest will probably be Mary Pickford, Mme. Olga Petrova, Howard Chandler Christy, Thomas Ince, J. Stuart Blackton, Maurice Tourneur, Samuel Lumière, Carl Laemmle, Jesse Lasky, David Belasco, Blanche Bates and Eugene V. Brewster.

In September, 1919, the judges announced twenty-five Honor Roll beauties, and invited them to come to New York for the making of final test scenes. Twenty-two responded promptly and arrived at the offices of our magazines on the appointed date, whence they were taken in automobiles to the country estate of Mr. Brewster, President and Editor-in-Chief of our three publications, at Roslyn, Long Island. Under the direction of Wilfrid North, the well-known motion picture director, the test scenes were made of these young ladies on that date, and also on the following day. When these pictures were developed, printed and shown to the judges, it was decided to spend two more days making test pictures of some of these twenty-two young ladies, and also of a few others who had since appeared. It was also decided to write a scenario, in which most of these young ladies were to appear. Our Miss Gladys Hall wrote the scenario entitled "A Dream of Fair Women," suggested by Tennyson's poem, and Mr. North and some of the judges made a cast from this list of twenty-five young ladies. The play was completed in due course.

Nearly five thousand feet of film were taken, out of which about twenty-one hundred feet were selected and put thru the usual course of printing, cutting, titling, etc. Then a meeting of the judges was called to see the finished product. Some of the judges were unable to be present, and photographs of the young ladies were sent on to them. The result was that the following young ladies were selected as winners:

Miss Blanche McGarrity, San Antonio, Texas; Miss Virginia Brown, New York City, N. Y.; Miss Anetha Getwell, Chicago, Ill., and Miss Anita Booth, Reading, Pa.

We had agreed to give the winner of the contest two years' publicity in our publications and to secure a contract with some good producing company. At that time we expected only one winner, but the result is that we have four to look after.

Miss McGarrity found it necessary to return to her home in Texas, and decided not to accept a contract for the present. Miss Brown, who was only fifteen years old, was placed with the Universal Company under a contract which was approved by the Supreme Court, and which calls for a salary of $75.00 a week to begin with, ending at $750.00 a week. Miss Getwell was promptly placed with the American Cinema Corporation at $150.00 a week. She has also received other offers. Miss Booth received several offers, and at the present writing is playing with Ralph Ince, and is receiving $250.00 a week.

We also wish to add, that among the near-winners were several who have also been successfully placed. Mr. Albert E. Smith, president of the Vitagraph Company, said he would take four of the young ladies at thirty dollars a week, but at this writing none has accepted.

Miss Fay Brennan of Washington, D. C., has been playing regularly with a company which is producing in Washington. Miss Lanessa Carroll has been doing small parts for Goldwyn and other companies. Miss Helen Lee Worthing has been playing at the new Capitol Theater in New York City. Miss Margaret Falconer has been playing in Ziegfeld's "Midnight Frolic" in New York City. Several others have also been doing small parts here and there, but have not yet been signed on a contract, for a long period.

On the other hand, quite a number of the twenty-five were discovered to be not quite the types that are now required on

(*Continued on page* 100)

The Screen Time-Table

For the benefit of our readers, and by way of a screen review and critique, every month we will give, in this department, a composite opinion of our editorial staff which may be read at a glance.

When a play strikes twelve, it means that it is a masterpiece and should be seen by everybody. When it is rated below six it contains but little merit. The ratings are based on the general entertainment value, but include the story, plot, acting, photography and direction.

Underneath our own list, we will print a similar time-table to be compiled by our readers. Let every reader critic send in a post-card, from time to time, containing an abbreviated criticism of one or more plays. We will print the composite results here, but only when there are five or more critiques on the same play so that, in all fairness, a general opinion will be presented. Address the Time-table Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

D .....Drama
C .....Comedy
F .....Farce
E .....Educational
SD .....Society Drama
WD .....Western Drama
MD .....Melodrama
CD .....Comedy Drama
SP .....Spectacular Production

Superfine	12
Medium	6
Very Poor	1

EDITORIAL STAFF CRITIQUE

ALARM CLOCK ANDY—CD-8.
Charles Ray—Paramount.
ATONEMENT—D-7.
Grace Davison—Pioneer.
Conway Tearle—Pioneer.
BANDBOX, THE—D-6
Doris Kenyon—De Luxe.
BEGGAR PRINCE, THE—D-6.
Sessue Hayakawa—Haworth.
BELOVED CHEATER—CD-7.
Lew Cody—Robertson-Cole.
BILL HENRY—D-8.
Charles Ray—Paramount.
BLIND HUSBANDS—D-10.
Eric Von Stroheim Prod.—Universal.
BRAT, THE—MD-8
Nazimova—Metro.
BROKEN BLOSSOMS—D-12
Griffith Prod.—Gish & Barthelmess.
BROKEN BUTTERFLY, THE—D-6.
Tourneur Prod.—All Star.
CHANGE OF CIRCUMSTANCES—D-7.
Edmund Breese—Hallmark.
Anna Lehr—Hallmark.
CINEMA MURDER, THE—MD-7.
Marion Davies—Cosmopolitan.
COUNTRY COUSIN, THE—D-7
Elaine Hammerstein—Selznick.
COPPERHEAD—D-8
Lionel Barrymore—Paramount.
DANGEROUS DAYS—MD-8.
Mary Roberts Rinehart—Goldwyn.
DAUGHTER OF TWO WORLDS—D-5
Norma Talmadge—First National.
DAWN—D-7.
Breamer-Gordon—Blackton Prod.
DOUBLE SPEED—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
ERSTWHILE SUSAN—CD-7.
Constance Binney—Realart.
EVERYWOMAN—Allegorical
All Star—Famous Players-Lasky.
EXCUSE MY DUST—C-7.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
FAIR AND WARMER—F-9.
May Allison—Metro.

(Continued on page 126)



The high cost of water

This is one reason why Quaker Oats will often cut breakfast cost ninety per cent.

Quaker Oats is only 7 per cent water. It yields 1810 calories of food per pound. Many costly foods are largely water. Note this table.

Percentage of water

In Quaker Oats	7%	In hen's eggs	65%
In round steak	60%	In oysters	88%
In veal cutlets	68%	In tomatoes	94%
In fish	60%	In potatoes	62%

The cost of your breakfasts

Here is what a breakfast serving costs in some necessary foods at this writing:

Cost per serving

Dish of Quaker Oats	1c
Serving of meat	8c
Serving of fish	8c
Lamb chop	12c
Two eggs	10c

In cost per serving these other good foods run from 8 to 12 times Quaker Oats.

In cost per 1,000 calories—the energy measure of food value—they will average ten times Quaker Oats.

* * * *

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Serve the costlier foods at other meals. Start the day on this one-cent dish of the greatest food that grows.

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June is the Bride's Month

by long tradition. What care she bestows on her trousseau—her gown, her veil, her shoes, her hair!

But after all, it is the ungloved hand with its ring finger that is the most important. See her, as she stands like a queen, to receive the homage of her friends! It is the new-ringed hand their eyes rest upon! Not only for this "day of days" but for every day, the use of

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will make the hands beautiful.

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These and other HYGLO preparations, including rouges, powders, lip stick and mascarine, may be had separately at 25c., 35c., 50c. and 65c. each.

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Cinema Relations

(*Continued from page 65*)

activities, has invariably maintained her position as head of the Pickford household, which has even a third-generation member, little Mary Pickford Rupp, Lottie's three-year-old daughter.

Stage mothers are the bane of the producer. Every ambitious girl, who fain would become a picture twinkler, has a mother—a person who usually accompanies her to the studio, supervises her make-up and the salary she is being paid, escorts Daughter onto the set or onto "location" and stands ever-ready to fight her progeny's battles. Certain directors groan when these Argus-eyed personages make their entrance,—and the groans are yet more heartfelt when Ma refuses to allow Daughter to be kist on the lips by the leading man.

And yet, other mothers can rightly lay claim to being the main reason for Daughter's success. Mrs. Harris, the mother of Mildred Harris Chaplin—Charlie's wife—for instance. Ever since the little blonde star got her start at the old Griffith studio doing child parts, Mrs. Harris has literally been "on the job"—and today, even tho Mildred's own bank account maintains a handsome limousine and a maid or two, Mrs. Harris is quite as inseparable as in those almost-forgotten days when Mildred played in "Home, Sweet Home."

It was Mae Marsh's handsome, auburn-haired mother, Mrs. Mae Hall Marsh, who held the home together while Mae's salary was in two figures a week, who inspired and encouraged her daughter and who struggled to give her younger children, Mildred and Frances, an education. And it was Marguerite Marsh, Mae's older sister, who introduced pictures to her sister and at length succeeded in getting her a place at the old Biograph.

Another real heroine is Mrs. May Mason,—euphonious, eh?—the mother of Shirley Mason, the new Fox star, and Viola Dana, the Metro favorite. Not so very many years ago when both of her now-famed daughters were mere youngsters, the family was not any too well-to-do. Mrs. Mason took them to theatrical managers in New York and at length succeeded in sowing the seeds of their respective careers. Viola Dana, before her entrance into pictures, was nationally-known, together with Mary Miles Minter, for her work in the title rôle in "The Littlest Rebel," with Dustin and William Farnum on the stage. Shirley did "kid" parts for years. But all thru the earlier part of their lives it was Mrs. Mason who placed them, attended to their wardrobe and to the million other necessaries.

And now she, like other mothers of picture stars, is rewarded. Both her daughters have their name in electrics over feature-film productions. Shirley is happily married to Burney Durning, a big, good-natured actor who appears as the Billy-Sunday preacher in Allan Dwan's "The Scoffer." And Mrs. Mason, pretty, silver-haired and witty, has a suite entirely to herself at the Hollywood Hotel—precisely three doors down the hall from that occupied by the Durnings.

Priscilla Dean's mother, Mary Preston Dean,—her real name is Mrs. Mary Fitzpatrick,—herself not so long ago a well-known dramatic leading woman,—left the boards to become instrumental in aiding her daughter to achieve fame. And,—more secrets let out,—recent news calculated to thrill is that Priscilla has taken the bride's veil and is now Mrs. Wheeler Oakman.

Boston was the loser and Los Angeles the winner when Mrs. L. O. Frederick, mother of Pauline Frederick, the noted Goldwyn star, packed the family trunk and put the valuables into storage and went West to keep house for the former Mrs. Willard Mack in Beverly Hills And, to be the confidential advisor of her daughter.

The same applies to Mrs. Kennedy, the mother of Madge. When the Goldwyn studios were moved from Fort Lee, N. J., to Culver City, California, Mrs. Kennedy came to Los Angeles with the heroine of "Leave It to Susan," "The Wrong Door," "Strictly Confidential," and other screen comedy successes.

And,—soft pedal on this, please,—Miss Kennedy in private life is Mrs. Capt. Harold Bolster, the wife of an ex-Royal Flying Corps officer, who is now a Nassau Street broker in New York. Long-distance matrimony is *the* one particular *bete noire* of Miss Kennedy, and her mother finds herself incorporated, on the completion of each of her daughter's pictures, in a flying trip to giddy old Gotham for an entire family reunion.

Did it ever occur to you that Antrim Short,—the chubby romanticist who played opposite Viola Dana in "Please Get Married," and with Bert Lytell in "The Right of Way,"—is the real, flesh-and-blood brother of cute little blonde Gertrude Short of innumerable Lila Lee pictures? Quite so. Antrim and Gertrude have literally "grown up" together professionally. Their father, L. B. Short, himself is an actor, and they, as youngsters, played in pictures in New York when pictures were in their swaddling clothes,—even as far back as the old Cameraphone company and with Griffith at that "mother of the movies" plant, the old Biograph in New York.

And, as like is like, our two screen Japanese, Sessue Hayakawa and Tsuru Aoki, are happily married! Have been for years. Their artistic careers are closely inlaid, as it were, because neither ever takes a step without consulting the other,—even tho he may be the head of his own company and she, one of the principal Universal attractions. The Hayakawas are typically "associates in art." He writes poetry and plays; she sings lilting little songs and has mastered the technique of classical dancing. In addition, both are interested in the growth of Japanese dramatics in their own country, and it is their plan some day to translate Shakespere into Nipponese.

In the realm of the screen, brothers and sisters figure prominently in the life of their star-kin as business and personal representatives and as secretaries. For instance, Mae Allison's sister, Mrs. Latham, is her secretary. Thousands of "fan" letters have to be answered and photographs by the hundred sent out. It is this work that Mrs. Latham has taken charge of.

And, too, George Clayton, the younger brother of Ethel Clayton, is his sister's representative. Once I was sojourning in the publicity office at Lasky's. Enter George indignant because some cosmetician had insisted upon naming a vile-smelling perfume after his sister. It would be at once un-named, he informed those in the office. Miss Clayton knew nothing about the matter, but, nevertheless, it had come to *his* attention and he wished the manufacturers to consult him in the future.

"Do you ever get a thrill from reading your brother's letters?" I asked Eunice

(*Continued on page 93*)



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The STAR VIBRATOR *Electric Massage*

For Wrinkles, "Crow's Feet" *and* Dull, Colorless Complexions!

Gerry: The Woman

(*Continued from page* 63)

celled tresses an adjusting pat which was entirely unnecessary. All day she had been rehearsing for the première of her new opera, but she failed to appear the least ruffled or fagged.

In the winter she devotes her entire time to the opera and it is in the spring, summer and early fall that she and Mr. Tellegen live quietly in Hollywood, giving themselves to the screen.

Generally it is the incentive to accomplish something which urges us on, and I wondered what urge Gerry knew, when she has, so it would seem, reached the summits.

"I am striving to retain that which I have gained," she explained. "It is far more difficult to stay, as it were, than it is to arrive. At first one is a novelty, but when you have been recognized and accepted, you must prove your right to that which has been given to you. It has been said often before, but its triteness does not affect its truth—therefore, may I say it again?

"My voice and my ability are gifts with which I have been entrusted. My responsibility of caring for those gifts is indeed great—the responsibility of passing them on to my public is even greater."

She has not made desperate and frantic strives towards happiness. If it be true that she has sought it, then it has been unconsciously. There is nothing forced in her living or her manner, nor does she play at Pollyanna's "glad game," yet, she is supremely happy and it is her great sense of happiness which one carries away with him. There is a happiness within herself which shines out.

"Many of us," she said with her wonderfully brilliant smile, when we talked of happiness, "base our happiness on the wrong things—base it on worldly things. We are foolish. Such things are passing, and with them will go the very happiness they have brought with them. Take myself, just for instance. Always the public will not flock to see me. My very voice which gave me public favor in the first place, is not a thing to be relied upon. Nervous strain, worry or overwork might rob me of it before I could readjust myself—were my happiness based on that, then I should cease being happy. Oh, no. We were meant to be happy—every single one of us. But the fault lies within ourselves. We blindly call great things little."

She is earnest in her talking—sitting forward—trying hard to pass on any truths she feels she has come to know.

She was quite sure when I questioned her about it, that it is not the success she has won which has given her happiness, for she told me there was a time when money did not come as rapidly as there were needs for it. She told me of the time when she, in her early 'teens, was permitted to go abroad to study, knowing full well, that if there were not results at the end of a certain time, it would mean giving up everything for which she had dreamed and planned. And she was happy then.

"I feel that I was born with a happy disposition," she said. "My parents could have given me no greater heritage. I think it must be frightful to have to teach yourself to be happy."

Before she had come, her secretary had told me of her interest in the home; of how she arises early every morning so that she may plan her household matters for the day before giving herself to professional things—telling me of it in a way

which bespoke great admiration—in a way that became something of a tribute to her for whom she labored.

And when, during the evening, Miss Farrar evinced a pleasurable interest in the light refreshments which were served I remembered the secretary's words.

Gerry is the prima donna; Gerry is the cinema star . . .

But far and above that—Gerry is the woman—appreciative of the gifts which have been bestowed upon her, caring for them and loving them—but cherishing her womanhood—her wifehood, even more than these.

Cinema Relations

(Continued from page 92)

Kerry, Norman's little sister, who carefully tabulates his mail and sends out his photographs for him.

"Not at all," she remarked, "they're too many."

"And," I once asked Anita Stewart, "what's George doing?"

"Oh," she answered, "he's getting famous on the screen."

Which is the truth. George, her younger brother, is exactly his sister's opposite in appearance. Tall, very blond and heavily built. In addition, he's seventeen, but his sister tells me that he prefers to be known as nineteen. At any rate, he, too, has film aspirations, and Miss Stewart,—who is really Mrs. Rudolph Cameron, married to the man who was her former leading man, later her war idol and now her business manager, predicts that he's what is popularly termed on the Rialto as a "comer." Already he has appeared in support of Mary Miles Minter in "Anne of Green Gables," and of William Russell in several plays.

And his sister has expressed the hope that he will not remain an actor. She wants him to have a career, but she would prefer that he follow in the footsteps of her husband and forsake the Kliegs for a desk in a business office.

Wouldn't it be lovely to be born into fame? Think of the joys in store for Bryant Washburn's three children and for the two of Wallace Reid and Dorothy Davenport-Reid! And think how pleasant it must be to have a daddy like Will Rogers! Or like George Beban,—both of whom have cast their youthful sons in their picture support.

"Couldn't make pictures without him," said Will Rogers as he watched his progeny thespianize before the camera. "He and the leadin' lady are the only good-looking things in my plays."

But—

To make an endlessly-long story short, to minimize this tale of fond hopes, hubbies and hobbies, permit me to introduce ladies and gentlemen, the largest family working in pictures—the Kerrigans.

J. Warren, of course, you all know—and, of course, his sister, Kathleen, who plays Truth in "Everywoman." Perhaps you don't know, however, that Jack's mother, Mrs. Sarah Kerrigan, reads and selects all his stories for him, as does Wallace, his twin brother, is his studio manager. It was on account of Mrs. Kerrigan's health that Jack forsook "The Road to Yesterday" [illegible] company to become an Essanay player and, [illegible] able to have his own home, [illegible] has a bungalow in the Hollywood [illegible] which he built himself and which he calls Kerry Villa. Mrs. Kerrigan has always figured prominently in her son's career. Of [illegible] she used to write stories for him. As a girl she had considerable literary

(Continued on page 108)



Her Bridal Day

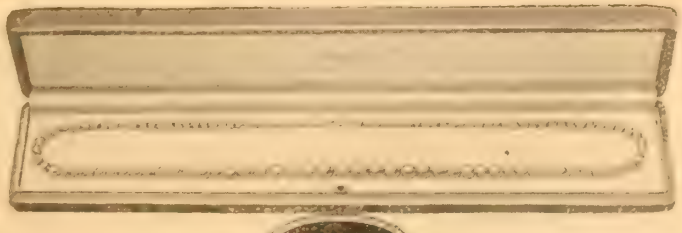
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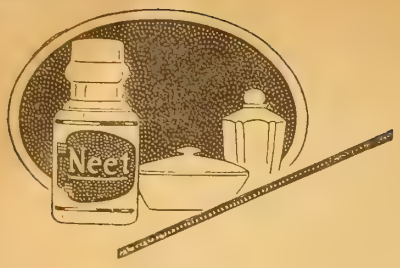
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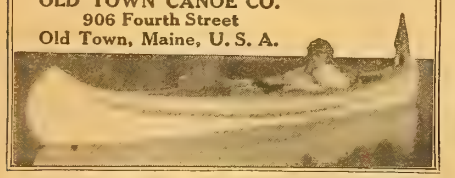
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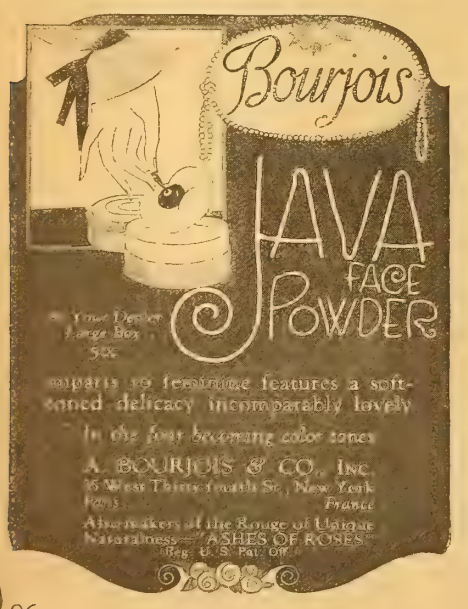
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Venus From Sweden

(*Continued from page* 53)

Anna Q. keeps the rose in the bud by a perfectly simple expedient. Also, she is learning French without any particular effort. In her bedroom is a large, square cabinet which looks like an ordinary packing-box enameled white. In the top there is a round hole perhaps five inches in diameter—just big enough to encircle the fair one's neck when she takes her steam bath on Thursday evenings. She has a Swedish masseuse come to her at such a time and the two renew memories of the land of the far north. While madame is massaging her, enter mademoiselle, the French teacher.

Between rubs, chafings and pokes by the masseuse, Anna Q. is acquiring the art of *parlez-vous,* and she's gotten so that she can ask you for a drink of water or tell you that your collar is dirty or that you've a fly on your nose in absolutely the most perfect Parisian.

Why the French, when it isn't necessary to screen personality?

Ah, but it is! Screen "personality" nowadays, says Miss Nilsson, is not the mere matter of a pretty face, as used to be the case. It is a matter purely of *brains*—and if you've the face, in addition, you're just that much better off. Therefore the French and a few other subjects that Anna Q. is working to acquire.

"And what about men?" I inquired. Being a mere male, I felt myself becoming fascinated by the blonde beauty in cerise. I registered a shock when I heard her remark:

"I hate them! No, I dont mean that—I hate the majority of them, because most men dont play fair. They take you to the theater and invariably want to kiss you good-night.

"Men nowadays have a naïve way of thinking that you're in love with them merely because you treat them civilly. If they do happen to marry you, they take you for better or for worse and keep a life-size picture of the divorce court framed and hung on the wall of their mind. They're like eggs—sometimes you get a good one, but you're always taking chances.

"*My* men friends at the studio are the property and camera boys. They all say, 'Hello, Anna Q.,' when I arrive, and none of them want to kiss me good-night when I'm thru for the day. They are typically 'good scouts,' and none of them take me seriously if I happen to joke with them.

"It is hard to be really in love. A love affair, you know, is a real masterpiece—and hardly any of the twentieth century males are capable of genius."

Ambitions are funny things. Take Wallace Beery's, for instance. Once he wanted to be a ragpicker—and now he's a high-priced character actor. Shirley Mason used to picture herself a candy-maker, with all the sugar in the world at her fingertips. Anna Q., however, says that she hasn't any secret, hidden, burning desire.

"I dont care to be a wonderful star. If I should happen to be wonderful, some one will find it out and *star* me. I'd naturally like to be in the galaxy, but I dont fret about it.

"Nor do I crave money. I dont give a snap for it, altho every day I'm more convinced of its necessity.

"I want happiness and *friends.* You find so few *real* friends. It would be wonderful if I had enough money to adopt some of those cheerless orphans I saw the other day; to make them happy by love and care, to bring sunshine into their darkened lives.

"I guess I have a real ambition, after all. I hope to see myself 'set' for about a year so that I can go back to Sweden for a while to see the old folks, get them just enough ground for a comfortable farm on which they can be happy, and give them everything they want. I'd like to bring them here, but they're too old to make the change and learn our language. They would never be happy."

Some time ago a producer wanted Anna Q. to drop the "Q" from her name. She refused, because she claims it's a part of her which she'll always keep.

It stands for Qvirentia—Querentia, as she's anglicised it.

Nearly ten years ago Anna Q., the young rosebud, lay hidden in the calyx of obscurity in New York, having come from Christiania to study. Her father wanted her to be a school-teacher, and she thought that she, too, wanted to be one. In New York she had to earn her own living. Penrhyn Stanlaws saw her, and she posed for him. At length, Alice Joyce, who was another artist's model, got into pictures at Vitagraph. The director wanted a pretty blonde and Anna Q. was sent for. She played in one picture and returned to her modeling.

Later, the same director, Kenean Buel, wanted a blonde beauty to play leads at Kalem. Anna Q. was again sent for—and she's been in pictures ever since. She thinks that "Regeneration" is one of her best screen efforts, and she'll always like her work in "Auction of Souls" and opposite Bryant Washburn in "Venus in the East."

A year ago she came West, having a contract with Allan Dwan, under which she has already been in "Soldiers of Fortune," "The Luck of the Irish" and "In the Heart of a Fool."

She's as Swedish as any Yonnie Yonson, and she is very proud of it. When you mention her native land her blue, lovely eyes light up and the marvelous pink of a Neyron rose flushes her cheeks.

She is typically a beautiful woman with the brilliance that we call "personality." Nearly ten years ago she deserted the model's platform for the shadow stage, but it has been only recently that Penrhyn Stanlaws ceased painting her face onto the shoulders of his other models. It was the fact that he could never seem to forget her "face" that keeps her on the screen and causes the multitude to regard her as the Venus from over the ocean.

The Stolen Kiss

(*Continued from page* 61)

came of opening the gate when the tide was at its flood . . .

She screamed, and all at once, some one else was in the garden and there was a swift sharp sort of tussle, and hot, muttered words, and then she was alone, quite alone, with Dudley Hamilt looking down upon her, his heart in his eyes.

"Did he . . . ?" he breathed, "did he dare . . . oh, my White Rose . . ."

"No," Felicia said, "no . . . no . . . Dear."

He bent toward her. She leaned toward him. The silver shift of the dreams they were weaving was mended . . . and whole . . .



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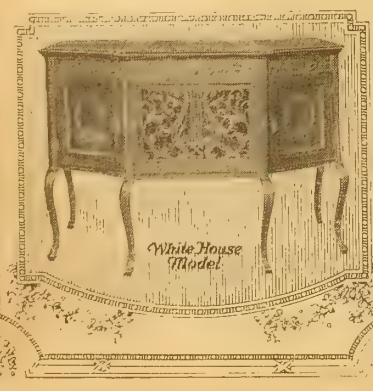
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Closing Date of Contest Extended

Greatest of All Popularity Contests Closes in September, Not June

THE great Popularity Contest is now, in every sense of the word, in full swing and the intense interest which is manifested in it by votes and letters from Canada, South America, Australia, New Zealand and from nearly every town and city in America is something of an inspiration to those who are handling the arrangements connected with it.

Practically all of the letters which have come in, attached to the votes, have commended the manner in which the contest is being conducted and many of them offer suggestions that are valuable. Another phase of these letters that is most interesting and gratifying is the wide-spread knowledge of the film world and motion picture activities which the writers display.

Each reader has his or her favorite screen artist and in the majority of cases sets forth very excellent reasons for the choice. They choose their favorites because of their dramatic capabilities or for their fun-making proclivities. Perhaps they choose a woman star for her wonderful and appealing beauty or a male favorite because of his rugged strength. With or without reason, each and every movie fan has one or more favorites.

And, too, the interest in this contest is greatly enhanced by the knowledge that it holds a two-fold advantage for our readers. Besides being an opportunity for boosting their favorite—the player who has given them the most happy hours—each reader also has the opportunity of winning one of the splendid and useful prizes, which are depicted and described in detail on another page.

Just as the contest was announced in the columns of our publications there was a great printers' strike which delayed issues and generally caused chaos and confusion. Due to this strike, and the irregularity with which the magazines have appeared on the stands during the last few months, despite every effort and great expenditure to have them on time, it has been decided to postpone the conclusion of this contest to September first instead of June first as originally intended. This means you have several more opportunities to boost your favorite star and also more chances to win one of the prizes which are offered. If you have not entered yet, do so now—add your vote to the hundreds which are pouring into our offices every day—by every mail.

Here are the results at the time that this issue of the magazine went to press:—

Among the stars of the fairer sex Mary Pickford leads with 12,875 votes, with Pearl White coming second with 10,240, and Norma Talmadge third with 9,487.

And among the male stars William Hart is first with 5,387 votes, Richard Barthelmess second with 4,284, and Wallace Reid third with 4,120.

Hereafter there will be a tabulation of all the players listed in the contest who have acquired a representative number of votes, and in this way you will be able to keep track of any special person in whom you are interested.

Remember—the contest does not close until September first—that gives you a number of months in which to boost your favorite!

A NATURAL RESULT

MISS GREEN—He received a false impression from the girl he was playing opposite to.

MISS WHITE—How did it happen?

MISS GREEN—He kist her freshly painted lips.

MONOTONOUS

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The June Classic

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The Mid-day Frolics—A remarkable story of the famous bathing girls of the films and where they come from. One girl out of 10,000 "makes" the bathing squad. Truman Handy tells all about it in the June CLASSIC.

The personality stories include Frederick James Smith's lively chat with Betty Compson; interviews with Seena Owen, Dolores Cassinelli, Clara Horton, Jack Pickford and other favorites. And the fictionized photoplays are the cream of the month's feature releases.



THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

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A Résumé of the Fame and Fortune Contest, Past and Present

(*Continued from page* 90)

the screen, and they returned to their homes, perhaps discouraged. They learned that beauty, grace and figure are not all that the screen requires, and that some of the most beautiful girls do not screen well, while many girls not so beautiful succeed, when their appearance in real life indicated that they would not. We have also learned that it is impossible to pick winners from mere photographs The photographers usually try to flatter people. This shows the injustice of any system which depends merely on photographs.

In several cases, the Editorial Committee, acting for the judges, wrote to contestants advising them to call at our office if convenient, and many did so. In some of these cases, the decision was favorable, while in others it was not.

This year, we have already adopted the system of having a moving picture camera on hand, and as the contestants appear and pass the preliminary tests, they are put before the camera and a test picture made to see how they photograph. If the committee thinks the contestant is not eligible, she is not invited to appear in a test scene, but her pictures remain in the contest nevertheless. Even if she does not pass the preliminary inspection, she still has a chance of winning the contest. Nobody is infallible, not even Mr. Griffith, and we oftentimes make mistakes. With all of the experience of ten years and all of our accumulated knowledge of stars, present and past, we do our best to give a verdict which will bear the test of the final review. It is obviously impossible to make a test of every one that comes. This would require a hundred cameras and operators and involve an expense of many thousands of dollars. Only those who seem "to have everything" are accepted for test scenes.

This year we are making a five-reel feature in which will be embodied the test scenes of the twenty-five Honor Roll beauties. This picture will be a drama and calls for a number of characters, other than the contestants themselves; hence we will make test scenes of girls, boys, young men and young women, and even of those much older, in order to see if they will fit into the cast. Before the year is over, we expect to have a classified list of screen possibilities of all types and all ages. We shall make this list available for the producing companies, and we hope in this way to find motion picture employment for many who would otherwise find no means of securing it We are confident that last year's contest has produced at least two stars who will be internationally known and admired and classed with any ten stars that might now be mentioned. If we accomplish no more than this, we believe that our work has been well done. This year we intend to do still more, and there seems to be no limit to the possibilities.

As to the play which we produced, "A Dream of Fair Women," it is now on the market. All theaters in the United States can show it if they want to. If you want to see it, all you have to do is to ask your exhibitor for it. If he does not know where he can get it, tell him to write or telegraph Murray W. Garsson, 1600 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. It is a two-reel picture of marvelous beauty and interest. You will see in it some

very pretty girls and some bits of excellent acting on the part of the young girls who had never been before a motion picture camera. You will see a few faces that you will think are not beautiful, but you will know that the photographs they sent to us were beautiful and that every one thought they would be screen possibilities. One or two were selected not because they were thought beautiful, but because they had screen personalities and were of a distinct type However, we want you to see this little play and judge for yourselves.

You will be doing a favor to your neighbors or distant friends by telling them about it so that they may enter the contest themselves or tell others. As the poet says, "Many a rose is born to blush unseen and waste its fragrance on the desert air," but with the Fame and Fortune Contest running, there is no excuse for any undiscovered Mary Pickford to say that she never had a chance.

See that your town or county is represented in this contest. It is quite possible that we shall make the Honor Roll this year fifty or more, instead of twenty-five.

Billings and Doings

(*Continued from page 73*)

took the scripts down to the Vitagraph studio, with an eye to selling them there personally. Someone, I think she said Sidney Drew, espied her and asked whether she was working or no—he meant at pictures. She said no He came back at her and told her to appear in his next. She did, and with the same promptitude became a member of the old original Vitagraph Stock Company.

The fact of that membership gave me insight into a vein of sentiment, along with, or underlying, the competence. She spoke of the Vitagraph stock, of the chummy days there, when the little band of them talked together, gathered in one another's dressing-rooms to sew or gossip, worked together—but always *together*, with all but tears in her eyes, (which are blue). She even went so far as to say that she has only recently reached the point where she *can* speak of those days without tears. "There was something about the bunch," she said; "we were just one big family. I was in a picture with Jimmie Morrison the other day, for the first time since we worked together at Vitagraph, and we spent the day in 'do you remembers?'"

We discussed men. At least, *I* tried to. Miss Billings seemed more or less disinterested. She intimated, (there was one of the race present, or the data might have been more exhaustive), that she did not feel any especial need of their company. She didn't know why. She just hadn't given the subject of men much thought. Too busy, for one thing, and then, she says, she has her mother, and they are pals sufficient unto themselves. "I think even my father gets a little bit jealous of us sometimes," she said.

I broached the one step further—marriage. It left her cold.

It isn't, either, the lack of the home-building instinct, because her beaded purse, (done in steel and dark-blue to accord with the gown she wore), was crowded with samples of rose brocades and other materials with which she and her mother are "doing over" their apartment, in the details of which she takes a very vivid interest. She was leaving, after our luncheon, to search for harmonizing rugs.

(*Continued on page 105*)



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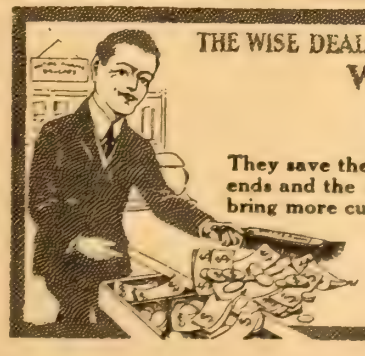
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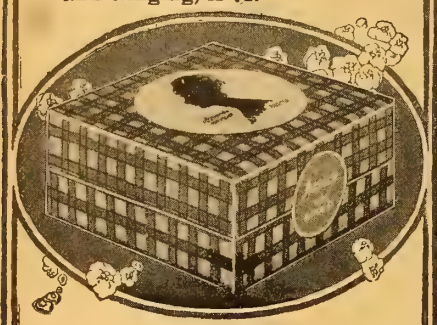
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Costuming

(*Continued from page* 45)

coloring, it at least has richness of tone. White is the only shade that does not take kindly to photography. It appears so harsh and glaring in the picture, that as a rule pale yellow or pale blue, or even a light shade of pink is substituted. Therefore, every costuming company has light yellow or blue uniforms on hand, and maids' aprons and caps of the same shade. Even the dress shirt of the leading man is thus camouflaged.

It is to be noted that all those costumes, (they are used for extras, mostly) are the property of the costuming company, and are only rented for a time to whatever film concern may need them.

Not so the costumes of the principals. While they supply their own modern garb, fancy or historical costumes are made to order for them, and no trouble or expense is spared. The director or his assistant to whose duties it may fall to produce a costume play, calls on the costumer, and together they consult such eminent authorities as Racinet, Fairholt and others. Each costuming house owns a comprehensive collection of such books. Should the desired costume not be found in them, why then the public library or the museums are the sources drawn upon.

When at last the proper design has been made and executed, and we see it on the screen, we can rest assured that it is an authentic reproduction of the costume of some far-off country or some long-forgotten period, and *not* the product of a designer's fancy. Therefore, aside from their dramatic worth such pictures as "The Fall of Babylon," or "The Birth of a Race" have an educational value all their own. "The Fall of Babylon," Griffith's super-spectacle, is a true picture of the dim and long-forgotten past; "The Copperhead," a new Paramount picture, gives an authentic portrait of life in the middle of the last century. That the spectator is able to forget the present and live again in the bygone days may be due to inspired acting, and careful directing, but a large share of the honors are due to clever costuming, without which the play would not be convincing, and the illusion spoilt. So let us give credit where credit is deserved.

And now a few words about the much harassed and never appreciated, but wholly indispensable wardrobe mistress, in this case the presiding genius of the Famous Players dressing rooms. She is—well—middle-aged, a wee bit querulous yet good-natured, also very competent and very, *very* energetic. And she could tell lots of interesting things about costuming, and of directors and stars, for who should know their foibles better than she? But then, she does not gossip, at least, not *much*. All we were able to get out of her was this:

"The directors? A pretty fussy bunch, *I'll* say. Go to untold trouble to get a certain costume and use it once. Then it goes to the stock room and is hauled out maybe once more for a mob scene. But that finishes it, for no director will use the same setting or costume twice, yet everything has *got* to be of the best."

"Oh, the work is interesting, all right, but mark my words, dearie, when anything goes wrong, why, it's the wardrobe lady that's to blame. Now, we have a gorgeous filet de Renaissance table-cloth, and Mr. Fitzmaurice wanted it for a real classy wedding-breakfast in an Elsie Ferguson production. The table was all set with cloth and china and everything, but, somehow, the wedding scene was delayed, and so we just covered it with some newspapers and let it stand. But along comes another director. He spies the table-cloth, helps himself to it, and from that moment on, why, it *aint* a table-cloth at all—but a bedspread. Of course, the blame falls on the wardrobe lady.

"Against the stars I have no kick coming. They are nice enough. The women? Well, let me tell you that Ethel Clayton would rather wear an evening gown than just shirtwaist and skirt and one of those tweed overcoats, but then, who wouldn't, with her looks?

"You ask, which is more particular about their costumes and make-up, the male or female stars? Oh, well—I'd hate to say what I think outright. I'll let you judge for yourself. When 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' was being made, the star, Mr. Barrymore, had to have a spider costume for one scene. Well, the costume was duly made, but we simply could not suit him with the fitting, so, when the time came for him to wear the costume, why, he had to be *sewed* into it, so that it would fit like a glove, and no wrinkle would show. And, who is to do that if not the wardrobe lady?

"But the queerest thing I ever did was make gold crowns for the rats in Marguerite Clark's picture, 'The Seven Swans.' *Some* job, you may believe me, and we had to fit the little beasts, too. Oh, well, the life of a wardrobe lady, etc . . . ! But it's all in the day's work."

The American Britisher

(*Continued from page* 47)

screen work at one and the same time.

"One has no time to live doing both," he explained. "We none of us know just how long the pleasure and enjoyment of the world is to be ours. I think I'll take my fun from day to day and be sure of it."

He is much younger than he looks on the screen and well-groomed as Englishmen are well-groomed—and he is never failing in his diplomacy.

He followed my suit and ordered ice-cream for dessert—ice-cream with a delicious chocolate sauce poured over it—another not-at-all British act. And again he assured me that ice-cream even on a cold winter's day in any hotel or restaurant was another thing keeping him in America.

He does not live in the city, but out on Long Island where he "sort of gets away from it all, dont you know,"—he *would* live out of town and I should say that it is in something of a gabled country house, with open fireplaces in most of the rooms, scores of books, pieces of old furniture—with well-trained servants—and there would be great dogs too—dogs of the chase.

Altogether an American Britisher is an excellent combination.

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Please Page Jimmie Morrison!

(*Continued from page 36*)

like Santa Claus, waiting for you. I'd had the grippe and it was my first appearance, so to speak. I spend a couple of weeks each winter with some malady, it seems. Last year it was influenza . . . Still, it gives one a chance to think, which is a chance seldom to be had in the rush and scramble of everyday. (I thought, this man *has* acquired philosophy, in his quiet sort of way. He doesn't rant. It isn't cant. He is able to transmute evil into some sort of good for himself which he, in turn, gives again to those with whom he comes in contact. There is, in him, a gentle sort of healing. He'll succeed in the only way success deserves the name—with *himself* first of all.)

INTERVIEWER (*musing on solitude and the-time-to-do-things*)—What *do* you do when you are alone, like that? Or nights, or off-hours?

MR. MORRISON (*modestly*)—I write.

INTERVIEWER—What sort of things? Plays, stories, scenarios . . .?

MR. MORRISON (*waving a disclaiming hand*)—Oh, *not* scenarios. Mostly short stories. Just things I feel and have observed, you know.

INTERVIEWER—What do you do with them? Dont you send them out for publication?

MR. MORRISON—No, I dont. I dont know why, except that, once they are on paper I seem to be satisfied and done with them. Perhaps . . . some day . . . At any rate, it's the thing I want to keep in my life, to fall back on when other things are done.

INTERVIEWER—What sort of screen work appeals to you mostly?

MR. MORRISON—Character work. I liked, immensely, my part in "Over the Top." Mr. Empey has a great sense of dramatic values. I loved, too, the old Vitagraph days and the people we had there. We were like a big family and we *knew* each other. It is essential, I believe, for two players to have a sense of each other, to "get" each other.

INTERVIEWER—The work *is* stimulating, too, isn't it?

MR. MORRISON—Yes, and in a very real sense. The movie public is a family public. They take a minute, a personal interest in the players. They follow them from day to day, from year to year. They talk them over around their dinner-tables and over their teacups. They bring them right into the family circle. One time, for instance, to show how very little escapes them, I omitted to wear this heavy signet ring in one picture. The number of letters I received concerning the omission was amazing. We are not personages to be viewed from the outside by our fans—we are *"just folks."*

(The sedulous waitress began removing the teacups, and the tea-drinkers gave way, leisurely, to the diners. The orchestra played, faintly, "Good-by." The Interviewer rose, reluctantly, and bade good-by to the young man with the mild gravity, the quiet humor, the quaint seriousness, the heart-warming cordiality and the unassuming simplicity, indicative of a veritable greatness of heart. The faint strains of Tosti's immortal farewell linger on the air, wistfully . . . and the incoming diners whisper, audibly, "There goes Jimmie Morrison . . .!"

[CURTAIN]

CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE

All who think Theda Bara our greatest "vamp" film star, say aye; all opposed, NO.

The EYES have it!

Billings and Doings

(*Continued from page* 101)

It isn't lack of sentiment, the Vitagraph stock, to wit, and still more conclusive as evidence, her deep love for her mother.

I said: "But suppose you fall in *love*—would it be *normal?*"

She smiled, rather enigmatically. "Oh, well," she said, "they tell me that if you fall in love—and I know that I am—*normal*——"

Perhaps it is her competence again. She is keenly intelligent, sincerely interested in and attached to her work. She is putting into that work her best effort and all of herself. Consciously, or it may even be *un*consciously, she is not going to permit of digression or distraction. She is not seeking, idly, for what she does not need. She has a modulated, efficient way with her which is all the better for her and for the lasting quality of her work.

In that work she wants to do all sorts of types, save, perhaps, the sinister woman working for evil against good. She wants to do the variant types for greater experience and for greater versatility and pliancy.

She is not a spectacular person.

She is the sort of girl you would wish your daughter to be. She is the product of a very fine finishing school and the social drawing-room. She is to the *manner* born. She has been abroad. She is an only child, and in fulfilling this precarious position, too, she has been competent, for it has given her, not dependence, but independence; not the quality of the clinging vine, but the more vital one of doing for herself. She is no drone in the hive and she would have no use for the drone. She is quietly assertive.

She will go thru life *doing* things. She will go thru life doing things *well*. Even—we wager this under our breath, and not on any account to be told to her—even . . . to falling in . . . love . . .

The Luck of the Irish

(*Continued from page* 56)

heaven" that shines from her dark-fringed eyes of Irish blue.

Florence Evelyn Martin was born in Dublin, Ireland, and is proud of it. She would rather have been born in Ireland, she says, than in any other country, even tho she lived there a comparatively short time. When very young she came with her parents to California and, surrounded by everything most beautiful in nature, grew to young womanhood. Being the possessor of an unusually beautiful voice, which had been carefully trained, and a latent talent for acting, she began her career in musical comedy.

There is one unusual thing about the stage and screen career of Florence Evelyn Martin. She has never, from the beginning, played second parts, always leading rôles. Her success in musical comedy was followed by even greater accomplishment in dramatic work, most notable of which was her two years in "Peg." (I hope she will forgive me for mentioning it again.)

"It's not that *I'm* tired of hearing and thinking about it," she said. "I enjoyed every minute of every hour of 'Peg'; in fact, I have had a wonderful time since my first stage appearance. The audiences and critics have been most kind. I have had few discouragements and few disappointments. But why talk about what I *have* done? The fans dont care about my past, do they? It's the future that counts."

Miss Martin drifted into screen work,

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For Boys and Girls Also

just naturally, she told me, as most stage people do, sooner or later and, as before, has played only leading parts. At this time she was working on the second of a series of six pictures in which she is co-starred with Guy Empey.

How did I like "Undercurrents," the last picture released, she wanted to know, and waited expectantly for my answer.

"It was very good for that kind of picture," I replied.

"There!" she exclaimed, "I knew you would say that. Every one does, but," with finality, "they are not going to say it about *this* picture, because it's not going to be 'that kind of picture.' Bolsheviki and anarchists and all manner of unpleasant things. 'Oil' is a story of American drama dealing with business life. It has a lot of humorous action, too, which pleases me greatly, as I love light comedy work and know I can do it," she said, with conviction.

"Not that I want to become a 'type' actress. I think light comedy is my forte—the thing I can do best—but I also like straight drama—and yes, I should like to do some society drama parts and have a chance to wear some nice gowns. Seems to me I always appear in rags and tags.

"Yes, quite likely I shall go back to the stage some day, but not until I have done something worth while in pictures. There is such a tremendous scope in screen work. Face to face with the camera, there is no way of concealing insincerities which on the speaking stage can be covered by the voice or the scenery or the illusions of the lights. When I realize that my pictures will be seen perhaps all over the world, by all classes of people, I am possessed with a great desire to live my characters.

"I am a firm believer in the gospel of work," she continued, "and, being Irish—and human—I believe in the gospel of happiness, and I believe that, to be really happy, there must be something to strive for. And nothing could make me happier than to know that thru the medium of the screen I can make people just a little happier, help them to keep faith—to believe that somewhere there is a power that will make things come right for us.

"Does that sound 'preachy'? Well, I always did have ideals and would like to keep at least a few of them."

When Florence Evelyn Martin dropped me from her car at the subway and I went my separate way, I thought of many things; her irrepressible Irish humor, yet atmosphere of perfect calm. Her spontaneous enthusiasm, yet repressed force of personality that will allow no obstacles to stop her progress. Most of all, I thought of her as a vividly interesting and interested person whom one loves to meet and to remember.

THE QUESTION

By S. KING RUSSEL

I had a movie man to film
My wedding day divine,
The bridal kiss, oh, nuptial bliss,
The wedding cake and wine.
The sacred roll of celluloid
I safely laid away,
To bring me tender memories
At some much later day.

Four years ago this happened,—
Three kiddies now are shown
The movies of our wedding
On evenings we're alone.
But Jimmy, who is two years old
And doesn't understand,
Lisps, "Who's that funny man in black?
He's holding mamma's hand!"

The Memento

(*Continued from page* 41)

black again, and white, white. And neither color was all black or all white, but a little bit of both, no matter where you find them. You were right. After awhile, I didn't feel sick any more. I felt steady and sure and sort of glad. I packed my things and took the next train back. *Back home.*"

Lynette had been following the narrative with gasps and inhalations and gestures. Rosalie, she felt, was epochal.

"What," she asked, "are you going to do *now?*"

Rosalie opened her eyes very wide. "Haven't you guessed?" she demanded. "Gee, I am some story-teller! I'm going to double with Brad, of course . . . on the boards . . . and *off*. We fixed it up at the station."

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page* 76)

adopted. On the same trip is a girl who has embarked to escape the advances of a wealthy villain. She is pursued from port to port, however, and it falls to the good luck of the Irishman to protect her. In the end his devotion wins her love. James Kirkwood, who has been spending his time directing, is virile and ideally portrays the rôle of the Irishman and Ward Crane is excellent as the wealthy good-for-nothing. Anna Q. Nilsson is beautiful to look at, but as cold as chiseled marble

THE WALK-OFFS—METRO

May Allison is the lovely star of this satirical society drama taken from the play by the famous Hattons. It is a dainty picture, well produced thruout, but depends for the larger part of its comedy on exaggerations of social foibles. Darrell Foss gives an excellent characterization of the brother who is poor in everything except name, while Miss Allison is as beautiful and pleasing as ever.

TWO WEEKS—FIRST NATIONAL

Here is a delightful story of a chorus girl and I heartily recommend it to those narrow-minded persons who think all chorus girls are perfect "devils." This one just manages to scrape along in a cheap flat with three other girls who are out of jobs. A theatrical producer falls very much in love with our chorus girl and offers to star her. She makes good and then he, thinking he is going to collect his price, invites her on a house party. Her suspicions are aroused and she runs away on their way to the lodge. She takes refuge in a house inhabited by three famous women-haters and the way she conquers them and wins the love of the youngest is one of the most pleasing parts of the play. Constance Talmadge makes the whole a mighty enjoyable performance. George Fawcett is simply capital as the old woman-hater who falls first, and Conway Tearle is a romantic, if gloomy, lover.

THE WOMAN IN THE SUITCASE—PARAMOUNT

Here at last seems to be something new in the way of plots. A young girl, just home from boarding school, discovers that her adored father is carrying on an intrigue with a flashy woman. As she sees her mother left alone night after night, she is filled with rebellion and determines to cure her father. So she advertises for an escort and with his help meets the nefarious woman. When the father discovers his daughter as the pal

(*Continued on page* 110)



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Tones of Lavender

(*Continued from page* 31)

Pickford's!' Mother has always taken care of it for me and I am helpless without her. Last summer when I made my first trip to New York with Blanche Sweet, I was afraid every minute that it would tumble down, for all I could do was to double it up and stick in all the pins it would hold. You could have traced me by the trail of hair pins I left behind.

"Clothes are my favorite luxury and my greatest extravagance," calmly admitted Mrs. Chaplin. "Yesterday, Mary Pickford and I spent the whole day among the shops and had a beautiful time. We found an adorable imported white silk organdy, all hand-embroidered, that we both wanted, so we flipped a penny and I won, Mary buying a lovely green one instead."

Despite her love for pretty clothes, she confessed that she enjoyed playing a part in rags, and I suspect that she welcomed the opportunity for winning on the merits of her work rather than on her looks. As I watched her in her faded gingham, I realized that this young beauty, with her freshness, daintiness and sweetness, could never be submerged by surroundings any more than can the orchid, whose wondrous colors she loves so well.

"Oh, look at those dear babies, the *darlings!*" Mildred exclaimed, rapturously, as she drew back the lavender net curtains for us to see the group of thirty children playing in the sunshine, waiting for the scene in which they were to appear.

The grey eyes seemed to be wistfully questioning the great problem of life, for she cannot forget the tragedy that robbed her of her baby last summer. Turning to her dressing-table, Mrs. Chaplin picked up a frame containing the picture of a cherubic infant, telling me he had been born in the next room at the hospital the very hour her son arrived, and how she had found comfort in borrowing him every day after hers had passed away.

"He is so sweet," she murmured, holding the frame toward the light for me to see the tiny features. "I am crazy about little Micky Moore, too, who played with me in this picture, we had lots of fun together, and oh, I *adore* Mae Marsh's little girl. She has the rosiest cheeks and laughs all the time!"

Mildred Harris Chaplin is a true daughter of the West, for she was born in Cheyenne, Wyoming. Her father being a railroad man, she journeyed thru several sections of the country before finally arriving in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Harris recalls that it was at the age of four that Mildred announced to a small companion that she was going to be an actress like Lillian Russell when she grew up, this star being the one most frequently mentioned by her mother.

When the little girl was seven she began studying fancy dancing, appearing in many public entertainments, and at nine she danced at the fashionable Maryland Hotel in Pasadena.

After making a picture with Vitagraph, Thomas Ince gave her a prominent part in "The Pride of the South," and for the next three years she was the golden-haired, angel-faced foil for the villains in this producer's pictures.

At fourteen, she became a member of D. W. Griffith's stock company and played in a number of notable productions, among them being "Enoch Arden," in which she played Lillian Gish's little girl. "This was such a joke," laughed Mildred, "for Lillian, Dorothy and I were devoted chums and we had great fun over our rôles.

"Then, about the time that Mr. Griffith went to Europe, Lois Weber was planning to make, 'The Price of a Good Time,' and after testing over 200 girls for the part she selected me. I was just sixteen and felt very proud to be playing a lead. This was followed by 'The Doctor and the Woman,' and 'For Husbands Only,' in which I had a chance to give a fancy dance, which I enjoyed."

The glamour of romance hovers about this young girl who is standing upon the threshold of a most brilliant future, for she is now being starred by Louis B. Mayer, and her years of splendid training are reaping their harvest. She prefers heavy drama, being of a quiet, serious temperament, and seems to be perfectly satisfied to leave the comedy field to her famous husband, for to be a true biographer, I should add that this little star became the bride of the one and only Charles Chaplin in 1918.

As she sipped a glass of malted milk before going over to the set to make her scenes, she chatted of her pleasures.

"I like to swim and dance and ride, and once in a while I am brave enough to venture up in an aeroplane. We spend every week-end with Douglas Fairbanks in his Beverly Hills home. Mr. Chaplin gave him a canoe for Christmas and we have great sport paddling about the swimming pool. In the evenings we have a picture show, for Mr. Fairbanks has a screen and a projecting machine.

"This is the way I rest, for in spite of mother's protest about my not realizing the value of time, my hours are long and often the work is hard, but oh, I love it, and hope to climb to the very *top!*"

And Mildred Harris Chaplin's lovely face registered many emotions, as she voiced her ambition.

Cinema Relations

(*Continued from page* 95)

ability, and she is now his scenario editor. Occasionally she follows the making of an entire picture, suggesting changes in the story or, perhaps, adding original touches. She is tall, aristocratically slender, with marvelous Irish eyes, expressive like Warren's.

Nazimova and her husband, Charles Bryant, are the most talked-of personages in the Western picture colony. Hardly ever does either make a public appearance. Mr. Bryant, however, aside from being her husband, is also her business manager, her leading man, and scenario writer. He has written the scripts of all her plays,—"The Brat," "Stronger Than Death," "The Red Lantern," "Out of the Fog," and "Redemption."

The Bryants live a quiet, secluded life in their beautiful Sunset Boulevard home, madame, in her leisure hours, playing with her parrakeets, reading plays and performing her favorite pastime,—"vamping" her husband. To her, he is just a "big boy,"—and to him, she is the most wonderful person alive.

And, so endeth the chapter on Relatives. The photo-famous have quite as many as the rest of us, and there is only one difference. If you have a little Film Fairy in your home, you've simply *got* to forget about everything but said F. F., because, if you dont it's a cinch that some money-grabbing manager with his finger on his pocketbook will sign her up for only $10,000 a week when she should, by rights, get $12,000,—and then you'll spend the rest of your life hearing about how two thousand ducats went astray.



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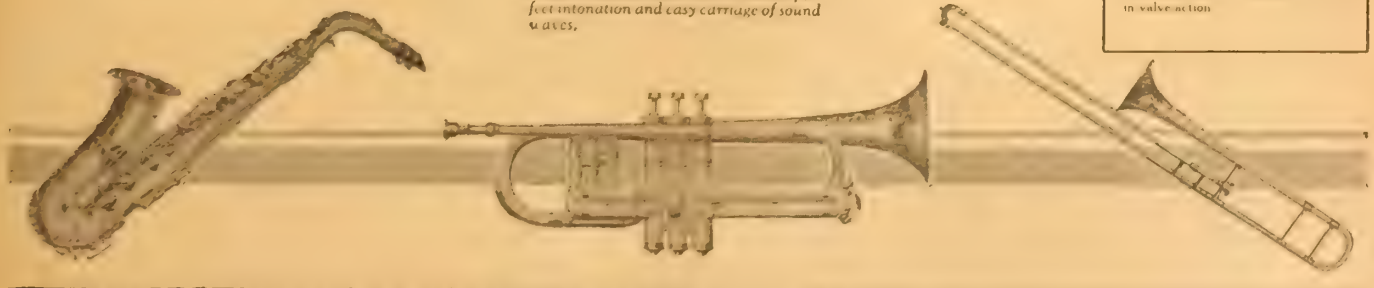
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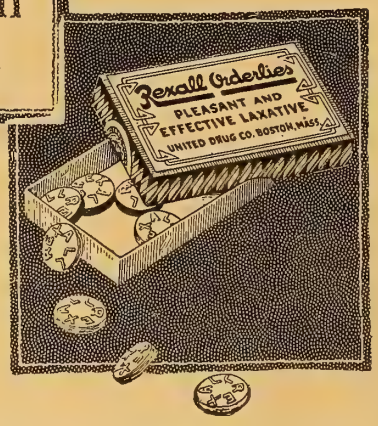
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Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page* 107)

of the woman, and apparently intoxicated, he is incensed, filled with remorse and turns his steps homeward for good and all. Such is the bare plot which Fred Niblo has embellished with a wealth of reality. Enid Bennet is satisfactory as the daughter and Claire MacDowell splendid as the mother.

DOUBLE SPEED—PARAMOUNT

This is my idea of a truly original, peppy, entertaining and wholesome movie. Wallace Reid is in great danger of becoming more popular than ever if he continues to decorate such comedies as these and little Wanda Hawley is intensely likable. The tale concerns the adventures of a rich young chap who starts West in his de luxe motor car, camping on the way. While he sleeps one night, tramps rob him of the car and everything he possesses excepting a blanket and his watch. A kindly, poor family, in a Ford, carry him the rest of the way, but when he arrives in Los Angeles in his borrowed clothes his bankers wont recognize him and he is forced to pawn his watch, which he does under an alias. Shortly after his purchase of a suit of good clothes he bumps into a girl driving his car. She mistakes him for a chauffeur and engages him on the spot. From that time on the fun and complications wax greater and greater until the mystery of his identity is successfully cleared up after their elopement. Theodore Roberts and Tully Marshall aid in some of the finest comedy moments.

THE FEAR MARKET—REALART

Somehow this picture wholly lacks charm, altho it has Alice Brady as its star and a fairly unusual plot. The plot deals with the owner of a scandal-newspaper which demands bribes of people to keep their "skeletons" dark. The daughter of the owner is the one who finally runs him to earth. A small love story is twisted in. Miss Brady acts well, as always, but she has grown so painfully thin it worries one to look at her. The rest of the cast is good.

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES—REALART

I have read so many adverse criticisms of this picture that I cannot resist putting in my little oar and pulling the other way. Orphan stories have perhaps had an overrun and so I can see where the first of this might have benefited by a careful cutting down. But to my mind the last two reels, where Anne grows up and carries the whole burden of the household on her slender shoulders, makes the whole worth while sitting thru. Mary Miles Minter is lovely in this episode, which augurs well for her brilliant future. She should, however, be careful to avoid any suggestion of affectation in her portrayals; her very sincerity, for Miss Minter is a very sincere little girl, may have brought up this difficulty.

THE SHARK—FOX

George Walsh in a melodrama which really thrills and has some excellent atmosphere. Most of the scenes are in a slum dive and on a sort of pirate ship. George is kept busy rescuing a fair maiden who came to the dive with a crowd of sight-seers. The water stuff is well done and George puts lots of punch into the picture . . . and the players. Dell Henderson directed, and with the exception of having one too many heads busted in on the ship, did well. The girl was Mary Hall.

A DAUGHTER OF TWO WORLDS—FIRST NATIONAL

This is the best recent Norma Talmadge release I have seen for some time. Not only does she screen better than she has lately, but the story seems to give her better opportunities to display her very real talent. You are nearly all familiar with the story, which ran in one of the widely read magazines, but its great interest lies in the fact that you so intensely hope that Jennie will go on up in the world as she does finally. Miss Talmadge's support is good.

A GIRL NAMED MARY—PARAMOUNT

This picture presents a very interesting study in the psychology of three feminine natures. We have, first of all, the rich mother who lost her little daughter and has spent all the succeeding years searching for her. We have the foster-mother, a poor woman, who has given of the labor of her hands and the devotion of her heart thruout the years to the little girl she thought was her sister's child, and finally we have the girl, Mary, who fights loyally for her foster-mother and the working class she had been raised in against the instinct of blood and wealthy society. All three are remarkably interesting studies, and their clashes of love, pride, and class antagonism are splendidly and logically worked out. In the end we are all made happy by the only possible solution of the problem, Mary's marriage to a young man well liked by both mothers. Thus, neither woman loses the pivot about which her life has been wound. I considered Kathlyn Williams' portrayal of the wealthy mother, so finely wrought as to be almost a classic in screen history; the lowly mother is also excellently played, as is also the successful suitor, by Wallace MacDonald. Marguerite Clark is indeed fortunate to be blessed with such a splendid story and cast.

LOOT—UNIVERSAL

No psychology hampers the full-blooded action of this silent melodrama. It is, of course, the story of a preposterous robbery. Such criminals, slinking in and out of doorways, such slugging and dens and heroics! But the very viciousness of the action elicits a Diamond-Dick attention from the audience. Darrell Foss is decidedly pleasing as the young hero; Ora Carew, slightly thinner than in her comedy days but splendidly dramatic, shows great potentialities as the heroine; the others in the cast are guilty of my pet aversion—obliviousness.

TWELVE TEN—REPUBLIC

Marie Doro and Herbert Brenon went abroad with the highest artistic aspirations for this contribution to the flickering shadows. The best I personally can say for it is that it is a shadow. And what a shadow, of terror heaped upon terror, of horror and demoniac furies and bestial outbursts. After viewing it I felt a vast depression; surely then, this is *not* a work of art, for art should uplift. Personally I admire Miss Doro, but her intellectual attributes and her histrionic ability are practically nil here. As the poor Parisian child, whose grandfather commits suicide, she was at her best; for the rest, and the truth hurts, I grew frightfully tired of seeing her huge eyes open wider and wider with terror. Miss Doro herself is beautiful; in this picture her fragile loveliness is almost lost by grotesque and heavy, over-emphasized make-up of eyes and mouth. The Doro hair will always be poorly groomed, I suppose; 'tis a pity! The remainder of the cast are English or



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French actors, I know not which, but they serve their ends well enough.

THE CUP OF FURY—GOLDWYN

A Rupert Hughes novel translated in celluloid, but one which unfortunately deals with German spies in whose fate we now have a supreme indifference, where once we might have been superbly aroused. The production is splendid thru-out, the ship-yard scenes being especially accurate.

A DAY'S PLEASURE—CHARLES CHAPLIN

By the time you read this, you will undoubtedly have seen Charlie Chaplin's latest million-dollar comedy and I am sure you will agree with me that in his seasick scene he has erred on the side of poor taste and has given us a scene of vulgarity such as comedies were happily getting away from Really enjoyable, however, are the Ford episodes, both the start for the day's outing and the truly humorous home-coming. It is high time our best comedian took to hustling out another comedy as good as "Shoulder Arms." He can if only he will.

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE—REALART

Allan Dwan has made one fatal mistake in producing this, his first independent venture. He has turned out a panorama of enormous proportions filled with innumerable incidents, but he has failed to make the life or death of any one character of vital importance to the audience. We greet the introduction of each new personage with an indifference which cannot be conquered, for their personalities are lost sight of in their numbers and scenery Captain Stuart, played by Philo McCullough, touches our sympathies the closest.

VICTORY—M. TOURNEUR, ARTCRAFT

The filming of Conrad's novel, "Victory," has been well done by Maurice Tourneur. It is far from a pretty bon-bon picture, but it is a virile, dramatic production. Seena Owen is amazingly beautiful as the girl and displays an unsuspected dramatic power. Jack Holt is also excellent in the hero rôle, while Bull Montana is nothing less than awe-inspiring.

JUBILO—GOLDWYN

Have you ever felt a real antipathy, have you ever been sure you would dislike something? Well, that was the way I felt about going to see Will Rogers in "Jubilo." Will Rogers, homely Will Rogers on the screen! . . . . Impossible, his place was on the stage . . . so ran my thoughts . . . and in a rural play—rural plays bore me to death . . . theoretically. So it was that I wended my way to "Jubilo" in anything but a propitious state of mind. And in spite of all this Will Rogers, yes, homely Will, hadn't been on the screen two seconds before I had completely capitulated. Where did he learn it, that wonderful mastery of humor and pathos? "Jubilo," while possessing no wonderful plot, no handsome actors, no unusual scenery, will hold you entranced until the very last flicker. Goldwyn should be congratulated for putting forth a real work of art and Will Rogers . . . three cheers for Will . . . and next time I am going to see him with alacrity and not as a painful duty.

THE FEUD—FOX

Another surprise, in fact half a dozen of them, greeted me during "The Feud." In the first place, Tom Mix gives a delightful characterization of a Southerner which depends not at all for its appeal upon his erstwhile thrilling stunts. Next, the story of a Southern feud, instead of turning out conventionally as everyone might expect, suddenly twists and holds

the audience in suspense until the happy finale is reached with the second generation. Edward Le Saint has directed the whole with a true, keen and artistic eye. Eva Novak is a new and pleasing screen acquaintance in my sight

SCARLET DAYS—GRIFFITH

To the unbiased reviewer, D. W. Griffith's productions are either wonderful or irritating. "Scarlet Days" has a little of both qualities. Carol Dempster is the irritating personality with her exaggerated jumping about. She is annoying to me on the screen. Just the reverse may be said of Clarine Seymour, who seems brimming over with electrical fascination. She seems to be fashioned of a thousand magnets. I am not competent to judge the merit of the story, it being on of the olden days in the West before I was born, but I did find the plot interesting in spite of the usual Griffith hammering down of doors that a man may devour a woman. Dick Barthelmess is hampered in his portrayal of a bandit by his height. Ralph Graves is splendid in a too slender part.

THE BELOVED CHEATER—GASNIER

I think every follower and lover of the movies will agree with me when I say that I *adored* "The Beloved Cheater." Seldom has the screen been blessed with such a lovable sinner, such a delightful male flirt who just cant help it. At last we have a hero who possesses faults as well as virtues. Lew Cody dresses the part perfectly. Doris Pawn, Eileen Percy and the whole production are good for bored eyes.

Alice Lake, the Many-Sided

(Continued from page 43)

"It must be that the dramatic strain is stronger in you than the comic," we ventured. "And yet you make them laugh in comedy."

"Yes, and I enjoyed it," answered Alice frankly. "It was lots of fun, of course. But something kept calling me to the drama. I wanted to portray the serious side of life as well as its frivolous moments—but I hardly dared to dream that I would be as successful as my friends are generous enough to tell me I have been.

"It was all quite a surprise. After an apprenticeship of two years with Vitagraph I graduated to leading parts in comedy. Then I got the chance to play opposite Herbert Rawlinson in his crook drama, 'Come Through.' That whetted my appetite for drama. Following that, however, the fact that I had to meet the high cost of living took me back to fun-making until the day I received word from the Metro studios that Maxwell Karger, director-general, wanted to see me.

"I went to the studios and Mr. Karger bluntly informed me that I could have the part of Mary in 'Blackie's Redemption,' as Bert Lytell's leading woman. My heart jumped at the chance, but my professional instinct told me not to appear too anxious. I think I did more real acting then, in the few minutes of that interview with Mr. Karger, than I have ever done on the screen.

"You see, it was so hard to seem disinterested. But I managed to conceal my intense elation, and took the part."

The rest is motion picture history. Alice Lake proved to be a Metro "discovery" from the moment she played her first scene in that picture. Bert Lytell, although a young man in years, is a veteran in point of stage experience. Starting at seventeen, he had spent more than ten years in stock companies before he became a screen star.

"Alice is a trouper," he remarked, with

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really *can* and simply *haven't found it out?* Well, come to think of it, most anybody can *tell* a story. Why can't most anybody *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of To-morrow.



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Miss Helene Chadwick, versatile screen star, now leading lady for Tom Moore of Goldwyn Film Company, says: *"Any man or woman who will learn this New Method of Writing ought to sell stories and plays with ease."*

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. *Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer?* Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the Imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!

"Of all the compositions I have read on this subject, I find yours the most helpful to aspiring authors."—Hazel Simpson Naylor, Literary Editor *Motion Picture Magazine.*

"With this volume before him, the veriest novice should be able to build stories or photoplays that will find a ready market. The best treatise of its kind I have encountered in 24 years of newspaper and literary work."—H. Pierce Weller, Managing Editor *The Binghamton Press.*

"Mr. Irving certainly has made story and play writing amazingly simple and easy. Just as you say, I have read books, courses and correspondence home method of story writing."—Alfred Hortis, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

"When I first saw your ad I was [illegible] for [illegible] already having worked with two [illegible], I [illegible] my money to [illegible] with my [illegible]. So I sent your [illegible] that I could [illegible] Method of Writing. [illegible] I received [illegible] I enrolled at once. I received [illegible] I [illegible] enough [illegible] of which sold for [illegible] the other for [illegible]. I am certain [illegible] that I owe it all to the [illegible] course."—Helen Kinder, Atlantic City, N. J.

But two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard turns out to be only as easy as it seemed difficult.

The trouble is of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. The greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they *really learn to write* from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you'd be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't I learn to write?" *Who says you can't?*

Listen! A wonderful *free* book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about the Irving System—a Startling, New, Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called *"The Wonder Book for Writers,"* shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't *dream* they can write, could only find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless gold-mine of ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you *are* a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to *win!*

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the admiration of the professional connoisseur. "She can act. Watch her go up the ladder."

Then, after two more productions, Miss Lake gave her memorable performance of Norah, the office assistant, in "Lombardi, Ltd.". In this she revealed herself as one of the finds of the year.

"What is your secret of success?" we asked Miss Lake, as she sat watching the dressing of the set—watching with the avid eyes of one who begrudges missing the slightest detail.

"Hard work—and lots of it," she replied quickly. "It hasn't been easy. I fairly live my life in the studio, and carry my parts home with me, to turn over in mind during my waking moments and to dream about when I sleep. I dont know of any easy road to success, do you?"

We had heard of easy roads, but we forebore to mention them.

So we answered, "No, indeed."

And after we had reluctantly parted company with vivacious and conscientious little Alice Lake—youthful mistress of the story emotions—we looked back and saw many spots in our own career that would have been smoothed over by hard work.

But it's too late now for us. With Alice Lake it is different, for she has hitched her wagon to a comet.

The Great Accident

(*Continued from page 72*)

red-eyed, often dusted his old room and surreptitiously filled the vase on the table with flowers. And Joan Arnold watched the tall, straight young figure stride by, walking always steadily now, and flushed divinely, and went to sleep sometimes o' nights whispering his name.

The real biography of Wint Chase's administration lay in the hearts of three girls. Of these Agnes Caretell was one, tall, dashing Agnes with the Titian hair and the clothes that were the envy as well as the scandal of the town girls. Agnes was used to the gaieties of the capital and was willing that every one should know it. She patronized Hardison, and meekly Hardison accepted its own unworthiness of the hair, the décolleté gowns, the little airs and graces fresh from Washington.

"You oughtn't to hide in this little place, Wint," she told him one evening as they came into the drawing-room from dinner. She looked up at him under arch lashes with what she considered a provocating air—Wint was certainly handsome in decent clothes! After all, she might do worse. With her father back of him he could be a senator in time. She gave a little scream, and reaching out, clutched his arm. "I've got something in my shoe! O-o-o!"

She took off ner slipper, shook it daintily and put it on again, taking her time about the operation. Agnes had a very pretty foot, and knew it. Amos Caretell sauntered in at the most interesting point and gave his daughter a cynical smile that caused her to flounce angrily out of the room. Wint felt red-eared and strangely guilty, tho he was vague about the cause. He was always studiously polite to Agnes, which alone ought to have told that designing young woman that her plans in regard to him were hopeless.

"Dont blush, my boy," Caretell said kindly, "it's Aggie that ought to do the blushing. Girls these days—but you've got other plans, eh, Wint?"

The boy met his eyes straightly. "I've always cared for Joan Arnold, sir," he said slowly. "I've lost her, I guess, with my worthlessness, but I still care."

"H-m-m!" said Amos. He was disappointed. Agnes was too much for him, he often confessed to himself with a sort of terror. He would have given much to have seen her safely married to this clear-eyed youngster before him. But he did not refer to the matter again. Amos was a good enough politician to know when he was beaten. Instead he turned the conversation to the next election. "It's never too early to begin making plans, you know," he reminded Wint, "and if you carry this prohibition enforcement business thru you'll make some mighty fine enemies. But so long as they haven't got anything on you they cant hurt you. Remember that, my boy. Never let the other fellow get anything on you . . ."

Wint was to remember that later when his shrewd friend and patron had left him to his own devices and gone back to Washington. His dry measures aroused first, hilarity, then uneasiness, then rage. The friends and companions of the old disreputable days tried pleading, tried bullying, and at last fell back on open threats. Kite and Carter Routt were especially bitter, tho the former showed it and the latter concealed it under a plausible friendliness. "Just leave it to muh!" he boasted among the discomfited. "Once Wint gets a drink or two into him he'll forget this honesty-best-policy stuff, and if the public once sees the mayor stewed he'll lose out come November. Leave it to muh!"

But, try as he would, Routt could not coax nor tempt Wint into taking a drink. "You were right, Cart," he told him grimly, "the only safe thing for me—is to leave it alone."

The saloons were closed, the back room of the Drummers' Hotel knew its old frequenters no more and the Weaver House was raided and put out of business. The drinkers of Hardison nursed their thirst, muttered threats and bided their time, and the fourth of November drew nearer.

It was about this time that Hetty Morfee, defiant and frightened, came to the Mayor's office. "I'm fired," she told Wint abruptly; "your ma called me a name and I guess it fits me all right, but it fits somebody else too. And *he* is still good enough for anybody to marry, while *me*—" and she burst out crying, dreadful tearing sobs that shook Wint's heart. When she grew calmer she told him why she had come. "I've got to get out. I cant face it here where everybody'll be watching and whispering, and I—I haven't any money to get out with—"

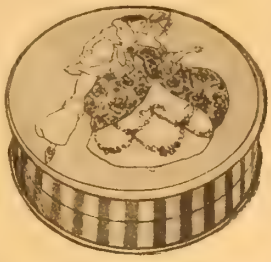
Wint scrawled in his check-book and passed the slip of paper into her hand. "I wish I could do something else, Hetty," he told her, honestly. But tho he thought sometimes of poor Hetty and her trouble, he never remembered the check again. That is, until it was brought back to mind vividly, some months later when, on the eve of election, Kite, Routt and several other citizens who had no love for him paid Wint Chase a visit, and told him boldly that unless he withdrew from the race they would publicaly disgrace him by revealing him to Hardison as the father of Hetty Morfee's child.

"Hell! What do we care whether it's the truth or a lie?" Kite snarled in answer to Wint's protests. "We got the check you wrote for her, aint we? And that's good enough proof for us, and for the town too! And now are you going to get out quietly or be kicked out at the polls?"

Wint rose, a figure of wrath that made several of the visitors back precipitately toward the door. "It's you that are going to get out!" he thundered. "Tell all the dirty lies you want to! I'm in the ring and I'm in it *to stay!*"

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by

EUGENE V. BREWSTER

Editor-in-Chief of

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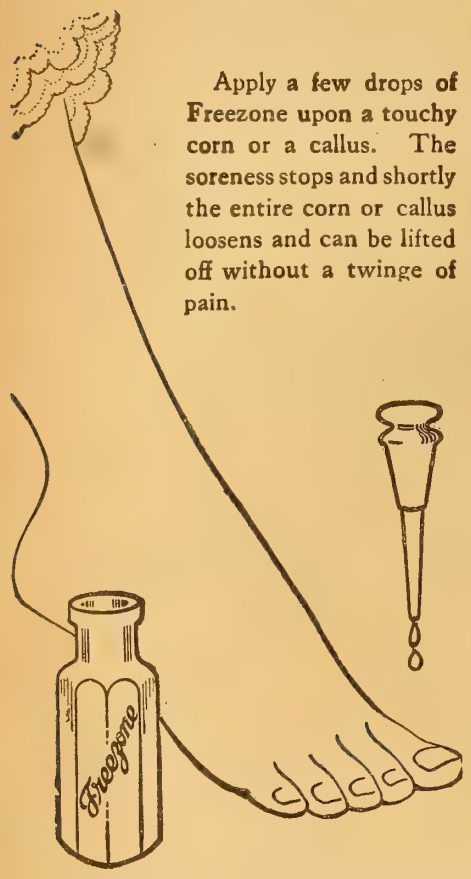
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But after they were gone he faced the thing grimly and knew that they held the winning cards. As far as he could see he was beaten, and not only beaten but disgraced, just as he had come to feel the respect of his townspeople the most precious thing in life—save one. It was that one other thing that brought him to Joan Arnold, very white, very much a man as he looked down into her shining eyes.

"I sort of hoped I'd be coming to you another way, Joan," he said slowly, "with laurels, you know and that sort of thing. But I'm afraid this is the last chance I'll have to come to you at all," and then he told her everything, simply, without protestations or pleas. "I didn't do it. But they'll believe I did—it's the sort of thing that people do believe. I'm done for in Hardison day after tomorrow, Joan. But I wont play the coward's part by running away now."

She touched his clenched hands with soft finger-tips. "No, you cant run now." Her voice was strangely glad. "Somehow I dont believe lies *can* hurt you so, Wint. But—if they do—there'll be one person who *knows*. And—now—is that all you came to say—Wint dear?"

The man set his teeth into his lip so that it cut thru. He held his big hands sternly at his sides. "It's all I've got the right to say, Joan," Wint groaned. "I've got no future here or anywhere. I'd be as bad as they say I am if I said anything more—now."

And Joan had to be content with that "now." They both thought, with the hopeless tragedy of Youth, so much more hopelessly tragic than that of Age, that the good-bye they said under the faint autumn stars that night was for long. Yet two days later they stood again beneath those same stars, tragedy forgotten, holding each other's hands dumbly because there was so much more to say than words could compass.

After all it had been no miracle that had re-elected Wint Chase mayor of Hardison, by an almost unanimous vote, to the lasting discomfiture of his enemies. No miracle—unless you count what Hetty did a miracle. For she had come back to town, holding her poor little baby with a sort of dignity to her breast; she had come back because she had heard of the shame that hung over Wint, to deny the falsehood by giving her child a father. And under the scorn of her gaze Carter Routt had fled from town, carrying his accusation with him.

It had seemed no miracle that his father and mother had begged him to come home to them, that the future which had seemed so dark now lay fair in the sunlight.

"It means—big things for you, Wint," Joan said, trying to speak naturally above the thudding of her heart.

"It means the biggest thing in the world," choked Wint, as he bent toward her shy, lifted lips, "it means you—"

And then—the miracle.

Our Animated Monthly

(*Continued from page* 80)

would hate to be called a 'piker'—or hold up the whole performance just because I have a longing to stretch out in a soft bed like other normal humans. Guess I can stand a few hours more—it's just the continual hanging around waiting for lights or something—that makes me feel worse."

By the way, Nazimova has a most interesting woman working with her now, daughter of the once-famous Camilla Urso, violinist. Nazimova has great interest in this talented and cultured foreigner, who has been a musician, too.

Winifred Westover is to go to Sweden, as star for a Swedish motion picture concern. As Winifred understands the language and her mother speaks it fluently, they'll have no difficulty in getting along, I *ben tank*. They will keep in touch with American picture art, for Mrs. Westover wont let her daughter tie up for more than a year.

April sees the advent of Johnny Hyams and Leila McIntyre, of the Orpheum circuit, in motion pictures. Neither director nor play has been chosen at this writing. Charles Ray has gone to New York because of his new company, getting acquainted personally with the Eastern managers, since he will release thru First National. David Butler is starting with two companies, and if the first pictures sell well, he will take a complete studio and produce with five companies. Katherine MacDonald is doing special scenes at the Fairmont Hotel, San Francisco, for "The Guests of Hercules."

Micky Neilan is giving Wesley Barry, the freckle-faced boy of "Daddy Long Legs," every advantage as far as mental and physical development is concerned. Wesley is thirteen now, and doing "Penrod," besides taking fencing, riding, roping, boxing, swimming, and other athletic exercise lessons. They call him "Dinty" around the lot—why, nobody seems to know. The much-despised freckle really brought Wesley his screen chance, and so may one believe that Bill of Avon knew what he was talking about, when he lisped:

"In nature there's no blemish but the mind,
None can be called deform'd save the unkind."

At the performance of "Up in Mabel's Room"—seen here for the first time, altho the East has enjoyed the play so long, I spotted William Duncan's classic head in the very front row of the orchestra, accompanied by Edith Johnson's well-groomed brown one. Miss Johnson wore a leather coat and jockey cap—as the evening was rainy. Bill, you know, has an eight-thousand-dollar Packard which just seats two comfortably. Miss Johnson's new home is very beautiful and she's buying lots of handsome furniture. I met her one day, wearing a grey georgette, side-pleated, with two rows of a stitched insert of fringe trimming on the overskirt. The neck was edged with pink, and the belt and loose ends lined ditto. With a new pink silk sports hat and her platinum-set diamonds, the grey squirrel cape and handsome buckled pumps, Edith looked like a rosy fairy. Miss Johnson carries a little revolver when going out at night since her valuable jewelry needs protection. She is a crack shot, Mr. Duncan having taught her at target practice for some years past.

George Periolat is in Chicago, having done pictures with Bessie Barriscale, Mary Miles Minter and Lottie Pickford since he left the American Company. I hear it rumored that he will accept a Famous Players-Lasky contract on his return.

While at Frisco, I saw Bert Lytell at the San Francis, with his wife, formerly Miss Vaughn of the Alcazar Stock Company, San Francisco. Bert had come up to see the première of "The Right of Way" at the Tivoli Theater, so I ran over for the first-night. We stood packed solidly for two hours, trying to get into the theater. Everybody in Frisco and Oakland seems to have remembered Bert Lytell favorably and wanted to see his picture and himself.

(*Continued on page* 119)

Marshall Neilan

Presents

His Second Picture
for 'First National'



Wait!!

If you are in love until you see this picture.

Watch!!

for it at your theatre.

Adapted by
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From the story
by Edgar Franklyn
Photographed by Henry Cronjager and David Kesson.
Lighting effects by Howard Ewing
Tech Director. Ben Carre'.

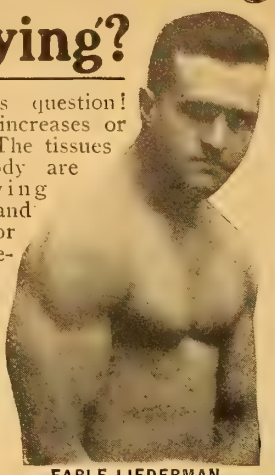
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Daily exercise builds up and increases the tissues. It puts the entire lungs into action, making better blood, quickens the activity of the other vital organs, throwing off the hidden germs and filling the whole man with renewed life, vigor and ambition. Exercise then means increased life, while the lack of it causes a weakened internal as well as external body which slowly but surely spells DEATH.

What Does Your Mirror Show?

Look in the mirror this very night and see what it tells you. Would you be proud to have your picture produced in these columns? How does it compare with the illustration shown herewith? Your outward physical appearance reflects your internal condition. If you do not show a daily improvement outwardly, you must not be deceived. Your body is being consumed and you are clogging up like the stagnant pool. Stop then where you are. Get a grip on yourself this very minute. Let this be the start of new life and physical perfection, for it is yours if you will accept it.

Be Properly Guided

The enthusiasm and sudden desire for the riches of perfect health and a powerful muscular physique have led some men without investigation to adopt the first method of physical development which presents itself—this is a fatal mistake. Food means nourishment, but some foods do more harm than good. Certain courses of exercise cause hardening of the arteries, a weakened heart and other dire results. Physicians claim that the Liederman method strengthens the heart and generally improves the entire organic system. Come then, let this day mean the beginning of new life to YOU.

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Dear Sir:—I enclose herewith 10 cents for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 88)

Murray opposite David Powell in "The Man Who Killed." She was in to see us today, and she has invited me up to see her. You can just bet I shall go, and I'll wear bells.

ELLIS AT CLEVELAND.—Yes, I have heard that soft hands and soft brains generally go together, but what do you mean? I hope I have neither. No, I am not a Southerner, sorry to say. You want more of Jean Paige. Here, boy, page Jean.

ALFRED P.—The largest lighthouse in the world is at Cape Henry, Va. One hundred and sixty-five high and the walls are eight feet thick. Priscilla Dean can be reached at Universal Co., Los Angeles, Cal. Look up the February SHADOWLAND for a colored picture of her. Yes, Doris Kenyon in "The Harvest Moon."

GRACE.—What do you mean my family? All the family I have is the office dog, and a cat. Why ask me how to keep your hair light? But I asked one of our blondes and here's how: Try the juice of a lemon, strained, in your last rinsing water and then dry your hair in the sunshine. Kitty Gordon is in vaudeville. She sang "Alma, Where do You Live?" about ten years ago. Jane Cowl is playing on Broadway. Walter Law in "Stolen Honor." Herbert Hayes, you mean. *Vade in pace.*

MUSKEGON.—Glad to hear from you and enjoyed every word. Write me again.

B. E. Z.—Eugene O'Brien is about 36; Antonio Moreno, 32; Norma Talmadge, 23; Richard Barthelmess, 25; Natalie Talmadge, 17; and Anita Stewart, 24. Anna Nilsson is not married to Guy Coombs—now. Oh yes, Eugene O'Brien drives a car.

A. M.—Of course Gale Henry is a woman. Are you color blind? Marguerite Clark is playing in "Easy to Get." You can get a marriage license in either Connecticut or Pennsylvania without establishing a residence. Viola Dana is playing in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath."

DOROTHY GANES; DOT W.; SANSAS; C. M. L.; POLLY R.; VIOLET K.; MAUD R. R.; GRACE H.; ELSA R.; LILLIAN N.; CECILIA M.; FLORENCE B.; MISS WAIT; GEORGIA D.; DAVID E. W.; IVAN W.; MARCIA; MISS U. M.; SAINT CECILIA; ROSE BUD; C. R. H.; ALICE H.; BABY DOLL; FRANCIS B. ADMIRER; GERALD B.; ANNA H.; LOUISE M., and WILFRED—Sorry to have to put you in the alsorans, but your questions have been answered elsewhere.

IMA NUTT.—There's a harp without pedals, but not yet one without strings. Victoria Forde in "Western Blood." You say you cant tell the players with their moustaches. I cant tell some of them without. I cant see where David Powell looks anything like Lew Cody, so you must have a keener observation than I have.

DICK BARTHELMESS FAN.—He is a star, and not married. Billy West and Ellen Bumford in "Candy Girl." Of course I take my whiskers to bed with me, that is, one end of them—the other rests over the foot of the bed. Do I sleep with my mouth open? I never looked to see; but since you must know, the next time I go to sleep I will wake myself up and just before waking I'll see how my mouth sets.

MARY N. C.—No, I just dont happen to know any players the same age as you.

ALBERT P.—Sure thing, send along the cigar. I can smoke any kind at all. Wasn't it Fannie Rice? Yes, Fannie Ward uses paraffin fillings in her face. They say her husband is doing it now, too.

ROBERT O.—Ann Little was born in Sisson, Cal., 1894; educated in Chicago and Los Angeles; rides and swims, and is 5 feet four; weighs 118; red hair and blue grey eyes. Helen Holmes isn't playing now.

HIAWATHA.—"As unto the bow the cord is, so unto the man is woman;" and so on. That is the beginning of Hiawatha's wooing. Not Norma Talmadge. Edna Mayo isn't playing now. They say that the rapid growth of the finger-nails indicates good health.

CHARLIE; ANXIOUS ONE; JOE H. E.; EVA H.; FRANCIS C.; ELVIRA H.; MARION; M. A. LONESOME; BUFFALO BABE; CATHERINE C.; I. K.; MOVIE NAZIMOVA.—I have read yours carefully, all, but you leave me nothing new to say. Better luck next time.

BERNICE C.—Yes, Pollyanna has been a very big success. You never can tell from the looks of a reel how far it will make the business jump. The steamer *Leviathan* burns from 1,000 to 1,200 tons of coal in 24 hours. Naomi Childers is in Los Angeles.

LYVETTE.—Yes, I liked your stationery, and I liked your letter. May Allison was Beauty in "Everywoman" on the stage. Earle Foxe can be reached at the William Brady offices, New York City. He is now playing in a stage play.

HELEN L.—You can reach Clara Young, Elliott Dexter, Charlie Chaplin, Antonio Moreno, Viola Dana and Charles Ray at Los Angeles, Cal. They are all known in the West, you know. Mahlon Hamilton played in "Daddy-Long-Legs." Kitty Gordon was born in England.

VETI.—*Semper paratus* and always here. You say there is more squeak than poetry in nine-tenths of our soles. You write a mighty clever letter and I want to hear from you again.

CLEOPATRA.—Afraid of me? Woman of the Nile, how can you say that? Yes, Norma Talmadge is happily married. You are quite right, it remained for the silent drama to put the real noise in amusements. Yes, the Indus River is in Northern India.

KATHERINE D.—And here you write me all about the dimple in Charlie Ray's left cheek. Very exciting letter to say the least. Yes, Nazimova really did the dance in "Stronger Than Death." It wasn't a fake. My favorite drinks are buttermilk and Billy Sundaes.

ELSA L.—Who is the Chesterfield of the movies? I will have to think that over. Why dont you all write me who you think is the Chesterfield of the movies? Hardly think Norma Talmadge will play opposite Eugene O'Brien again.

ANTONIO MORENO ADMIRER.—How did you like him on the cover? I agree with you when you say a party without women is called a "stag" because it resembles stagnation. They come high, but we've got to have them.

SIXTEEN.—No, you're not too young to write me. I dont go to bed with the canaries and get up with the ko-ko's—whatever they are. You ask where is my neck in the picture atop? Cant stand the high cost of collars (30c. ea.), so I grew a beard. Edwin Arden was born in 1864 and died in 1918.

NAVY NURSE.—Thanks for the picture. You look like Phoebe Snow. Write me some more.

U. KNOW.—Please tell me what it means.

L. H. L.—Best thing for you to do is to write to Pathé, 125 W. 45th street, New York City.

(*Continued on page* 120)

OUR ANIMATED MONTHLY

(*Continued from page* 116)

Recently, the Lytells sold their Napa county ranch, which Bert bought in 1915, after having saved for the purchase sufficient from his earnings at the Alcazar for a period of nine years.

Another interesting set of guests at the San Francis were the members of Douglas Fairbanks' company. Doug did stunts on one of the tallest buildings, swinging on a flagstaff and climbing around risky window-sills. They are shooting water-front scenes for the next picture.

While visiting Universal City one fine February afternoon, I saw Joe Martin preparing for his nighty-night. Joe goes to bed daily at four and does not rise until nine A. M. He's a long-sleeper and gets so drowsy in the early afternoon that it's not worth while to shoot scenes after four P. M. They are building a new suite for the intelligent Mr Martin, which includes his own little private bathroom and perfectly appointed bath. Joe is fastidious and even enjoys sprinkling the atomizer contents over his well-groomed person.

And did you know that Louise Fazenda is Italian? When you see the young lady dolled up, she is quite the type to sing, "O sol e mio!" She is a homebody, an exquisite knitter, and makes the most beautiful bead-bags and neck-chains one could imagine. Of course, that's quite natural—for Italian women are deft with needle and crochet hook.

A new club has been formed in Hollywood, after a special gathering held at the lovely home of J. Warren Kerrigan. The object of its members is to boost Herbert Hoover for President, and sub-societies will be formed at the studios. Owen Moore is secretary of the Hoover-for-President Club, Mr. Kerrigan being its president and Edwin Carew vice-president. Among those already members are Lew Cody, Herschal Mayall, Wedgwood Nowell, Bert Lytell, Ernest C. Warde, Roy Stewart, Norman Kerry and Thomas Guise. The club has taken a suite of rooms in the Markham Building, Hollywood, and its members will make personal appearances at the California picture theaters, boosting their candidate.

When I passed Jack Kerrigan's home in January, it was abloom with roses. All the pergolas flamed in pink buds, and rose-vines twined about the long windows. A fountain splashed in the patio, and rolling lawns contributed their share to make entrancing the House that Jack Built for his adored "mither," Sarah Kerrigan. I met his mother at a meeting of the Southern California Women's Press Club, where she's always a welcome guest. Mother Kerrigan is right up to date and has lost the invalidism which so worried the family some years ago. She appeared at the Wally Reid ball with her sons and daughter Kathleen, who is always busy on the screen these days. Mrs. Wallace Kerrigan and Lois Wilson were together as usual; the girls are great pals.

Maurice Maeterlinck has taken a wonderful home on the Santa Monica Palisades, overlooking the peculiar canyons covered with lavender California moss, and where he may sit on the wide verandas and watch the sun dip suddenly for its nightly bath in the Pacific. A rich after-glow follows this sort of disappearance of our warmth purveyor, with pink and lavender mists wrapping the heads of the Santa Monica mountains. Mons. Maeterlinck has begun work at the Goldwyn studios. By the way, Thelma and Eileen Percy began their stage career in the American version of Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" thirteen years ago.



You have always wished for it—this fascinating ability to draw. And now it's yours! This power to grasp a pencil and picturize your ideas, to "speak" more thru a few pen-strokes than your lips could tell in half an hour, to spread your message farther and stronger than any voice can reach—this wonderful ability filled with pleasure and profit is now yours! Forget that you may have no "talent"—forget that you may not be "gifted"—but REMEMBER that, regardless of these things, the fascinating ability to draw can now be yours!



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Have you ever noticed a child trying to draw? Every child does it. They also try to read and write. The faculty of reading and writing is developed in them as they grow older. The faculty of drawing is not. That is the only difference. Everyone has within him the power to picturize his ideas. The *right method of training* is the only thing needed to bring out this ability.

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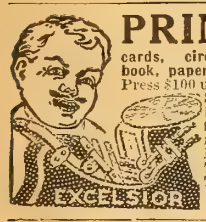
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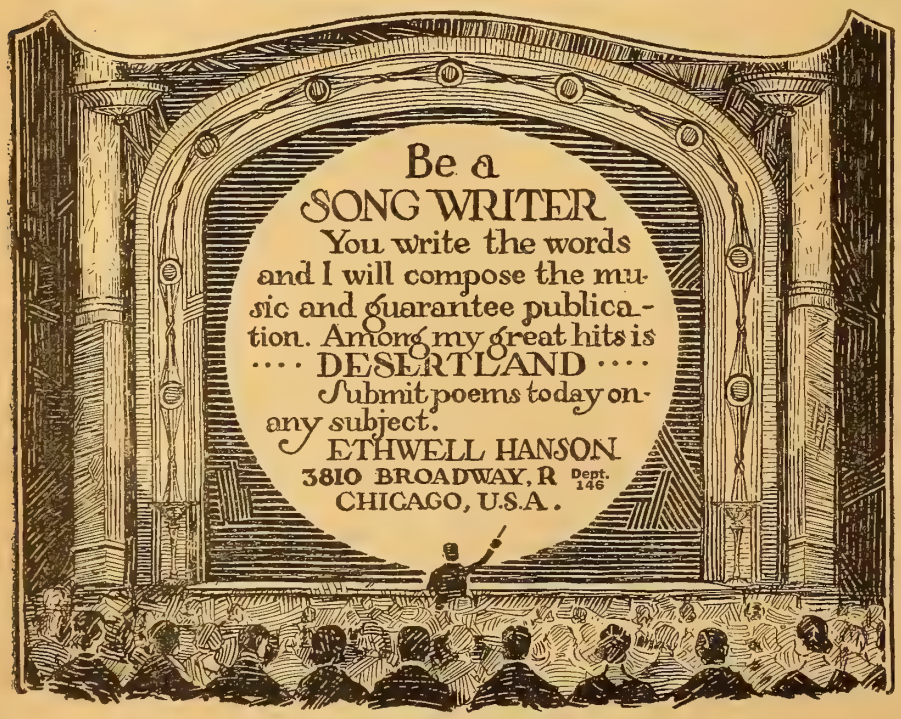
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A. O. LEONARD

Suite 314, 70 5th Avenue - - New York City



The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 118)

MICKEY.—The great philosophers live under different conditions; Diogenes lived in a tub, Seneca in a palace, and I in a hall-room. Well, it's no disgrace to be poor, I'll admit, but it has other disadvantages. Yes, I read every letter that comes in to the answer department.

MABEL V.—So, you play a harp. Nothing like it. You must be an angel. The oldest harp in the world is preserved in the Louvre Museum in Paris. It was found in an Egyptian tomb and is nearly 4,000 years old. Katherine MacDonald was announced as the American beauty, but some call her a colorless rose. Ruth Clifford is in Universal City.

ANNIE P.—Dont you refer to Helen Yoder?

L. D. B.—Remember that conscience has no more to do with gallantry than it has with politics. Gloria Hope. Like—but, oh, how different.

NAZIMOVA FAN.—I believe somebody else's is preferred to somebody's else. A werwolf is a man transformed into a wolf. A mythical creature, like the goblins, dragons, etc. Yes, Constance Talmadge has bobbed hair, and so has Viola Dana. Your letter was very bright. You say there is one pleasure on earth that angels cant enjoy, and that is relieving the poor of distress. Well, in spite of this handicap, I would just as soon be an angel when I cross the Styx. But do angels have beards? I never saw an angel with a beard. And come to think of it, I never saw an angel without a beard.

G. T. R.—Thanks, old boy, for the info.

BODY.—You ask why is the letter *A* like a honeysuckle. Because a *B* follows it. Awful! That's right, write me and tell me what you like and want and dont like about our magazines. We want to please you all.

ADA W. P.—Why, of course, you must typewrite your script before sending it to any company. Synopsis form and not in scenario form. Dolores Cassinelli in "Tarnished Reputations."

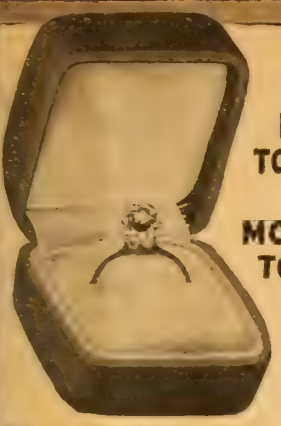
B. BETTS; VERONICA K.; MRS. G. A. C.; IMA LOO; HILDA H.; DOT; ISOBEL S.; I'LL SAY SO; DOROTHY M. J.; DOROTHY S.; M. A. DETTOR; RAMONA; S. M. H.; MISS DETROIT; ISABELLE; HEADIN' SOUTH; MARGARET W.; KATHERINE C.; RABBIT; FRED M.; WOODROW W. WORSHIPPER; HOPING; L. MANSFIELD; MISS RUBY R.; BILLIE D.—Awfully sorry, good friends, but yours did not awaken in me an inspiration. You must give me a clue or a cue, you know, or ask something that I have not already answered.

CORRESPONDENCE CLUBS.—Hurrah, another new club! It is the Ruth Roland Club, and prospective members should write to Miss Shirley Moorman, Box 311, Roanoke, Va., and send 25 cents for a list of names. It's lots of fun and the more the merrier.

ZIM ZAM SUM.—You sound familiar. So you write me from Anvers, Belge. You are traveling some. You've got the right idea about afternoon teas. While you have been away, every barroom has been turned into a tea-room, and when one meets a friend, one invites him into a tea-room, where they linger over a chocolate soda, a glass of lemonade, or some dark bitter stuff that they call Nearbeer. When you taste this latter, you realize that they who named it are very poor judges of distance.

MISS H. T., CHRISTCHURCH.—Yes, you can get a list of the addresses of film companies by sending a stamped addressed envelope to me.

(*Continued on page* 122)



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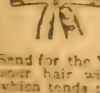


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Anent June Brides and Trousseaux

(*Continued from page 68*)

wear later on, or when the white becomes soiled."

There is an air of efficient practicality about her which gives her words a certain weight and you inadvertently wondered how she had come to know of conservation,—economy. Later you realized that she feels even a goodly income no excuse for extravagance.

"The traveling suit warrants a greater expenditure than anything else, I think," she said. "It can be worn so often later on and adapts itself to practically every month of the year, with or without furs or an underjacket. I'd purchase a very excellent suit and incidentally get good lines and, of course, a dark color so that cleaner's bills wouldn't constantly stare me in the face and it would be conservative—oh, very conservative—in its lines so that any radical change in vogue wouldn't make it passé.

"As to blouses—they too would be simple and generally good looking, chosen for wear and not sheerness.

"A few dresses are always necessary and with a purse demanding consideration I would say that georgette crêpe frocks are the best to buy,—perhaps one of crêpe de chine—for they are cool and can be worn without a wrap in the warm weather and under a coat on the coldest day. Beading is attractive, I know, but it is not especially practicable as most of it is machine-done, and when the beads begin to fall off others quickly follow and soon the frock loses its appearance. Moreover you'll find that when you are paying for beading and embroidery you're not paying for good lines and it is the lines of a coat, suit or dress which decide your appearance."

"And lingerie—would you suggest lawn or silk?" I asked her.

Again she smiled as she replied:

"Here, it is very difficult for me to remember the slim purse. Always I find the sheer and dainty undergarments making a strong appeal and if something had to be sacrificed it would never be the daintiness of these. Of course, the silken ones are attractive, but the shops offer such lovely things in lawn which may be kept pretty and fresh so very easily and there are such pretty lingerie ribbons,—pale shades and so very dainty——"

She threw up her hands in mock dismay—the last rays of the early spring sun sifted thru the rose taffeta hangings of her boudoir window and brought to life scores of highlights in her hair—a canary in the standing wicker cage by the window piped his song——

"I wonder is it really sinful to love clothes," she wanted to know. "I wonder if it is weakness when you have to run away from some departments when you're in the shops—I wonder if all the June brides know just what pleasure can be derived from trousseau shopping, even with a slim purse—I wonder?"

And it is likely that Marion will go on wondering for some time, for we left that day very conscious of her youth and more—her youthfulness—and youth goes hand in hand with wonderment.

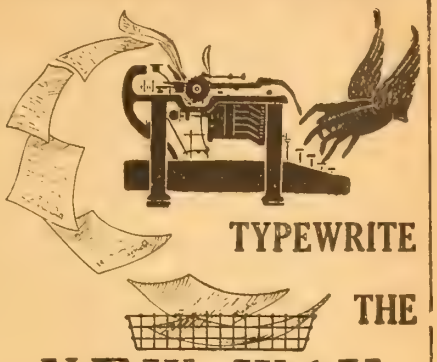
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Eulalia—Mostly gun-play.

Flora—Oh, I see; a shooting star!

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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 120)

POET.—Thanks for the verse, but it would have sounded better in prose. Sorry you have had so many troubles other than the trouble of making verse. But that's the joke of it, misfortunes never come singly they are always married. Wanda Hawley and Harrison Ford in "Miss Hobbs."

D. W. GRIFFITH.—You say you want Dorothy Gish to go back with Griffith. They are all at the same studio, so what do you mean? You like Claire McDowell, Pauline Stark, Viola Barry and Margaret Loomis. They're nice girls, I'll admit. You also dont care for the Griffith fuzzy pictures, and you want clear photography, and not so much "art." And this is just where you and I part company—to speak figuratively.

BETTY C. B.—Thank you, Betty, my hat is off.

MUGGS.—Batter up! You ask why Rubye de Remer makes up so much, why Marguerite Clark is getting older, and why Charlie Ray is always smiling. Three strikes and you're out! Come around when you are feeling better.

MRS. L. T. M.—I thank you for your thoughtfulness and generosity, dear madam, but the socks are too large for me—much too much. I wear 9½.

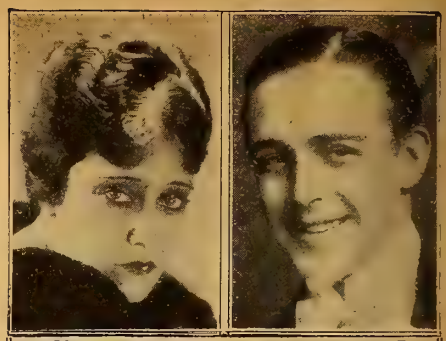
A WOULD-BE AMERICAN.—Aren't you going to be? They claim that emeralds are among the rarest and most valuable of precious stones nowadays. One was sold in London recently for $3,500 a carat. It is spelt Sylvia Breamer now. You can reach Ralph Graves care of D. W. Griffith, Mamaroneck, N. Y. Dont mention it.

KODAK.—Those were fragrant thoughts of yours expressed in flowery language. You say "It's some time since I wrote you but I keep in touch with you thru your brilliant magazine which is eagerly looked for every month—after a casual glance thru the fine illustrations I rush straight to your department which, in my opinion, is the star item—no flattery intended that's dinkum no kid, for most of your answers are decidedly clever and interesting, and its hard to believe that you are 79 not out (may your shadow never grow less). Some of your replies carry a bit of 'sting,' but no doubt it is deserved in some cases." I want to thank you for all this and the rest, old chap. Yes, I like Bill Farnum. He rings true. Speaking of figures, you would name Olga Petrova first, Kitty Gordon second, Rosemary Theby third and Grace Cunard fourth. Well, you show very good mathematics. Lytell as Ly—long i—tell. You say "for a pretty girl with an ugly name I give the scone to Sally Crute." Wee wee.

JUST ONE OF 'EM.—I'm glad to know you. Have a seat. You say you dont want to be an actress, because you dont like to use a lip-stick. That need not deter you—lots of pretty mouths are spoiled with red paint. Now you want to be a Mary Roberts Rinehart. Dont want much, do you? You have a future before you—either writing or drawing. Come in and see me again.

JODIE R. H.—Yes, indeed, Mary Pickford played the entire part in "The Hoodlum."

QUESTO-LIBAN.—Detour! You say it is rumored that Jimmie Young has been married three times. You ask is it the Young appeal or the youthful name which attracts? I only know of two Clara's. Yes, Syd Chaplin is Charlie's brother, but they dont get on well together. You ask "Is Douglas Fairbanks single, undoubled or double. The latter, I should say.



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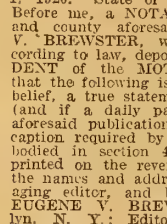
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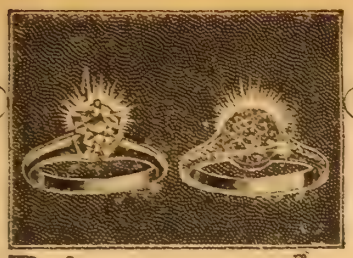


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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE published MONTHLY at 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y., for APRIL 1, 1920. State of NEW YORK, County of KINGS. Before me, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared EUGENE V. BREWSTER, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the PRESIDENT of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Editor, ADELE W. FLETCHER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Managing Editor, FREDERICK J. SMITH, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Business Manager, GUY L. HARRINGTON, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock) EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; ELEANOR V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; ELIZABETH M. HEINEMANN, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; GASTON MELIES, 326 Lexington Avenue, New York City. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state) NONE. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is—(This information is required from daily publications only). EUGENE V. BREWSTER, President, (Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner). Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22d day of March, 1920. E. M. HEINEMANN. (My commission expires March 30, 1920.)



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MISS SAN ANTONIO.—Them s my sentiments. You say that Society is now one polished horde, formed of two mighty tribes, the Bores and Bored. Well, I get at my desk at 8:30, and I am usually greeted with about three to five hundred letters a day. I'd feel as tho I was on a vacation if I didn't get them. At the end of some days I'm taken out of my cage on a stretcher. Yes, Florence Turner is playing in "The Ugly Duckling."

JOSEPH D.—You want to know if Owen Moore is the same one who played in "The Three of Us." No record of stage plays, buddie.

CRITIC.—Dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of, is my advice to you. Cheer up, we cant all be a success at first. You know Maeterlinck, the famous Belgian dramatist, was an awful failure even at his own job of writing at first. Of his first volume of poems nobody took the least notice. The same fate befell his first play, of which he printed 25 copies with his own hands and gave them away. Dont be discouraged.

AMAR.—Marie Walcamp is married to Harlan Tucke. Of course, I will be glad to get the foreign magazines. Better join one of the correspondence clubs. Memory is what makes us young or old.

AN OLD READER.—You certainly said what you wanted to say, and I am very sorry if I said Norma Talmadge played in "The Virtuous Vamp" instead of Constance. I am sure I would take no credit from Constance. Perhaps, my good lady, you did not know that the printers were on a strike here in New York, and our material was made up many months in advance. However, I hope you will write me again.

PEGGY W.—So you would like to see what I looked like. Ha, ha! That's one on you. Eugene O'Brien was born in Colorado in 1884. He weighs 160, and is 6 feet. Brown hair, blue eyes. That's about all. Time is short and space is shorter.

BUD.—Hello, Bud. No, we have never had a picture of either of the Barrymores on the cover. Dont know about that private stock. It's a general ruling that people live longer in hotter climates. No, I dont bet with you. Gambling is simply picking our own pockets. Mae Marsh did have the flu, but she is back now. Mrs. Sydney Drew is on the coast. Betty Blythe opposite Lew Cody. Dont mention it.

CLEOPATSY.—Vamp, the little lady, etc. Nothing has happened to Flora Finch—are there? Sometimes Pearl White wears a wig. It's a trick. Cant explain it here. Shirley Mason is taking "His Harvest" in Santa Anna, Cal. Nothing has been reported missing as yet.

ERNESTINE M.—Thank you, you say my department is the very last thing you read in the magazine. I dont know whether you are with me or agin me. Be that as it may, the picture is of myself at the beginning of this department. Za Su Pitts is—let me see, about 22 years old. Magic pen—no, it's a Monarch!

SUNNY SOUTH.—Dont know when I will see Al St. John. He has never been in to see me. Yes, thanks, I am very fond of canned fruits; they are sealed proposals for future lunches.

GYPE.—I agree with you, and the reason why so many married women of genius are unhappy in their domestic relations is because they choose unwisely. What could be expected from the mating of the eagle with the barn-door fowl? Why, they simply wont mate. Alice Hollister of Salem fame is coming back in Goldwyn's "Milestones."



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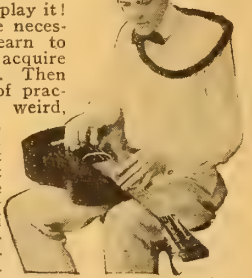
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REGULAR FAN.—Yes, I studied Latin about 50 years ago when she was more popular than she is now. Amo, amas, amat, etc. Norma Talmadge lives in New York. "Parvanimity" means littleness of mind. You refer to the rhyme about tricky words as niece and receive—"*i* before *e*, except after *c*, save when sounded like *a* as in neighbor and weigh?" Get it? Cleo Madison is to play in the same company with Bert Lytell.

CUPIDITAS HABENDI.—It's all right as long as you dont call me any names. You say your heart pace increases at the mere sight of Enid Markey. She was on the stage. Theda Bara, Crane Wilbur and Francis Bushman are now on the stage. I dont know what I'd do without your letters. Cheer-io.

PEGGY B., HOUSTON.—Yours reminds me of the Chinese who begin dinner with dessert and end it with soup. You can reach Richard Barthelmess at Griffith Studio, Mamaroneck, N. Y. No, I dont live between Texas and California. I'm the other way. Thanks just the same for the invitation. June Caprice is on the stage.

ANNA J.—You say Mary Pickford is your favorite and if you ever become a movie star you will follow her tracks. Mary, do you hear this? Look out for Anna J. You say you wrote to Marguerite Clark and Bebe Daniels for a photo last year and you haven't received it yet. This year's young yet—give them time.

IMELDA L. A. D. S.—You can reach Constance Talmadge at Talmadge Studio, 318 E. 48th Street, New York City, and Harrison Ford, Los Angeles, Cal. But there are two things you should not worry about—things you can help and things you cant help. If you can, do it; if you cant, dont worry about them. Yes, I believe it is true that the Chaplins are having domestic difficulties. You say the big six have—Fairbanks, Griffith, the Moores, and the Chaplins. Then there are a few we haven't heard from.

"I LOVE ALICE BRADY."—Well, we all heard you say it. Alice Brady was born in New York City. You are *semper fidelis*. 'Course, I remember you. I use perfume, but only when it is given to me. You see I cant afford to pay a week's salary for a bottle of Houbigant's Ideal, but I can always accept presents. I am very weak in that regard—I haven't the strength to say "No."

MEMPHIAN.—"The Birth of a Nation" still in circulation? Yes, in very small towns, like Philadelphia. I dont know when it will reach Memphis. Harry Carey was a successful crook for Biograph about nine years ago, and now he is a reformed cowboy. Never mind, Harry, I've watched you since you were a boy. You want to know when you can see "My Lady's Garter." Naughty, naughty. I dont know when it will be released.

JACKIE.—Yes, George Walsh has a brother, Raoul. I nearly got a powder bath when I opened your letter. I've smelt good ever since. Send along the chocolates and the good Lord will bless you. Oh, I guess I'm about 80 now.

ANXIOUS.—Why all this anxiety about George Walsh having any brothers or sisters on the screen? See above. The swallow has a larger mouth in proportion to its size than any other bird. There are not as many as there used to be. I'm not worrying about the H. C. L. No matter how high food and clothing go, writing paper will always remain stationery.

LE, TORONTO.—You start off "Dear Partner." Are we selling anything? Yes, William Farnum is married. I'm afraid the public dont want Roman plays. You want to see William Farnum in "If I Were King."

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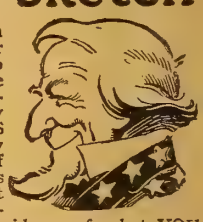
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Dor M. B.—You say, "I am writing a story under grave circumstances, so to speak. In one part of the story the heroine is obliged to ride head downward on a horse thru the desert at night. I've hung over the footboard of the bed for hours at a time trying to get the sensation, but I dont get it so I cant write it on paper. What shall I do?" Consult Emerson and Loos. If not successful then try Fairbanks.

Juneau.—You make me laugh. I try to write so that I will not excite the envy of my friends nor the malice of my enemies, but I dont always succeed. You ask "Why is it you always spoil a man if you pet him? Look at George Walsh; he used to be fine, but now he does nothing but grin into the camera and ripple his muscles." George, George, what have you been doing?

Sunrayser.—Your letter was very interesting and I should like to know more about you.

Birdie.—Why, no, you're not a foreigner because you live in Hoboken. Not exactly. You say you heard some one say the players got paid off in bones and berries. They were speaking of the canines. Emmy Wehlen in "Lifting Shadows." Conway Tearle, Frank Keenan, Thomas Meighan all in Los Angeles, Cal. Alice Brady on the stage and Constance Talmadge in New York. No to two and three. I think he's a good pal.

Mrs. A. C. R., Australia.—My dear Missus, I had to pay 6 cents due on your letter. Dont write a scenario; write it in story form. There isn't much demand for scenarios because most companies have their own writers.

Boobo McNutto.—Charming name you have. Belgium's national hymn is "Who'd have believed such self-willed daring," England's "God Save the King," and Italy "Garibaldi's War Hymn." Mae Allison was born in Georgia, weighs 125, stands five feet five, has golden hair and blue eyes.

Amo, Winnipeg.—Your letter was a gem and I enjoyed every word of it. You know that the best portion of a good man's life are his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love. You sound very much like that. Wallace Reid and Wanda Hawley in "Double Speed." Marguerite Clark has not left the screen.

Lew Cody Admirer.—I enjoyed hearing from you, too. Olive Thomas played in "Footlights and Shadows," released thru Selznick. Yes, I have the same set of whiskers. They are not useless luxuries because I often find them handy to dust off the desk with in the morning.

BROAD VIEWS

Scenario Writer—I have tried to air my views in that scenario you are reading.

Editor—Airing them is not enough; allow me to suggest that you fumigate them.

WHAT CANT BE CURED, ETC.

Bing—Does that conceited actor suffer from an empty head?

Bang—No—he doesn't mind it at all.

WHEN MISFORTUNE REIGNS

Dell—The director gave his wife a diamond sun-burst.

Nell—She should save that up for a rainy day.

HARD TO RECOGNIZE

Friend—Did that company produce your scenario?

Writer—It must have been mine, because I received a cheque for it.



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☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ Private Secretary
☐ CIVIL ENGINEER	☐ BOOKKEEPER
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Stenographer and Typist
☐ MINE FOREMAN or ENGR.	☐ Cert. Pub. Accountant
☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER	☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
☐ Marine Engineer	☐ Railway Accountant
☐ Ship Draftsman	☐ Commercial Law
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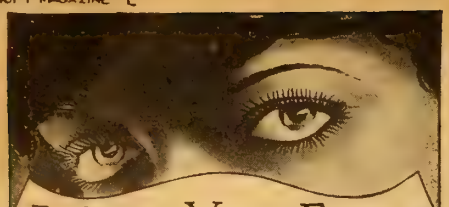


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(*Continued from page 91*)

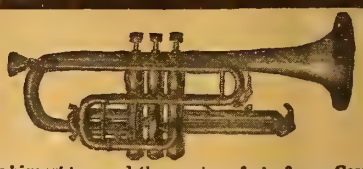
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Elaine Hammerstein—Select.

VERSATILE—OH, YES!

While Nazimova was at work on her latest screen production, "Stronger Than Death," Charles Bryant's adaptation of the novel by I. A. R. Wylie, the brilliant Metro star received an application for a position in her company from a man to whom she hands the palm as the most versatile performer in the world. The writer of the epistle, according to his own appraisal of his accomplishments, could double in "close-ups" for a chameleon.

Here is his letter:

"I, Elmer E. Gilmor, do hereby apply as a man for small parts with your Company. I am know Ammiture. I have three years Experience such as Barker, ticket agent, black face & Irish. I have up to date Swede & Irish Jokes and can go through commic stage steps and can repair costimes scenery and can Manafactor Mecanical scenery.

"I also say that I guarantee good satisfaction, all through and would mention that I can make up for Commic black face and amm all a round athletic can do head and hand springs, shoulder springs & front knocks. I enclose a letter head for which you can see with what company I was with for the time I been out until three weeks ago. Whe had bad luck at blandon hall.

"We burnt out.

"I lost five costimes to day. Only own 1 black wig & 1 Swede outfit which I had not with the company. Had I taken them along they might be gone. I have been getting $12 per week, but would work for less. I assure you we get know fall out. I also say I can get for you a young emotion woman who will work cheap for you and would say she is a morral Girl and banjo player at that and she can sing Commic.

"I remain yours in Honesty Indistry & sobreity,

"Mr. Elmer E. Gilmor."

The Russian star was sorry, but she could find nothing suitable for the extremely adaptable Mr. Gilmor in "Stronger Than Death," and she so informed him in a courteous reply.

CLUBBY

By LA TOURETTE HANCOCK

When prehistoric husbands found
Their wives declined to cook their grub,
They took the law into their own hands,
And used a club!

And so, when modern husbands find
Their wives won't cook or sew, or scrub,
They do as their forbears of yore—
They use the Club!

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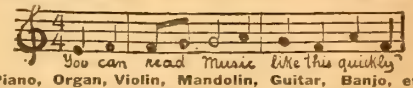


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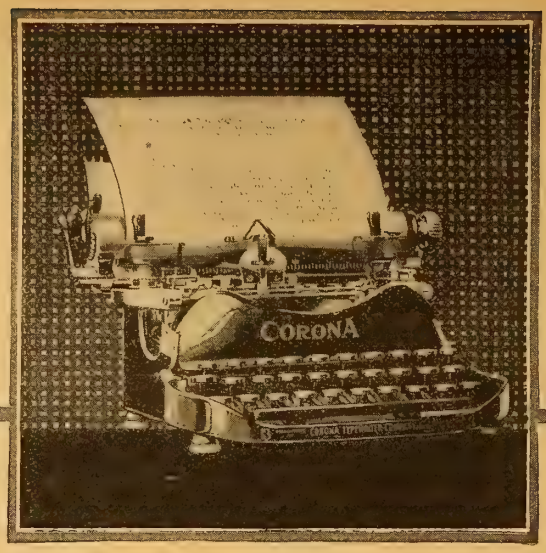
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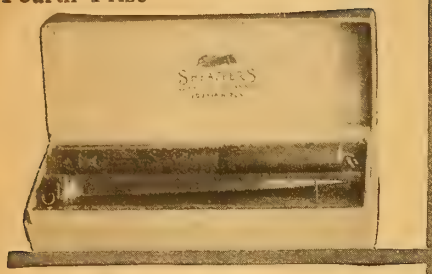
Third Prize



Second Prize



Fourth Prize



Ninth Prize



Sixth Prize



Popularity Contest Awards

THE new Popularity Contest, unusual and entertaining, is already the object of great interest — unfailing and rife. If you have entered it or have read the announcements which have appeared, and will appear, from time to time, containing the rules and regulations, you know it is actually a double contest—a contest in which both the public and players are equally interested.

The prizes depicted above and below were selected after much careful thought and attention and each one is destined to make some one happier, from the beautiful Crescent phonograph which suggests a twilight hour with the gems musical genii have given to the world, to the Marble nickel-plated axe which brings to mind a jolly time in some invitingly green woodland.

Perhaps you have not yet decided to enter the contest—if not do so *now*. Dont lose an opportunity of enjoying the unique entertainment it affords or of capturing one of the lovely and useful awards.

FIRST PRIZE

Crescent Phonograph, piano mahogany finish (value $160). Plays all makes of disc records: Victor, Columbia, Pathe, Edison, Emerson, etc., without the use of extra attachments or intricate adjustments; a simple turn of the sound-box is all that is necessary in changing from a lateral cut record to playing a hill and dale cut record.

A Crescent owner can enjoy a repertoire of the greatest opera singers, popular songs, dance music or anything that is turned out of the disc record. The tone of the Crescent is full, round, deep and mellow. It has a large compartment for records.

First Prize



SECOND PRIZE

Movette Camera and three packages of films (value $65). Compact, light, efficient, easily operated. Think of the possibilities during your vacation trip — your canoe trip—in pictures —pictures of your family or friends—living pictures that you can project at any time in your home. A priceless record of your life.

THIRD PRIZE

Corona Typewriter with case (value $50); an all-round portable typewriter, light enough and small enough to be carried anywhere, and strong enough to stand any possible condition of travel. It is trim and symmetrical and does not give one's study the atmosphere of a business office. Fold it up and take it with you anywhere.

FOURTH PRIZE

Sheaffer "Giftie" Combination Set, consisting of a Sheaffer Fountain Pen and a Sheaffer Sharp-Point Pencil, in a handsome plush-lined box. Gold filled, warranted twenty years. Cannot blot or leak. A beautiful and perfect writing instrument.

FIFTH PRIZE

Bristol steel Casting Rod agate guide, cork grip, strong and durable. Packed in linen case. Can be easily put in traveling bag.

SIXTH PRIZE

Loughlin Safety Self-Filling Fountain Pen. No extensions to remember, no locks to forget.

SEVENTH PRIZE

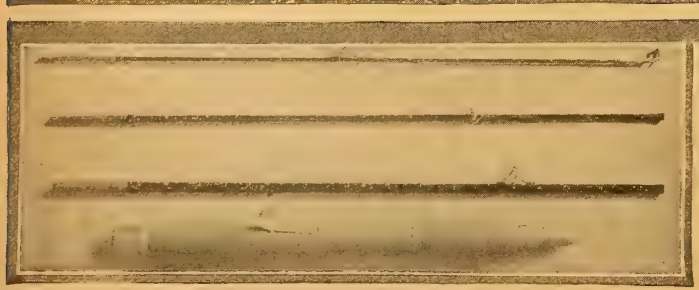
Star Vibrator, handsomely finished in nickel plate with three attachments. Alternating current. Excellent for massage. Use it in your own home.

EIGHTH PRIZE

Same as Seventh Prize.

NINTH PRIZE

Marble nickel-plated pocket axe of tool steel, carefully tempered and sharpened. Indispensable in camp or woods.



Fifth Prize

Seventh and Eighth Prizes



Greatest of All Popularity Contests

Unique Competition in Which the Voters Share in the Prizes

WHO IS THE ONE GREAT STAR OF THE SCREEN?

Is it CHARLIE CHAPLIN or ELSIE FERGUSON?
Is it RICHARD BARTHELMESS or WILLIAM S. HART?

Concerning this matter there is great difference of opinion. Every fan, in fact, has his own idol. The Wall street broker swears by MARY PICKFORD; his wife thinks TOM MIX is the best actor the cinema has produced; the office boy has a "crush" on THEDA BARA and the stenographer collects photographs of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

What do **you** think? If you had a vote would you give it to NAZIMOVA or to LILLIAN GISH? Would you vote for a man or a woman or for little BEN ALEXANDER?

Shadowland, Motion Picture Magazine, and **Motion Picture Classic**—the three great magazines of the Motion Picture world—have decided to refer this question to their readers by taking a popular, world-wide vote. In regard to matters concerning the stage and theater their audience is the most intelligent and discerning; the most wide-awake and well-informed in the world today. If any picture patrons can pick out the leading star, it will be those who read **Shadowland**, the **Magazine** and **Classic.**

The coupons will show you how to enter your own name and the name of your favorite player. But you may vote on an ordinary sheet of paper provided you make it the same size and follow the wording of these coupons. We prefer the printed coupons for uniformity and convenience in counting.

There will be prizes for voters and prizes for stars.

Votes registered in Class Number 1 will probably be cast by favor. Votes registered in Class Number 2 will call for a wide knowledge of the Motion Picture business, keen powers of perception and skill at detecting the trend of popular favor. You cannot guess the winner offhand.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The Contest began on December 1, 1919, and closes on September 30, 1920.
2. There will be ten ballots as follows:

December	1919 ballot
January	1920 ballot
February	1920 ballot
March	1920 ballot
April	1920 ballot
May	1920 ballot
June	1920 ballot
July	1920 ballot
August	1920 ballot
September	1920 ballot

3. The result of each month's ballot will be published in each one of our magazines the second month following such ballot.
4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.
5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules thereof shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for **Shadowland** every month, and the same for **Motion Picture Magazine** and yet again the same for **Classic.** Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

Class Number 1

Shadowland, Magazine and **Classic:**
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I consider ..... the most popular player in the entire field of Motion Pictures.

Name .....
Street .....
City .....
State .....
Country .....
Dated .....

Class Number 2

Shadowland, Magazine and **Classic:**
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I believe that ..... will win the Big Three Popularity Contest with ..... votes.

Name .....
Street .....
City .....
State .....
Country .....
Dated .....

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THERE WAS A REASON

Several years ago J. Warren Kerrigan ordered one of the finest riding costumes ever made for an actor. It was designed, cut and sewn by the King's tailor in London and cost the amazing sum of $600, exclusive of import duties. Jack intended to wear it sometime or other in one of his pictures.

But the months went by and nary a script furnished by his scenario writers offered the slightest excuse for his wearing the outfit, altho he had opportunity to appear in everything else, from link armor to bathing-suits. Jack rolled up the suit in moth-balls and gave up hope of ever breaking even on his $600.

Then one day an unknown author in Missouri sent Kerrigan's scenario editor a comedy-drama of the Texas oil fields. The editor wrote back:

"DEAR MADAM—I have read your scenario, 'Live Sparks,' and find it excellent. Before making arrangements for its purchase, I have submitted the script to Mr. Kerrigan for final consideration. Should he deem the story meritorious, you may consider it accepted."

A few days later the author received this wire from Kerrigan:

"Have read first paragraph of your story, 'Live Sparks.' Notice that leading man is required to wear riding clothes. Production starts at once."

CINEMA SERVANTS!!

Marion Davies, star of Cosmopolitan Productions, tells an amusing story of the last Cosmopolitan feature in which she worked. Miss Davies says that in spite of the serious nature of the picture she owes it many laughs.

It seems that one of the scene shifters was in palmier days the butler to a British peer, and, while he was not engaged to see that polite usage be kept sacrosanct thruout the picture, he might as well have been.

During the rehearsal of a drawing-room scene, the ex-butler judicially watched two cinema flunkeys who had been screen dukes in their day. An accident happens to a guest, and one of the flunkeys, after the approved habit of our stage flunkeys, gave a broad hint of mirth. The quondam butler registered reflection.

A maid came in with the post and looked knowingly as she delivered it—another habit of our maids on stage and screen. He here removed his glasses, but still held his peace.

It was only when the maid winked at a gentleman of the screen posing as a lord or something and flounced herself about giddily, that the long-sufferer said his word.

"It's never done," he expostulated in shocked tones. "They would think the poor girl was 'touched.' They would send for a medical man. That they would, sir. And the post—she would pretend not to even see the post. Post's personal. Now, as for footmen smiling—they might if they had a bit of liquor in them and were thinking of giving notice, and then not often, sir. There's such a thing as self-respect."

Miss Davies says that she, herself, and the director were heartily in sympathy with the studio worker's views on screen reform.

A TWO-FOLD PURPOSE

Bing—What is the actor's idea of an uplift movement?

Bang—Raising a pair of lips to his own.

Wanted: Screen-Faces for the Movies

Hundreds of All Types Needed. You May Have Perfect Screen Features

For the first time in the history of moving pictures it is now possible for screen aspirants everywhere to get consideration from the big film directors. No matter where you live, we get your photograph before the directors, many of whom are in urgent need of new "screen-faces."

Ralph Ince, famous Selznick director, says: "There are many young girls who could make good in the movies. I will be very glad to take advantage of your service." Marshall Neilan, known everywhere for his work in directing Mary Pickford, says: "I am convinced that the service you render screen aspirants offers many new personalities to moving picture directors." P. A. Powers, of Universal, says: "A new crop of film stars will be needed at once to supply the insistent demand."

With the assistance of famous directors and motion picture stars we have prepared a printed guide, "The New Road to Film Fame," just off the press, which tells you what to do and gives full directions.

It also contains endorsements of our service from famous people, statements from directors, portraits of celebrated stars and direct advice to you from Mollie King.

This is a fascinating profession paying big salaries. Don't miss this opportunity. Send ten cents (Postage or Coin) to cover postage and wrapping this new guide. Get it at once—it may start you on the road to fame and fortune. **Screen Casting Directors Service, Dept. H-I, Wilmington, Delaware.**

If you are not sincere in your desire to get in the movies, please do not send for this printed guide.

SUBMIT YOUR SONG-POEMS ON ANY SUBJECT FOR OUR ADVICE. WE REVISE POEMS, COMPOSE MUSIC OF ANY DESCRIPTION, SECURE COPYRIGHT AND EMPLOY ORIGINAL METHODS FOR FACILITATING FREE PUBLICATION OR OUTRIGHT SALE OF SONGS UNDER THIS SUCCESSFUL CONCERN'S GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION.

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THE WAR PICTURE

They show me war, on the picture screen,
I am but a month since back,
I know what those lines of trenches mean
And they open the wound with every scene
Of the by-gone wreck and rack.
For I see in the glare of the flying shell
Again the face of a lad who fell,
Looking to me, and to God, in vain
Till he welcomed death, a release from pain.

They picture war for the crowds, and me,
I am but a month since home,
I know that their No Man's Land is true—
There's the very trail that I once crawled thru—
You sniper, a fiendish gnome,
I hear again in his bullet's breath
The sudden sting and the pang of death,
And my comrade falls at my very side,
See, there by the shell-hole, where he died.

They picture war on the screen tonight,
I came but a month since here,
Nay, shrink not back, does my face affright?
Rigid and tense and strangely white.
Listen, the puppets cheer,
I know that those in that gallant line
Were once in a company like mine,
God! It is true. The hell-fires cease
And the picture shows us the dawn of peace.

WHO WOULD HAVE THUNK IT?

What's in a name? Sometimes it depends upon how the name is pronounced. If a name is pronounced wrongly it can lead to consequences of a most harrowing nature. Just for instance: Dustin Farnum, the screen star, and his promoter, Harry A. Sherman, were sitting recently in a private projection room on Olive Street in Los Angeles. They were having an ultra exclusive and final screen showing of their feature "The Light of Western Stars."

While they were thus engrossed, an employee of the place, a foreigner, came in and told Mr. Sherman that a gentleman by the name of Mr. Zingaree wished to converse with him or Mr. Farnum. Mr. Sherman was rather annoyed at this and sent back word to the unwelcome visitor to hunt him up at his office at some other time.

"I suppose he is some fellow who wants to sell me a safety razor, or something of the kind," remarked Sherman. "His name sounds as tho he might be a barber."

"Oh, you cant tell," rejoined Farnum, "he may be one of those long-haired scenario writers who has picked you to be the purchaser of his first masterpiece, as a mark of special distinction."

Just then the employee returned with a card. On the card was the name of Zane Grey, author of the novel, "The Light of Western Stars," from which the film was adapted.

It goes without saying that Mr. Grey was escorted into the projection room with much joy and ostentation by Messrs. Farnum and Sherman, one on each side of him. They had every reason to suppose that Zane Grey was at home in New York until he reminded them that he was in Los Angeles for his annual fishing trip, whereupon the fishing party was enlarged to include Messrs. Farnum and Sherman, at the kind invitation of "Mr. Zingaree."

$1,000 and Film Fame for a Scenario Like "April Folly" by Adrian Johnson



LUCY COTTON
"Miracle of Love"



CARLYLE BLACKWELL
of 100 Successes

One of the world-famous producing companies has just made this generous offer for a story suitable for one of its stars—Miss Marion Davies, and asks you to see the ADRIAN JOHNSON photoplay "APRIL FOLLY" and pattern your story along similar lines.

TO ENCOURAGE NEW WRITERS

The express purpose of the contest, as advertised in all New York papers, is to encourage NEW WRITERS and NEW IDEAS. The Cosmopolitan Productions agree to buy all scenarios submitted which are suitable for production.



CATHERINE CALVERT
"Romance of Underworld"



EVELYN GREELY
"Aladdin's Lamp"

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A mastery of the Adrian Johnson simple, practical, successful system of photoplay writing will admirably equip you to successfully compete in contests of this character, which will be numerous in the future, and will prepare you for entering the fascinating and profitable profession of screen writing as a Free Lance or Staff writer.

All Adrian Johnson Students, entering the above contest, may submit their stories and scenarios through our school and avail themselves also of our service bureau in criticising them.



LEAH BAIRD
"The Capitol"

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EMMY WEHLEN
"Miss Robinson Crusoe"

WE CRITICIZE YOUR PLAYS

Our advisory board, headed by Adrian Johnson himself, is made up of directors, producers, stars and writers. It gives you trained and constructive criticism of your scripts.

WE SELL YOUR SCRIPTS

Our Sales Bureau is an expert organization of play agents with ENTREE to all producers, stars and directors who buy plays. It is of inestimable value to you.

JUST AVERAGE INTELLIGENCE

You need not be a "genius" or "born writer," or anything but just what you are. If you have average intelligence, a story-telling ability, and a creative imagination, even in embryo, we can teach you to write photoplays. Obscure unknowns are jumping into Fame and financial independence daily.

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Portraits of Your Favorites

TWENTY-FOUR LEADING PLAYERS

What is a home without pictures, especially of those one likes or admires? How they brighten up bare walls and lend a touch of human sympathy, alike to the homes of the rich and poor!

And what could better serve the purpose of decoration for the homes of motion picture enthusiasts than portraits of the great film stars, who have become world-wide famous?

The publishers of the three leading motion picture monthlies, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND, have accordingly prepared at great expense, especially for their subscribers, an unusually fine set of portraits of twenty-four of the leading players.

These portraits are 5½"x8" in size, just right for framing, printed in rich brown tones by rotogravure, a process especially adapted to portrait reproductions, and are artistic, attractive and high-grade in every way.

You will like these portraits, you will enjoy picking out your favorites. You will delight in framing them to be hung where you and your friends may see them often.

LIST OF SUBJECTS

Mary Pickford	Theda Bara	Clara Kimball Young
Marguerite Clark	Francis X. Bushman	Alice Joyce
Douglas Fairbanks	Earle Williams	Vivian Martin
Charlie Chaplin	William Farnum	Pauline Frederick
William S. Hart	Charles Ray	Billie Burke
Wallace Reid	Norma Talmadge	Madge Kennedy
Pearl White	Constance Talmadge	Elsie Ferguson
Anita Stewart	Mary Miles Minter	Tom Moore

These portraits are *not* for *sale*. They can be secured only by subscribing to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC or SHADOWLAND for one year, and then they will be sent *free*.

You will want the MAGAZINE, CLASSIC, SHADOWLAND, or all three during the coming year. Subscribe *now* and get a set of these portraits. It will cost you less than to buy them by the month at your dealer's. Send in your order to-day and we will mail the portraits at *once*.

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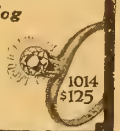
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NAZIMOVA "PINCHED" FOR SPEEDING—SEES HUMOR OF THE SITUATION.

Nazimova vouches for the truth of the matter, which is that she didn't want to do it and didn't mean to do it. So many motion picture stars force their way into the newspaper columns by the simple expedient of "stepping on the gas" along one of the tempting stretches of asphaltum in Los Angeles and Hollywood.

Nazimova would be the last person in the film world to go joy-riding. She is opposed to fast driving as a reckless menace to pedestrians as well as to the motorist. Therefore it was the humor of the situation that appealed to her most forcibly when one day she was "pinched" for speeding.

The Russian star was at the wheel of her rakish roadster on this particular day. She started out from her residence in Laurel Canyon to pay a flying visit to a friend, who was ill in a Los Angeles hospital, before she left for a week-end at San Diego. Her car was rolling along on high when she was astonished to see a khaki-uniformed officer drive his motorcycle across her path and hold up his hand.

"Why do you stop me?" she asked, curiously.

"You're speeding—thirty-two per."

"Why, that's not fast! Anyway, I am hurrying to visit a patient in a hospital."

The motor "cop" laughed. He laughed again. Then he laughed once more.

"I've heard that one before. Third time today. Must be a lotta people bedridden just now." The officer yanked out his note-book. "Gimme your name."

"Madame Nazimova." (With a haughty air.)

"Madame Na—who?—oh, never mind. Let's have your number. You can tell it to the judge."

And so Nazimova was "pinched."

DREAMS A-PLAY

By YVETTE D'AUVERGNE

Dear Dreams! we would find you!
With roses, we'd wind you,
And merrily bind you
To Dawn, Noon and Night!
But where are you hiding
Or slyly abiding,
That all of our chiding
To naught can incite?
Oh, is there no road to your world, golden-white?
Pray tell us the way—by Day, Noon, or Night!
'Tis just over yonder,
Where fairy folk wander;
See Shadowland's gateway! where sits the Dream Queen.
Each youth and each maiden,
With laughter is laden;
They're carrying homeward some smiles they have seen!
Dear Dreams! we have found you, a-play on the Screen!

STARRY EYES

(*To Anita Stewart*)

By LEE BURT

In your look dawns glad surprise,
Starry Eyes—Starry Eyes.
In their depths youth's dreaming lies,
Starry Eyes—Starry Eyes.
I would have you keep that look;
Wiser far than lore of book,
Fresher than a mountain brook,
Starry Eyes—Starry Eyes.

Do You Want to Be Known from the Atlantic to the China Sea?

Do you wish your name to circle the globe and become a household word?

Did you ever stop to think of how it came about that a bunch of golden curls, belonging to a once unknown young girl, has become an important part in the history of the world to-day? There is no village, hamlet or township which does not know Mary Pickford. There is no foreign land which does not love her. Into the almost impenetrable jungle she has gone. Up into the cold regions of the frozen North she has ventured.

How did she reach this stage of international fame?

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will have two years' publicity thru the medium of the world's leading magazines, THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND. Thus the name and personality of the winners will be kept before the eyes of the public. Even as the twenty-five Honor Roll girls of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest have become well known to the public thru publicity and their appearance in "A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN," which is now being released thru the Murray W. Garsson Foundation Film Corp., 1600 Broadway, New York City, so the Honor Roll girls of the present contest will have an opportunity to display their talent in a five-reel feature drama which has been procured for this purpose.

Send in your photograph. Every one's chance in this contest is equal.

RULES FOR 1920 CONTESTANTS

Contestants shall submit one or more portraits. On the back of each photo an entrance coupon must be pasted. The coupon must be from THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC or SHADOWLAND, or a similar coupon of your own making.

Postal-card pictures, tinted photographs and snapshots not accepted.

Photographs will not be returned to the owner.

Contestants should not write letters regarding the contest, as it will be impossible to answer them. **All rules will be printed in all three magazines.**

Photos should be mailed to CONTEST MANAGER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Send as many as you like.

The contest is open to everyone, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage rôles.

Contest closes August 1, 1920.

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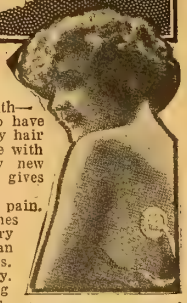
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Hair (color) . . . . . Complexion . . . . . .

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ROUGH ON RATS

RIMES OF A MOVIE FAN—CHARLIE CHAPLIN

By Frank E. Cuddy

Now, the one of whom we parley is a harle-
Quin of quite distinctive quality and grain,
Who has features that are plastic to fantastic,
Odd emotions, plus a wanton hat and cane;
And a patch of fur that's famous. Who could blame us
Should we linger here, like gamins at a treat?
Thus to tarry would be pleasant, but at present,
Why, our topic is his copyrighted feet.
Yes, his feet, feet, feet!
His delightful, skilful, frightful, wilful feet!

Ho! the plot grows thick and snarly when our Charlie
Lets those unleashed dogs escort him on his way;
If their master flushes trouble, why those double-
Acting feet are knee-deep in it, so to say.
Full of ginger, pep and chilli, ranging willy-
Nilly, helter-skelter, up and down the street,
While the other's headed yonder, one will wander
En sense inverse—those Bolshevistic feet!
Oh! such feet, feet, feet!
Such amazy, antic, crazy, frantic feet!

To authority they render but a slender
Portion of respect, and grudgingly at that.
Do we laugh? We do, and more so when the torso
Of inflated dignity becomes their mat.
When they trip the grave and haughty, then those naughty
Ones and we are in accord that's quite complete;
And colliding with the copper—How improper!—
Why, we have a special spasm at his feet.
At his feet, feet, feet!
His unlawful, fearful, awful, cheerful feet!

HOW IT IS DONE

By Marjorie Charles Driscoll

The hero—six feet at the least,
Straight nose, strong muscles, trousers creased.
The girl—some curls, a pretty smile,
A close-up every little while.
The villain—mustache black as ink,
A vast capacity for drink.
The vampire—earrings all of jet,
A snaky pose, a cigaret.
Long love scenes—make 'em slow—dont hurry.
The story? Oh, well, we should worry.

TRUTH AND TRASH

By La Touche Hancock

When they were sweethearts, Cupid reigned
In all his glory,
And Harry breathed to Emily
The old, old story!

And now, when Harry comes home late,
With pretexts hoary—
"Business detained him"—'tis, you know,
The old, old story!

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How You Can Have a Charming Personality

IF YOU WISH

So many women, particularly young girls, imagine that charm is a rare gift accorded by the fairies at birth. If the gay sprites have put their mark of favor upon you, you are singularly fortunate, but if they passed you by you are just plain, unlucky and there is nothing you can do about it. Girls, dear girls, this is wrong, so wrong. The secret of charm, of a winning personality, of a presence which draws others to you as the magnet draws the needle, can be gained by any woman who truly wishes it.

WHY I KNOW

I make this statement confidently, for I know whereof I speak. During my years, both here in America and abroad, I had boundless opportunity to study intimately women in all walks of life, women of high and low degree, the grande dame wrapped in priceless furs, motoring in the Bois du Boulogne, and the *chic* little midinette from the specialty shop on the Rue de la Paix. So many wonderful things have come out of France that it is scarcely surprising that her women have the ability to enwrap life and those about them with a rose-colored glow which is one of the many secrets of the French woman's irresistible attraction.

THE MAGIC WAND

If you had the ability to remake yourself, if you could wave a wand and be just what you have always dreamed, would you do it? I am sure you would. Now, I have this wand, this magic stick which has so often transformed the ugliest duckling into a beautiful swan. I may be the Fairy Godmother to your dearest dreams. Possibly it is some trifling habit that stands in the way of your having a truly winning personality. If you only put the proper rules into use you should improve amazingly.

You no longer need to envy other women. You have it in your power to obtain admiration, to command attention, to become successful in your aims.

HOW TO HOLD MEN'S INTEREST

For all they are so confident and masterful, men are "only boys grown tall." They are not so hard to please—if you know how! Often you will hear someone ask "What do big men see in those tiny fluffy women?" The tiny fluffy women have, possibly, the gift of adaptability. They know how to fit into a man's moods, to lighten him when he is down, to charm him when he is glum.

THE FRENCH WOMAN'S ALLURE

This ability is native born with most French girls and is another of their secrets of attraction. What they have done and do is possible for you, also. It does not require any great skill or expense. It rests only in two things. The desire to acquire this understanding. The desire to accomplish your ambitions. I can help you. The understanding I can give you if you will let me.

HOW TO WIN

You should adopt some of these secrets of the French women. They are easily acquired. Remember, I refer to women who are well thought of and to notable persons in society. And I am sure all of you dear readers,



JULIETTE FARA

I WANT TO HELP YOU

After coming back from abroad I decided that, beyond everything else, I wanted to help the American girl wear a more becoming air. The Girl with Something "Different" as I called her. The girl who lacked that indefinable charm of personality. I had learned in Paris that at your disposal I wanted every American girl to have the same opportunity. I know it will benefit you and make you happier and more alive, as well as markedly successful.

YOU CAN BE ATTRACTIVE

It is not necessary to be a great beauty or to possess a brilliant mind or to wear stunning clothes to have this power of fascination. How many times in your own experience have you watched a really homely woman, surrounded by men, the very center of attention? How many times have you seen a self made girl, one who has perhaps only just managed to finish grammar school, the most feted and courted girl of your acquaintance? Can't you recall the first time you saw Emily Deane, who, apparently without effort became engaged to the most eligible young man in town? You looked at her and remarked cuttingly: "Why, she hasn't even clothes. She's only a plain little thing! How did she get him?"

Oh, yes! Emily was a plain little thing; she wore a skirt that was shiny, but she had that something which is greater than beauty, or brains or clothes. She had the charm of an attractive personality.

CULTIVATE WINSOMENESS

So often I have seen possibilities in some woman, some young girl, that needed only a hint to bring out all the best qualities in her. Dozens of times I have felt like going up to some woman and saying: "I know a secret which will completely change your whole life! Will you let me tell it to you?" But I couldn't very well so accost a stranger, could I?

But, oh! I do so want to share my knowledge with the hosts of eager-eyed girls and women in this America that I love. I want to let you profit by my experience.

VALUE OF PERSONALITY

I have been astounded at the difference in outlook, in opportunity, that the absence of personality makes in the lives of those who, lacking this one necessary attribute, really lack everything. I have made an extensive study of this subject in railway carriages, on board ship, in the dining-rooms of the great hotels, not only in England and on the Continent, but right here in our own America. I know that there are hundreds of women who need certain private information to change from wall flowers and failures to popularity and success.

OVERCOME IMPERFECTIONS

If you are shy and bashful I can show you how to overcome these failings.

If you are aggressive and brusque I can show you how to tone down so that you will attract where heretofore you have repelled. If you are vain, or boresome, or conceited in any way, without carving it, demand that you be the center of attention, I can give you a friendly tapping that will so that you will be sought after rather than shunned.





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To see Irene Bordoni on the stage or on the moving picture screen is to love her, to know her personally is to go into raptures over her. Juliette Fara describes and teaches just such winning qualities as those acquired and employed so wonderfully by this charming actress. You will realize how much it may mean to you, how precious and desirable are these instructions in attaining your success.



BOOK FREE TO YOU

I have put some of my secrets into a little book called "How" that I want you to have. The Gentlewoman Institute will send it to you entirely free. Nothing, not a penny, not for the asking.

My advice to you is to send without delay for this free book "How." It "How" will show you the way.

Juliette Fara

IMPORTANT To obtain Madame Fara's little book "How" free, you may cut out the coupon and send in; or you may write by letter or postcard requesting it. Address as below:

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ARTHUR HYSON

DON'T BE A KANGAROO

The Kangaroo has more power in its hind legs than any form of life on earth, but its upper body and front legs are pitifully small. What a terrible deformity he would make as a human being, and still so many of us would end up the same way. The average farmer works all day with his back and feels satisfied that he is taking wonderful care of himself physically, but still he usually grows old before his time with a flat chest and a curved spine. A few minutes daily attention would prevent this, but he never gives himself this attention until it is too late. His back is over-developed while his chest is crowded in and his vital organs cramped out of place.

THE WRONG METHOD

The average physical director teaches his pupils to develop their arms, as they respond so readily; and claims that the rest of the body will develop at the same time. Don't be misled by false teachings. Don't have arms like the kangaroo's hind legs while the rest of your body remains that of a weakling.

THE RIGHT WAY

The perfect athlete of today also has these large, powerful arms; but with them goes the broad shoulders, the full chest, the strong sinewy legs of a well proportioned body. His step is springy, his eyes show fire and his personality shows that he is brimming over with life.

The experts of today claim that Arthur Hyson's methods are without doubt the shortest and surest to bring about this result. His pupils are found among the leading wrestlers, gymnasts and all round athletes of today. Invariably they have also proven a marked success in their business career.

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Fragment of Verse

From a Lost Era

(Roughly translated by an anonymous poet)

I'm not a guy with grouchy eye,
But some things make me sore,
To see the stuff and all the bluff
And all the plots that bore,
They pull now in the picture shows.
It makes you think you're stung.
Film business had a lot more "pep"
When the movie world was young.

T'aint the "four bits," nor loss of wits,
You mind, when sitting thru
The lengthy ways of marshmallow plays,
Of saccharine and glue
They give you now. It makes you think
With introspective glow,
Of other plots and other days, and other players. So—
I'll reminisce down Memory's road,
Love-garlanded, and strung
With roses sweet and immortelles,
Forget-me-nots, and sparkling wells,
When the movie world was young.

The old "A. B.," o'er land and sea
Their patrons numbered wide,
And Griffith "shot" full many a spot,
He owned the countryside.
The Walthall craze showed its first phase.
How girlish hearts were wrung!
The maidens' sighs for his dark eyes!.
When the movie world was young.

Good old "T. A.," way out Bronx way,
To lights, had added pictures,
To boost his name, and Edison fame,
Among the cinema fixtures.
Old stock "legits," there, shaking mits,
Said, "Now our anchor's slung!
The feathered nest! Oh, heavenly rest!"
When the movie world was young.

The "S. and A." and "Selig" play
Had animals and actors,
To take your choice made one rejoice.
Discrimination factors!
Their circus stunts and lion hunts
Were thrilling and dramatic.
With shootings loud, the cowboy crowd,
"Yip-yiped" in ways ecstatic.
When Broncho Billy grabbed the girl
And to the saddle swung,
And led a chase, with grim-set face,
When the movie world was young.

Kalem, Vitagraph, Pathé,
In frontier drama vied.
The Kalem raid and Griffith "fade"
Were mentioned side by side.
The redskins blossomed in Fort Lee,
Their cries of vengeance rung—
The stockade's rout; the supers' bout!
When the movie world was young.

Our own Blanche Sweet, with tripping feet,
Adorned the landscape fair.
The Gishes too, their salary drew.
They were a comely pair.
And Mary Fuller bloomed in state,
Her reign had just begun.
The Pickford pout was not worn out
When the movie world was young.

Sweet Alice Joyce was one first choice,
With admirers by the score.
And Blackwell days!——Box-office raise.
The audiences adore
The curly hero, hoyden maid,—
Idols to whom they clung.
'Twas worth while being a photo star
When the movie world was young.

The Keystone cops did many flops,
With Charlie running strong.
The custard pie found many an eye,
When Normand was along.
With Bunny "funning" in the East,
Arbuckle in the West.
The movie fans increased in hordes,
Life for them was a jest.
Cavorting bathtubs; "breakaways,"
Full many a "gag" was sprung—
Dumb-waiter ropes: comedians' hopes!
When the movie world was young.

From old Falstaff, the Vitagraph
Went down the list of "drammer,"
To Lear and Shylock and the rest.
The actors used the hammer
As well as strutting for the Kliegs.
A motley crowd among,
You never knew what part you drew,
When the movie world was young.

From Egypt's queen, to Sadie Green,
The girls could daily shift,
And hero's eyes replaced black sighs
And mustaches adrift.
The one-reel plot was full of hop,
The villains neatly hung,——
Kiss—Fade—Embrace. All out this way!
When the movie world was young.

All planets in their natal blush
More wondrous fair appear.
Their sparkling rays of new-born days,
Our hearts toward them endear.
But later, when their cycle's round
Grows slower, colder, strained,
We turn our eyes to other fields,
Our interest in them waned.
So all the later movie crowd,
Commercially inclined,
Tho they may deftly palm first place,
With love thoughts are not twined.
Their posterettes and smug vignettes
May country-wide be slung,
They cannot raise the loving praise
Given to stars in those dear days
When the movie world was young.

THAT PEEVISH DIRECTOR!

By Harry J. Smalley

We were working on a picture, and the butler's part was mine,
Says I to me, "Here's where I make a hit!"—
But, on coming down a stairway that was high and wide and fine,
I slipped and fell, and on my eyebrow lit!
I busted ev'ry arm I had,—was skinned from there to here,—
A bunch of bumps and bruises on my bean!
The director was a kindly cuss,—he whispered in my ear:
"You careless hick, you've gone and spoiled the scene!

They removed me to the hospital and there I up and died,
And, later on, I reached the Happy Land!
Said I: "This is a lovely place, I'm glad to get inside
Instead of down below!"—you understand!
While I listened to the music of the harps and things about
I heard a voice that sounded harsh and mean,—
Lo! there stood that blamed director and he said to me, "Get out,—
You dont belong in here,—you'll spoil the scene!"



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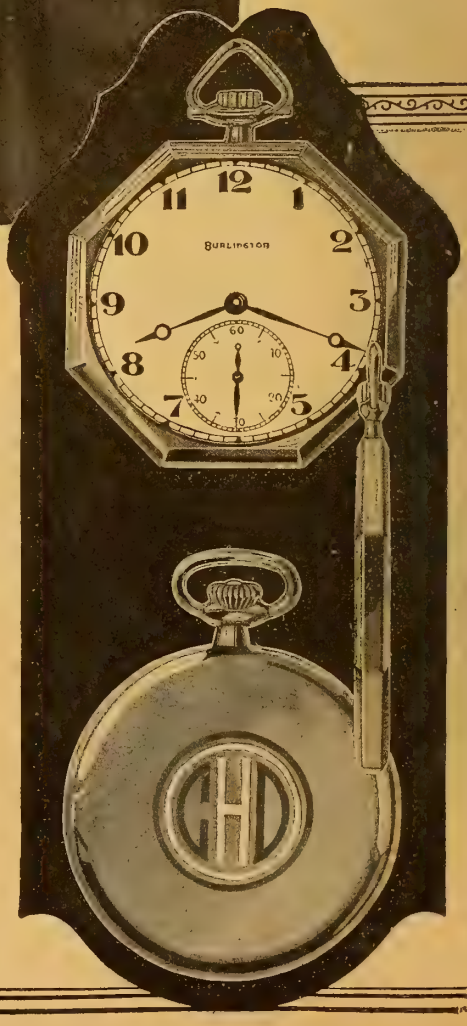
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Motion Picture Magazine

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Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

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Almost a decade ago, when the art of the screen was first pronounced worthy of depicting life's dramas, this Magazine was founded. From the first, it aimed to be the voice of the Silent Drama—the friend of those in front, and of the shadowed players. It has always been ready to encourage all that is good, and eager to wield its power against all that is unworthy. Every word, every picture in this Magazine is printed for you, the reader; hence it is your magazine, and the official organ of the Motion Picture public.

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Astor.—Fay Bainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American. Racial barriers seem insurmountable, but there is a happy and surprising ending. Has all the ingredients of popular drama.

Belasco.—"The Son-Daughter," with Lenore Ulric. George Scarborough and David Belasco's highly colored Chinese melodrama with the vivid Miss Ulric. One of the big hits of the season.

Bijou.—"The Ouija Board." Crane Wilbur's thriller built around spiritualism. Real spooks invade a fake séance, solve a murder and provide plenty of surprises. Guaranteed to keep you on edge.

Broadhurst.—"Smilin' Through," with Jane Cowl. An odd, but effective, drama which purports to show how those who have gone before influence and watch over our lives. Miss Cowl is exceedingly good as a piquant Irish girl and also as a spirit maid whose death occurred fifty years before. "Smilin' Through" will evoke your smiles and tears.

Central.—"As You Were," with Irene Bordoni and Sam Bernard. A delightful musical show in which Miss Bordoni dazzles as the various sirens of history. Pleasant music and a pleasant chorus lend effective aid.

Century.—"Florodora." The much-heralded revival of the widely popular musical show of some twenty years ago Done with charm, distinction and humor. Eleanor Painter's singing stands out vividly and George Hassell's humor is highly diverting. Then, of course, there is the famous "sextette." Here is a revival that really revives.

Cort.—"Abraham Lincoln." You should see this if you see nothing else on the New York stage. John Drinkwater's play is a noteworthy literary and dramatic achievement, for he makes the Great American live again. "Abraham Lincoln" cannot fail to make you a better American. Moreover, it is absorbing as a play. Frank McGlyn, a discovery, is a brilliant Lincoln.

Comedy.—"My Lady Friend." Highly amusing entertainment adapted from a Continental farce. Much of the humor is due to the able work of Clifton Crawford in the rôle of the guileless young publisher of Bibles whose efforts to spend money get him into all sorts of difficulties. June Walker scores in Mr. Crawford's support.

Eltinge.—"Breakfast in Bed," with Florence Moore. A rather amusing farce satirizing the movies with vaudeville's lady clown, Miss Moore, working very hard to put it over.

Empire.—"Déclassée," with Ethel Barrymore. One of the big things of the dramatic season is this clever play by Zoe Akins. Whether or not it has the basis of truth, it is brilliantly written and is well played by Miss Barrymore.

Forty-Eighth Street.—"The Storm." A well-told melodrama of the lonely Northwest with a remarkable stage effect of a forest fire. Helen MacKellar is admirable as the piquant French-Canadian heroine.

Forty-Fourth Street.—"Look Who's Here," with Cecil Lean. A passable musical entertainment that entertains when Mr. Lean and Cleo Mayfield hold the center of the stage.

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Little Theater.—"Beyond the Horizon," by Eugene O'Neill. This powerful drama was produced at a series of special matinées and proved so successful that it won a theater all its own. A gripping study of a human being crushed by environment, told with compelling force. One of the biggest native dramas of years. Richard Bennett heads a remarkable cast.

Lyric.—"What's In a Name?" The most beautiful musical entertainment, with the possible exception of the Ziegfeld revues, yet seen on Broadway. Colorful new art stage designs, remarkable use of lights and gorgeous costumes lift it into the realm of the exquisite. Intelligently written and put together, too.

Morosco.—"Sacred and Profane Love," with Elsie Ferguson. An absorbing—if loosely conceived—drama by Arnold Bennett which marks the return of Miss Ferguson to the speaking stage. It is the story of the remarkable love of a keenly mental authoress for a musical genius who slips into the slough of drugs. Miss Ferguson has many admirable moments and Jose Ruben contributes some brilliant playing as the drug wreck.

New Amsterdam Roof.—Ziegfeld 9 o'clock and midnight revues. Colorful entertainments unlike anything to be found anywhere else. Mlle. Spinelly, a Parisian favorite, is now in the cast of the two revues. Mary Hay stands out and the entertainers include Fanny Brice, Carl Randall and W. C. Fields.

Nora Bayes Theater.—"Lassie." A charmingly tuneful little musical comedy of Scotland and London in the picturesque sixties. Based upon Catherine Chisholm Cushing's "Kitty Mackay." Tessa Kosta sings pleasantly and Mollie Pearson and Roland Beaumley are prominent. Dorothy Dickson and Carl Hyson contribute some delightful dance interludes.

Playhouse.—"The Wonderful Thing." A human play built around a poverty-stricken but blue-blooded English family into which Jeanne Eagels comes as a wealthy heiress and wife of the eldest son. Pleasant drama.

Plymouth.—"Three Showers." A musical comedy of Dixie, staged by the Coburns, who produced "The Better 'Ole." Rather dull and not inspired. Anna Wheaton is the featured member of the cast.

Republic.—"The Sign on the Door." A very good melodrama which boasts many instances of the unexpected and Marjorie Rambeau in highly emotional scenes.

Thirty-Ninth Street Theater.—"Scandal." Cosmo Hamilton's daring drama which Constance Talmadge played on the screen. Francine Larrimore and Charles Cherry have the leading rôles in the excellent footlight production.

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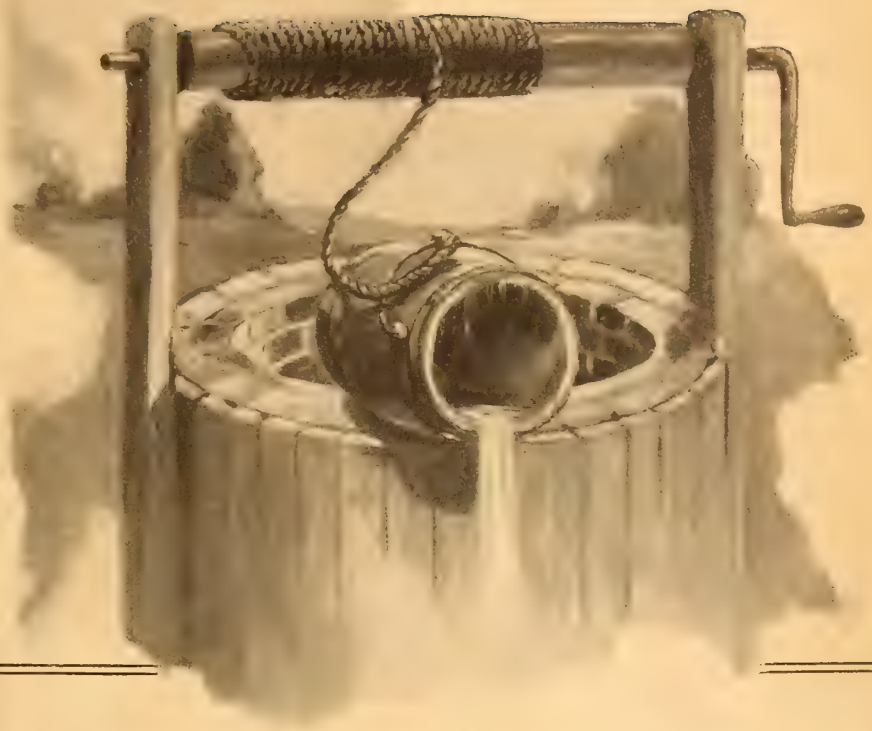
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"The Little Whopper."—Lively and amusing musical comedy with tuneful score by Rudolf Friml. Vivienne Segal pleasantly heads the cast, which also numbers Harry C. Browne, who does excellent work, Mildred Richardson and W. J. Ferguson.

"The Cat Bird," with John Drew. A leisurely little play by Rupert Hughes, dealing with an elderly ecologist who straightens out the romances of several people according to the principles derived from his studies among the flowers and insects. Mr. Drew returns to the New York stage after two years as the ecologist. A suave evening's amusement.

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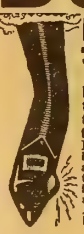
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Send $1.00 for souvenir box of five 25c bottles, different odors.

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SEND $1.00 FOR FIVE 25¢ BOTTLES

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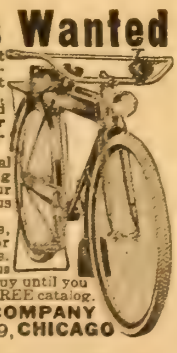
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MAKE BIG MONEY



Earn $200 to $600 per mo. Big future. New invention. Guaranteed prevents puncture. Sell all motorists. New territory open. Exclusive rights. Write the Tire In-Sole Mfg. Co., Dept. 97 Findlay, O.

Rider Agents Wanted



Everywhere to ride and exhibit the new **Ranger "Motorbike"** completely equipped with electric light and horn, carrier, stand, tool tank, coaster-brake, mud guards and anti-skid tires. **Choice of 44 other styles,** colors and sizes in the famous **"Ranger"** line of bicycles.

DELIVERED FREE on approval and **30 DAYS TRIAL.** Send for big **free** catalog and particulars of our *Factory-direct-to-Rider* marvelous offers and terms.

TIRES Lamps, Horns, Wheels, Sundries, and parts for all bicycles—at half usual prices.

SEND NO MONEY but tell us exactly what you need. Do not buy until you get our prices, terms and the big FREE catalog.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. S-39, CHICAGO



FREE For 10 Days Wear

Send no money. Just send us to send you either of these wonderful, dazzling, genuine Tilnite Gem rings to wear for 10 days. If you can tell it from a diamond, send it back.

No. 1. Solid gold mounting. Richly carved design. Has a massive wide band. Almost a carat, guaranteed Tilnite Gem, almost a carat.

No. 2. Solid gold Ladies' or Gent's six-prong tooth mounting. Has a guaranteed genuine Tilnite Gem, almost a carat in size.

No. 3. Solid gold Ladies' or Gent's extra massive belcher style ring. Has a guaranteed genuine Tilnite Gem, almost a carat in size.

In sending, send strip of paper fitting around second joint of finger. Pay only $1.49 upon arrival, then pay only $2.00 per month until the price $3.49 is paid for either one. Otherwise return the ring within ten days and we will refund any payment made. This offer is limited. Send while it holds good.

The Tilnite Gem Co., Dept. 677 Chicago, Ill.

Letters to the Editor

Here is a New Jersey reader who would enjoy a correspondence with fellow-readers. Certainly such a correspondence would prove mutually interesting, especially with another Doug Fairbanks fan:

FRIEND EDITOR.—I have been reading your magazines for many months, and like all human people, I really enjoy them. The Letters to the Editor are especially interesting to me. In fact, they are the first things I turn to.

It so happens that I am new in this town and, therefore, lonesome and friendless, so if some of your readers would write to me, why, they would be doing much to cheer me up. I am eighteen years of age and work in the daytime and you, perhaps, can imagine my joy if I should come home some night, tired and weary, to find a note from some fellow-reader waiting for me.

Dont you think Doug Fairbanks is beginning to show some signs of life lately? His latest, "Till the Clouds Roll By," sure was great and the only complaint I have to make about this universal laugh-creator is that there is not enough of his work upon the screen. Why doesn't he make more pictures and quit stalling? When he was under the Artcraft banner we saw a lot of him, but now that he is on his own he has slowed down too much.

Well, I have now said my say, so I'll give someone else a chance. Here's wishing you and your three magazines the best of luck. May you enjoy it as only one as worthy as you can.

Very truly yours,
STANLEY G. LEHIGH.
59 Fremont Street, Bloomfield, N. J.

It is very true that the Mexican unfailingly turns out to be the villain and perhaps the publicity given the letter below will, in a small way, help to bring to the directors' attention the fact that there are some law-abiding Central Americans:

DEAR EDITOR—Since nearly all MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE readers seem to write their wonders and grievances may I ask this question? Why is it that in the Western story a Mexican is almost always sure to be either the villain or to help said villain? For instance, "Rustling a Bride," and "Bare-Fisted Gallagher" (and one could go on indefinitely, mentioning at random practically every picture of this type). In both of these stories there was no special reason for the villain being a Mexican. In fact there rarely seems any reason *why* a Central American should be bad. I do think that it has grown into a habit more than anything else, but, at the same time, it is not quite fair. We have come to say when a Western photoplay is flashed upon the screen and a dark face with a sombrero appears: "Here comes the Mexican. He must be the villain," and this invariably proves true. Every race and nation has its good and its bad people. It is not because there are Apaches in Paris that every Frenchman or Parisian is called an Apache.

The motion picture is supposed to reflect life truly. Then, go ahead. Let us obliterate the biased views and half truths. Let us, incidentally, have just one good Mexican for a change.

With every good wish,
Yours very sincerely,
ALMA P. THOMPSON.
197 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, Australia.



A Wife Too Many

Into the hotel lobby walked a beautiful woman and a distinguished man. Little indeed did the gay and gallant crowd know that around these heads there flew stories of terror—of murder—and treason—that on their entrance half a dozen detectives sprang up from different parts of the place.

Because of them the lights of the War Department in Washington blazed far into the night. With their fate was wound the tragedy of a broken marriage, of a fortune lost, of a nation betrayed.

It is a wonderful story with the kind of mystery that you will sit up nights trying to fathom. It is just one of the stories fashioned by that master of mystery

CRAIG KENNEDY
The American Sherlock Holmes
ARTHUR B. REEVE
The American Conan Doyle

He is the detective genius of our age. He has taken science—science that stands for this age—and allied it to the mystery and romance of detective fiction. Even to the smallest detail, every bit of the plot is worked out scientifically. For nearly ten years, America has been watching his Craig Kennedy—marveling at the strange, new, startling things that detective hero would unfold.



FREE—POE
10 Volumes

To those who send the coupon promptly, we will give FREE a set of Edgar Allan Poe's works in 10 volumes.

When the police of Paris failed to solve one of the most fearful murder mysteries of the time, Edgar Allan Poe—far off here in New York—found the solution. The story is in these volumes.

In England and France, Edgar Allan Poe is held to be the greatest writer that America has produced. To them he is the great American classic.

This is a wonderful combination. Here are two of the greatest writers of mystery and scientific detective stories. You can get the Reeve at a remarkably low price and the Poe FREE for a short time only. Sign and mail the coupon now.

HARPER & BROTHERS
Established 1817 New York

Cut out this Coupon and mail it today

Harper & Brothers, 7 Franklin Square, New York City.

Send me, all charges prepaid, set of Arthur B. Reeve in 12 volumes. Also send me absolutely free, the set of Edgar Allan Poe, in 10 volumes. If the books are not satisfactory, I will return both sets within 10 days at your expense. Otherwise I will send you $1.00 within five days and $2.00 a month for 14 months.

M P M 7 20

Name.....
Address.....
Occupation.....



Ready!

COMPANY never embarrasses the pantry shelf stocked with National Biscuit Company products. Many a welcome repast awaits in N.B.C. BUTTER THIN BISCUIT—thin, tender morsels with the taste of rich creamery butter; N.B.C. GRAHAM CRACKERS—golden squares of nourishing goodness; NABISCO—queen of dessert wafers; UNEEDA BISCUIT—the world's best soda cracker; and any others of the N.B.C. family that may grace the larder.

Sold in the famous
In-er-seal Trade Mark package.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



Advertising is said to be influenced by public taste, yet it would seem to be belittling to no small degree the intelligence of the cinema audiences when the cheaper of two films is advertised more prominently than the other. Such conditions are curable, but only by all of us expressing our opinion when similar instances come under our observation. The letter printed below was originally sent to the Answer Man, but because of its general interest, that venerable sage has passed it on for publication in this department:

DEAR ANSWER MAN—I'm going to start right out with a plea for the right sort of advertising. To see some of the titles which printers twist the names of our well-known favorites into. Then, too, it never seems that the good picture gets the right advertising, and I've seen some of the worst examples just recently. For instance, in three-foot letters "ROBERT WARWICK in 'THE MAD LOVER,'" and underneath in letters about five inches high, "also an appealing story, 'Little Women.'" I saw the program and found that "The Mad Lover" was the kind of a picture which drags the industry back and keeps the photoplay in the spotlight of adverse criticism. "Little Women," on the contrary, was a picture which does every one—young and old—good to see. It makes you weep a little and laugh a little, and over all is the wonderful atmosphere of home life. It leaves you with a feeling that you want to make your own home life happier. Dont you think those are the plays which are worth while?

Now another instance, "Choosing a Wife," adapted from the famous book, "The Elder Mrs. Blossom." Also on the same program, "Eyes of the Soul," an Artcraft with Elsie Ferguson. The height of the letters was somewhat similar and the result the same. "Eyes of the Soul" is a picture which will bring Elsie Ferguson back to the place she held when she first came to the screen in "Barbary Sheep." But apart from that fact it is also a picture which I am sure will live in the memory of all who see it. "Choosing a Wife" fell flat mainly, I think, because of its typically English cast—all of which are strangers to us—at least to us Australians. Of course, I know that it was a noble story of a woman's sacrifice, but it was the inferior of the two productions, according to the general opinion, and it was billed to the greater extent.

I cant remember all of the instances I would like to quote, but in every one of them the picture which should have been on top was almost like an "also ran." This is, I think, unfair, because, altho some of us knew what to expect when we went to see "Eyes of the Soul" and "Little Women," there were probably many others who did not.

To see such pictures as I have mentioned and others, like "The Squaw Man," "Prunella," "Les Miserables," "The White Heather," etc., is to educate oneself not only to the sorrows and joys of life, but also to educate one to the technical side of the profession. "White Heather" has a series of scenes—paintings one could almost call them—in which one of the characters, played by Jack Gilbert, looks for a missing witness. I have never seen such wonderfully lighted scenes either on the stage or screen. The shadows in the foreground and the soft light in the back-

(*Continued on page* 14)



HELENE CHADWICK · CLARA WILLIAMS · LOUISE FAZENDA · RUTH ROLAND · RUTH STONEHOUSE · MAY ALLISON

In "The Wonder Book for Writers," which we will send to you ABSOLUTELY FREE, these famous Movie Stars point out the easiest way to turn your ideas into stories and photoplays and become a successful writer.

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really *can* and simply *haven't found it out?* Well, come to think of it, most anybody can *tell* a story. Why can't most anybody *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!

"I wouldn't take a million dollars for it. ..MARY WATSON, FAIRMONT, W. VA.

"It is worth its weight in gold." G. MOCKWITZ, NEW CASTLE, WASH.

"Every obstacle that menaces success can be mastered through this course. Get it yourself. ..." YES OLIVE MICHAUX, CHARLEROI, PA.

"It contains a gold mine of valuable suggestions. ..LENA BAILEY, MT. VERNON, ILL.

"I can only say that I am amazed that it is possible to put into the principles of short story and photoplay writing so clear, concise manner. ...GORDON MATHEWS, MONTREAL, CAN.

"I received your Irving System some time ago. It is the most comprehensive thing I have ever seen. Mr. Irving certainly has made story and play writing simple, easy and easy. ... ALFRED MORTO, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

"Of all the compositions I have read on this subject, I find yours the most helpful to aspiring writers. ...ROBERT SAYLOR, EDITOR, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

"With this volume before him, the veriest novice should be able to write successful stories or photoplays that will find a ready market. The best treatise of the kind I have ever encountered in 25 years of newspaper and literary work. ... H. PRESTON WELLS, MANAGING EDITOR, THE BINGHAMPTON PRESS.

"When I first saw your ad I was working in a shop for $16 a week. Always having worked with my hands, I doubted my ability to make money with my brain. So, it was with many misgivings that I sent for your Easy Method of Writing. When the System arrived I started studying it evenings after work. Within a month I had completed two plays, one of which sold for $250, the other for $125. I unhesitatingly say that I owe it all to the Irving System. ...HELEN KINDON, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers — there will be countless thousands of playrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers — they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them — young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh — but these are The Writers of Tomorrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. *Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer?* Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

BUT two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they *really learn to write* from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't *I* learn to write?" *Who says you can't?*

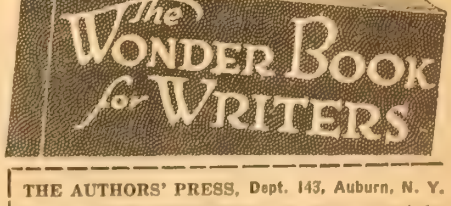
LISTEN! A wonderful *FREE* book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about the Irving System—a Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called "*The Wonder Book for Writers,*" shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't *dream* they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless gold-mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you *ARE* a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to *WIN!*

This surprising book is *ABSOLUTELY FREE.* No charge. No obligation. *YOUR* copy is waiting for you. Write for it *NOW. GET IT. IT'S YOURS.* Then you can pour your whole soul into this magic new enchantment that has come into your life—*story and play writing.* The lure of it, the love of it, the luxury of it will fill your wasted hours and dull moments with profit and pleasure. You will have this noble, absorbing, money making new profession! And all in your spare time, without interfering with your regular job. Who says you can't make "easy money" with your brain! Who says you can't turn your Thoughts into cash! Who says you can't make your dreams come true! Nobody knows — *BUT THE BOOK WILL TELL YOU.*

So why waste any more time wondering, dreaming, waiting? Simply fill out the coupon below—you're not *BUYING* anything, you're getting it *ABSOLUTELY FREE.* A book that may prove the Book of Your Destiny. A Magic Book through which men and women young and old may learn to turn their spare hours into cash!

Get your letter in the mail before you sleep to-night. Who knows—it may mean for you the Dawn of a New To-morrow! Just address The Authors' Press, Dept. 143, Auburn, New York.

This Book FREE



THE AUTHORS' PRESS, Dept. 143, Auburn, N. Y.

Send me ABSOLUTELY FREE "*The Wonder Book for Writers.*" This does not obligate me in any way.

Name .....

Address .....

City and State .....

$1,000 and Film Fame for a Scenario Like "April Folly" by Adrian Johnson



LUCY COTTON
"Miracle of Love"

One of the world-famous producing companies has just made this generous offer for a story suitable for one of its stars—Miss Marion Davies, and asks you to see the ADRIAN JOHNSON photoplay "APRIL FOLLY" and pattern your story along similar lines.



CARLYLE BLACKWELL
of 100 Successes



CATHERINE CALVERT
"Romance of Underworld"



EVELYN GREELY
"Aladdin's Lamp"

TO ENCOURAGE NEW WRITERS

The express purpose of the contest, as advertised in all New York papers, is to encourage NEW WRITERS and NEW IDEAS. The Cosmopolitan Productions agree to buy all scenarios submitted which are suitable for production.

YOU NEED THE ADRIAN JOHNSON SYSTEM

A mastery of the Adrian Johnson simple, practical, successful system of photoplay writing will admirably equip you to successfully compete in contests of this character, which will be numerous in the future, and will prepare you for entering the fascinating and profitable profession of screen writing as a Free Lance or Staff writer.

All Adrian Johnson Students, entering the above contest, may submit their stories and scenarios through our school and avail themselves also of our service bureau in criticising them.



LEAH BAIRD
"The Capitol"

THE ADRIAN JOHNSON SYSTEM

Comprises a course of 20 lessons, covering every phase of photoplay writing, reduced to absolute simplicity and accuracy so that the person of average intelligence in any walk of life can master and apply it in capitalizing his or her spare time into "RED HOT DOLLARS" and win for themselves FAME and a place in this desirable field. We supply 2 complete Directors' Copies of Successful Photoplays, for study and as patterns. We give you a Dictionary of Studio Language, technical terms of the profession. In short, we bring the studio right into your home, acquaint you with its inner secrets.



EMMY WEHLEN
"Miss Robinson Crusoe"

WE CRITICIZE YOUR PLAYS

Our advisory board, headed by Adrian Johnson himself, is made up of directors, producers, stars and writers. It gives you counsel and constructive criticism of your scripts.

WE SELL YOUR SCRIPTS

Our Sales Bureau is an expert organization of play agents with ENTREE to all producers, stars and directors who buy plays. It is of inestimable value to you.

JUST AVERAGE INTELLIGENCE

You need not be a "genius" or "born writer," or anything but just what you are. If you have average intelligence, a story-telling ability, and a creative imagination, even in embryo, we can teach you to write photoplays. Obscure unknowns are jumping into Fame and financial independence daily.

A TRULY WONDERFUL BOOK

Our FREE SOUVENIR book, "A Fascinating Career," illustrated with nearly 100 photographs of Stars, Directors, Studio Interiors, Scenes, etc., is yours for the asking. Ask for details of our own Cash Prize Scenario Contest just starting.

The Adrian Johnson Photoplay System, Inc.,
259 American Theatre Bldg.,
260 W. 42nd Street, New York City.

COUPON

Adrian Johnson Photoplay System, M. P.
259 American Theatre Bldg.,
New York City.

Please send me the free souvenir book, "A Fascinating Career."

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Dear Old Answer Man:

I can hardly believe that you are the same old dear who, years and years ago, would grudgingly give the movie fans occasional bits of information regarding the players on the screen. How many times I have read your verbal chastisements to curious ones who had inquired if so and so were married, and if so, to whom! How mysterious you were in those days!

Now, however, conditions are apparently changed, and the various satellites have descended from their throne chairs of illusion, and acknowledge, nay, even shout from the hilltops, the fact that they have entered into the state of matrimony. Ah me, how times have changed!

I remember the first issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. I unearthed a very early issue the other day and compared it with your present publications. Ha, ha! comparisons are odious. Nevertheless, you deserve much credit. You were a brave little band to start out on an unknown journey. Can you recall in what light players of the stage regarded players of the screen?—Contempt is putting it mildly! And for a time it seemed as tho the art of the photoplay was going to sink into oblivion.

In those early days I was a little girl of twelve, and desperately in love with Alice Joyce. After the appearance of your magazine, I would search thoroly each month for a picture of my idol, and if one were not there, my disappointment was keen. Each photograph I pasted on the wall of my bedroom, and when a year had elapsed, the wall-paper was entirely covered with Alice Joyce.

One day I saw her on Broadway! To steal cartoonist Webster's pet phrase, "The thrill that comes but once in a lifetime" was mine! I followed her all over town, into the subway, out again, into department stores, out again. I thought she was the most perfect person ever created. Oh, if we could only retain the same illusions and delusions in regard to our fellow-man after we have passed the puppy-dog stage! But alas! once those illusions have been shattered, they can nevermore be restored.

To prove what an antique I am, I will also recall to you the days when the movie actors used as a conveyance the Brighton "L" instead of their motor-cars. Anyone passing Elm Avenue around six P. M. could often see Clara Kimball Young, William Shay, Flora Finch, Maurice Costello, Lillian Walker, Wallie Van Nostrand, Adele DeGarde, Kenneth Casey, and a score of other old-time Vitagraphers, waiting for the train. Very seldom one would see them without a bundle, and sometimes two or three. I wonder if at that time, they realized that a few years hence the motion picture industry would be one of the largest in the world, and that instead of riding on the elevated, they would be saying "Home, James."

It is said that when a person begins to reminisce, they are in the throes of old age, so I shall desert 1911 for 1919 and the Answer Man. I dont know whether you are a he, a she or a they, and it matters not; but I do know that you are the most facetious, capricious, sarcastic, obliging, supercilious, humorous old darling that has ever lived since the time of dear old Bill. Keep it up, my dear, and you may yet live to see your name go down in the annals of the twentieth century.

One of your old admirers,

HALLU CHALLENOR.

316 West 93rd Street,
New York City.

Greatest of All Popularity Contests

Unique Competition in Which the Voters Share in the Prizes

WHO IS THE ONE GREAT STAR OF THE SCREEN?

Is it CHARLIE CHAPLIN or ELSIE FERGUSON?
Is it RICHARD BARTHELMESS or WILLIAM S. HART?

Concerning this matter there is great difference of opinion. Every fan, in fact, has his own idol. The Wall street broker swears by MARY PICKFORD; his wife thinks TOM MIX is the best actor the cinema has produced; the office boy has a "crush" on THEDA BARA and the stenographer collects photographs of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

What do **you** think? If you had a vote would you give it to NAZIMOVA or to LILLIAN GISH? Would you vote for a man or a woman or for little BEN ALEXANDER?

Shadowland, Motion Picture Magazine, and **Motion Picture Classic**—the three great magazines of the Motion Picture world—have decided to refer this question to their readers by taking a popular, world-wide vote. In regard to matters concerning the stage and theater their audience is the most intelligent and discerning; the most wide-awake and well-informed in the world today. If any picture patrons can pick out the leading star, it will be those who read **Shadowland,** the **Magazine** and **Classic.**

The coupons will show you how to enter your own name and the name of your favorite player. But you may vote on an ordinary sheet of paper provided you make it the same size and follow the wording of these coupons. We prefer the printed coupons for uniformity and convenience in counting.

There will be prizes for voters and prizes for stars.

Votes registered in Class Number 1 will probably be cast by favor. Votes registered in Class Number 2 will call for a wide knowledge of the Motion Picture business, keen powers of perception and skill at detecting the trend of popular favor. You cannot guess the winner offhand.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The Contest began on December 1, 1919, and closes on September 30, 1920.
2. There will be ten ballots as follows:

December	1919 ballot
January	1920 ballot
February	1920 ballot
March	1920 ballot
April	1920 ballot
May	1920 ballot
June	1920 ballot
July	1920 ballot
August	1920 ballot
September	1920 ballot

3. The result of each month's ballot will be published in each one of our magazines the second month following such ballot.
4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.
5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules thereof shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for **Shadowland** every month, and the same for **Motion Picture Magazine** and yet again the same for **Classic.** Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

Class Number 1

Shadowland, Magazine and **Classic:**
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I consider ..... the most popular player in the entire field of Motion Pictures.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....
Country.....
(Dated).....

Class Number 2

Shadowland, Magazine and **Classic:**
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I believe that ..... will win the Big Three Popularity Contest with ..... votes.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....
Country.....
(Dated).....

Remember! This is the greatest player contest in history.

June Mornings



Bubble grains on berries

Mix these airy, flimsy bubbles in every dish of berries. Use Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs. The blend is delightful. It adds what crust adds to a shortcake.

At breakfast, also, serve with cream and sugar—any of these fragile, fascinating grains.

June Evenings

Whole wheat steam exploded

For suppers, float Puffed Wheat in milk. That means whole wheat with every food cell blasted. The grains are puffed to eight times normal size.

They seem like tidbits, but every flaky globule is a grain of wheat made easy to digest.



June Afternoons



Airy, nut-like confections

For hungry children, crisp and douse with melted butter. Then Puffed Grains become nut-like confections, to be eaten like peanuts or popcorn.

Use also like nut-meats as a garnish on ice cream. Use as wafers in your soups.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Corn Puffs**

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

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Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 10)

ground proved the art of the director. Perhaps the majority of people who frequent the motion pictures do not care for these things—that is, perhaps, because they have not been favored with them often enough. I did not in the past, but times have changed and now I find myself seeing things in the lights and shadows that make a play seem far more wonderful.

And before closing—one word about the incessant cry of the industry being in its infancy. Such things as I could further mention in connection with lights and shadows are not the result of an infancy. Assuredly no. The business is in the heyday of its romantic youth when it sees gold in all things, and also that there is beauty in sorrow as well as pleasures. And by this I do not mean that in about as many years again it will be a decrepit, aged thing. Far from it. I believe that it will grow until it reaches a certain and perhaps ideal height and then mellow with age, maybe, but never again become trashy or cheap.

With best wishes,
HERBERT H. DUKE.
16 Ivy Street, Prahran, Australia.

There have been criticisms galore offered in the hope of rectifying practically the very things our reader mentions, yet they go on and on—apparently, too, they always will—yet we *can* hope:

DEAR MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE EDITOR—I am looking for staunch supporters of a new law I should like to introduce in Congress immediately—if not sooner—and when you hear my troubles I am sure you will rally round the flag.

As I am a reasonable person a little thing like the heroine running thru a Kansas rainstorm with her hair hanging in straight, clinging strands about her ears and a couple of minutes later climbing on a show wagon, with said hair all curled up again—a little thing like that doesn't phase me—I stick to the story.

But I must have a law quickly or they will have to lock me up in a padded cell, against more than one feature picture in six months containing the following plot developments:

1. "Be mine, be mine!" "But there is something that I must tell you first." "Tell me nothing but that you love me!"

2. Hero from the outside of the house sees shadowed on the curtain, the figure of the heroine in another's arms.

3. A heroine who is the innocent cause of some misfortune to the hero—his brother—or sister. He loves her, ignorant of her identity, but she thinks he would hate her if he knew. Always she is desperate in her fear of his discovery.

Of course these things are adjusted before the fade-out, but I ask you does it not become unendurable? *Three times* in six months I have seen detail number three on the screen—once it was Elsie Ferguson in "A Society Exile," then some other play the name of which I have forgotten and now Clara Kimball Young in "The Forbidden Woman." And worst of all, this last play contains all three of these moth-eaten details. A perfectly beautiful picture it is—as a picture with a fair plot and excellent players, but everything is spoiled by such rot.

And in closing I want to say that I take the trouble to rave because I love pictures and hopefully go once more.

Sincerely yours,
MAUD FAUX.

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PERSONAL

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(Continued on page 120)



The Luxury of Being Certain

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"THE TOLL GATE"
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FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
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NEW YORK

CONTENTS

JULY, 1920

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

Cover portrait of Blanche McGarity by Leo Sielke, after a photograph by Cones, San Antonio, Texas.

Some early day will find another star shining—brightly, too—in the cinema firmament. And San Antonio, Texas, will boast of being her native heath—poets will sing praises unto her golden curls and unto her art as well as her beauty. Blanche McGarity will have won the laurels of success—and the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest will stand as the mother of her stardom!

		PAGE
Gallery of Players Portraits in gravure of Mary Pickford, Katherine MacDonald, William S. Hart, Constance Binney, Irene Rich, Richard Barthelmess, Alma Rubens, Hope Hampton and Dorothy Dalton.		19-28
Souls	*Editorial*	29
The Long Distance Commuter Madge Kennedy returns to New York.	*Adele Whitely Fletcher*	30
The Romantic Irish An afternoon with Jack Mulhall and his family.	*Elizabeth Peltret*	32
Sweet Sixteen		34
Ann Arrives		35
That Glad Girl A queer interview with "different" ZaSu Pitts.	*Truman B. Handy*	36
Confessions of a Studio Mail Clerk Glimpses into the stars' daily mail.	*Himself*	38
The Sins of Saint Anthony A novelization of the new Bryant Washburn production.	*Grace Lamb*	40
The Manor of Mary		45
A Temple in the Skies Burton Holmes talks of his travels in distant climes.	*Ellen D. Tarleau*	46
On the Crest of the Wave New Fame and Fortune Honor Roll resplendent with beauty.		48
Monkeyshines		50
Their First Love		51
The Honeymoon and Sixpence Alice Joyce is interviewed ere her honeymoon wanes.	*Gladys Hall*	52
The Great Adventure Luncheon and philosophy with Rod LaRocque.	*Adele Whitely Fletcher*	54
Mistress May May Allison photographed in and about her new home.		56
The Creed of Raymond Hatton	*Maude S. Cheatham*	58
Romance The famous stage play fictionized.	*Gladys Hall*	59
The Little Master Builder An interview with Blanche McGarity.	*Janet Reid*	64
The Fame and Fortune Beauties of 1919		66
The Domestic Directress		67
Irene Returns to the Cinema Fold	*Betsy Bruce*	68
The Courage of Marge O'Doone The Vitagraph feature in short-story form.	*Norman Bruce*	69
Mind the Little Things	*Doris Delvigne*	73
Across the Silversheet New screen plays in review.	*Hazel Simpson Naylor*	74
They Aren't All on Broadway Telling how the movies have won universal favor.	*J. A. Chapman*	76
Our Animated Monthly of News and Views	*Sally Roberts*	78
The Answer Man	*Himself*	86

READ

The interview with delightful "Constance" Talmadge—it will appear soon, with exquisite pictures.

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PARIS **VIVAUDOU** NEW YORK



Photo © by Hoover Art Co.

WILLIAM S. HART

"Bill" suits him somehow with his rough-and-readiness and his inscrutable expression. He is eminently the son of the West—and his characterizations ever mirror the most worthy emotions known to man.



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

CONSTANCE BINNEY

Only recently has the silversheet reflected the delightful image of the petite Constance, a recruit from the legitimate stage. With her first Realart picture, "Erstwhile Susan," she made a place for herself in the ranks of the silent host and we hope she will remain indefinitely.



Photo by Evans, L. A

IRENE RICH

It was in "Stella Maris," with Mary Pickford, in which she played the rôle of the wife, that this daughter of Buffalo first came to the cinematic fore. Now she is with Will Rogers in all of his Goldwyn productions.



RICHARD BARTHELMESS

"Dick" is now a star. And more, a Griffith star. When we reflect upon the characterizations with which he built the stellar foundations—such things as his Yellow Man in "Broken Blossoms," and his beachcomber in "The Idol Dancer," we feel his stardom will not be a mushroom growth, but something strong—which will stand.

ALMA
RUBENS

Apparently Alma has forsaken the flannel shirt, red tie and riding breeches of the cowgirl. And after seeing her in her Cosmopolitan pictures in which she enters upon a new phase in her career, we vote her even more beautiful than of yore



Photo by
Campbell Studios



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

HOPE HAMPTON

We really dont know much about Salome except that she is credited as being very beautiful. But knowing that it seems apropos that Hope Hampton should appear as a modern Salome in a story by that name. Her days are now spent before the camera in preparation of "Rio Grande."



Photo © by Alfred Cheney Johnston

DOROTHY DALTON

Dorothy was kept busy last winter in "Aphrodite," the spectacle in which she startled even blasé New York, but not so busy that she deserted the silversheet for even a brief space of time. Her next release will be "This Man- -That Woman."



The possibilities in every woman's face



THE soft, appealing charm of a fresh, lovely skin—*of course*, you want it. Every girl does. Every girl wants to be attractive, lovable, admired—

And unless your skin is right, *nothing is right*. Haven't you often felt that? What use to wear the prettiest frock, if your skin is pale and lifeless, marred by blackheads or ugly little blemishes?

You *can* make your skin noticeably soft, so exquisitely fresh and clear that at first glance it will awaken admiration and delight. By studying it—learning its possibilities—then giving it every day the kind of care that suits its particular needs, you, too, can win the charm of "a skin you love to touch."

Is your skin pale, sallow, lifeless? Begin tonight to give it the special steam treatment and see how quickly you can rouse it to freshness and color.

One or two nights a week fill your washbowl full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the bowl and cover your head and the basin with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds.

Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this, wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into your skin with an upward and outward motion. Then rinse your face well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Dry carefully.

The other nights of the week wash your face thoroughly in the Woodbury way, with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold water.

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Get a cake today—begin, tonight, the treatment *your skin needs*. Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada. A 25 cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, or for general cleansing use.

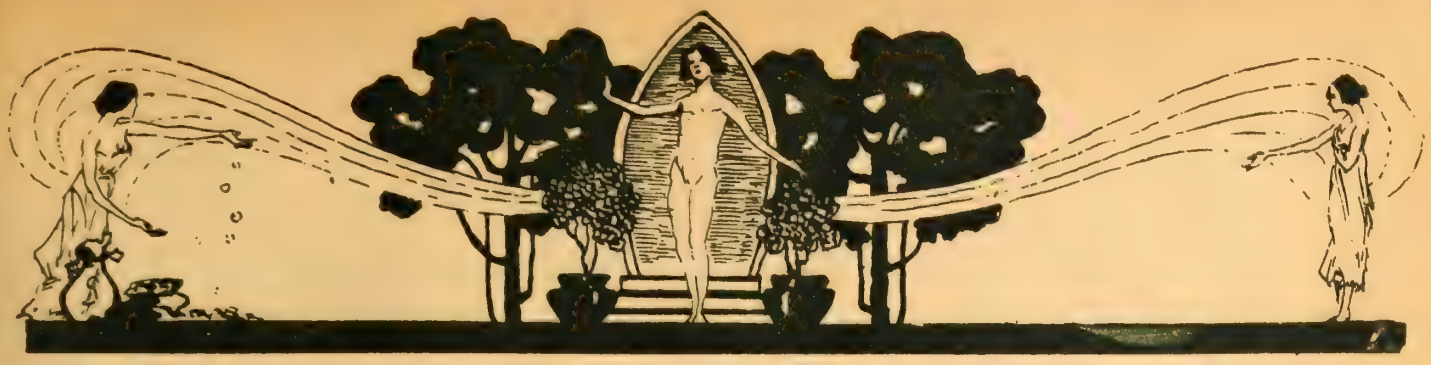
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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

JULY, 1920

Souls

WHAT' yardstick do you use to measure the acquaintances you meet on life's highroad?

Particularly popular nowadays are the income yardstick, the social ruler and the fine manners tape measure. I know men who judge their friends by the amount of polish on their shoes, women who approve or disapprove of others according to their ability to adjust a hair-net correctly; but I know very few who seek to know the soul beneath fine feathers or rough mackinaws.

Today is the age of surface values; never before has such false virtue been placed upon worldly acquisition.

"My dear, her father made a million in oil" is the open sesame to popularity, power and adulation.

But few have the slightest inclination to meet, even in passing, the individual whose sole recommendation is "She has the kindest heart in the world."

And yet when we come to Life's rough crossings, is it the friend with the sympathetic soul or the family-tree that stands by us? Which quality will help us in our hour of need?

The other evening I went to a picture show. The play was as sweet as the air of "Home, Sweet Home"; the celluloid reels revealed very little action, no pistol shooting, no rough riding, but depended upon pure heart-throbs of true-to-life characterization. It chanced that at my right sat an old man, unkempt, wearing worn and soiled garments. Instinctively I drew away from his filth toward the modishly clad girl at my right. At the splendidly acted climax, when thru force of unhappy circumstances, two people who loved each other dearly were separated—never to see each other again, her voice still prattled on about the new suit she had bought and the number of card parties she had been invited to that week. I glanced at the dirty, rough old man, wondering if he too were bored. In amazement I saw two tears trickle from the corner of his eye and lose themselves in the grey-black maze that served as a beard.

I had found a man with a soul and a girl with none; had I my choice I would choose the old man for a FRIEND!

What would you do?

Think it over. . . . and perchance your eyes will find other worth-while souls.

The Long Dis

By ADELE WHIT



Photo by Clarence S. Bull

"I dont think it will always be so," said Madge, speaking of the great number of divorces. "I think it is unnatural that it should be so. It's the times we have been thru—they have been such difficult times for all of us"

IT may some day fall to my lot to interview a more "difficult subject"—that is not, I suppose, an impossibility, but it is *decidedly* an improbability, for Madge Kennedy is elusiveness personified. She is charming and she is sweet—and yet you realize quite distinctly that it is not her charm, and not her sweetness which captivates you. And you try in vain to fathom the secret during the entire time you spend with her—then leave unsuccessful—unsuccessful, I might say, yet still captivated.

It was in her suite of rooms at the studios that I talked with her—in her suite of rooms where the dull grey furnishings were stencilled in black; where the floors were covered in a deeper grey and where the walls and ceilings were covered in a shirred silk of a pale blue. And Madge herself was wearing a velvet frock of a baby blue, for she had just come upstairs from the studio, where she was busy on her new picture.

Before I left she had luncheon, consisting of a Huyler's chocolate soda and a chicken salad sandwich which her maid had brought in to her.

She had returned from California, having gone there to do two pictures, cherishing all the time Goldwyn's promise that she could return to New York for good upon their completion.

"It's so silly, being married and living in California most of the time when your husband is a Wall Street man and just has to stay in New York," smiled Madge.

"Of course, I know I'm frightfully old-fashioned," she sighed, "and I know it isn't 'smart'—that it isn't being done—but, you see, I'm in love with my husband, and we have been — married — *three years,*" evidently hopeless over her apparently unnatural state.



tance Commuter

ELY FLETCHER



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

I remembered how she had rushed frantically back and forth between Los Angeles and New York in the last year, coming on between pictures when it proved possible, and, knowing her husband, I knew how he had always gone out to bring her back, even tho her mother was with her, and he should at one time have been in bed with tonsillitis. You see, they really *are* old-fashioned.

"I told them," said Madge Kennedy Bolster, waving her hands in mid air, "I told them that I'd give up pictures forever; I'd do anything the courts could make me do if I broke my contract, but that I'd break it; I'd do anything unless I could stay in New York. And I must say," she added, "that they were perfectly lovely about it. I know you should never, under any circumstances, confuse your personal life with your business, but there was nothing else to do, you see. Anyway, they said if I'd go back to California the last time and make two pictures, that I could come back to New York and stay—so—I'm here—for good! No more commuting between Los Angeles and New York for me."

She laughed. "I'm still commuting, tho. I'd miss not doing it, as you can imagine. We live up in Westchester County, and both Mr. Bolster and I come in every day. In pleasant weather we drive in, but more often we come in the train. Always, I expect, I'll be dashing madly for trains."





It does not seem just apt to call her a comedienne, for we have come to think generally of a comedienne as one—well, one given to making puns; one just a trifle noisy; one not overburdened with poise, perhaps . . . and she is none of these things. Left, a snap taken of Madge at the Grand Canyon, and, below, her husband, Mr. Bolster, and mother—also at Grand Canyon

She reminds you—more than anything else, for it is not just easy to liken her unto anything more definite than a will-o'-the-wisp—of a well-bred young miss. I had the most difficult time getting her to have her luncheon when I didn't take any. She is gentle, too—very gentle—and it is her gentleness which you carry away with you more than anything else. She is most considerate of others. Her maid had walked over to get her luncheon, and said Madge:

"Frieda refused to take a taxi—Frieda is very considerate of the family funds—far more careful of them, I'm afraid, than is the family."

And Frieda stopped sorting skumpty-umpty pairs of tiny white gloves long enough to smile indulgently and say:

"I didn't mind the walking, madam."

I know Frieda would never think of calling even such a ridiculously young matron as Mrs. Bolster *ma'm'selle*. She just wouldn't do it—and then, too, I rather think Madge gets a secret joy out of being called madam.

(*Continued on page 95*)

The Romantic Irish



Photo © by Evans, L. A.

THE first thing you notice about Jack Mulhall is that he has learnt how not to act, which shows that he is a very good actor indeed. For not acting is the most difficult thing any one is called on to do.

For instance, have you ever met some one who was looking up to you, admiring you, seeing you thru a haze of romance? Were you not incited to pose just a little? It is a safe bet that you were and that you yielded to the temptation. Every one in every walk of life is tempted to act under certain conditions. Think, then, how difficult it must be for an actor to act like himself when every one he meets from outside the profession is expecting him to be something different, a sort of cross between Jove and the devil, without even a little dash of the human being thrown in! This must be the acid test of a man's art. He is a really good actor when he has learnt how not to act when he doesn't want to.

"I went from vaudeville to the screen," he said, "and was glad to get there. I was so busy thinking how pleasant it would be booked solid for life, with a salary coming in every week, that I didn't have time to miss my audiences." Above, a portrait study, and right, with Mrs. Mulhall and Jack, Jr.

There is never anything the least bit "upstage" about Jack Mulhall. The simple things of life, the "small-town stuff," are, he says, the best of all, and he should know, for tho he has been in most of the big cities of the world, the happiest days of his life were spent in a little town, Wappingers Falls, New York, full of Irish inhabitants, swimming-holes and beautiful scenery that might have been taken bodily out of a James Whitcomb Riley poem.

And today, of all the letters he gets, those he values most are the ones that come from the boys he went to school with there. This was the town in which he was born.

His father was a rubber manufacturer and was also the best oarsman on the Hudson River. It was here that Jack Mulhall learnt to row, swim and fish.

"We had a volunteer fire department," he said, "which was one of the joys of my life. The

Photo by Evans, L. A.



By ELIZÁBETH PELTRET

fire-bell could, of course, be heard all over town. The idea was that each member of the volunteer fire department was given a day of responsibility in turn. If the bell happened to ring on the baker's delivery day, he had to unhitch his horses, and, leaving his wagon wherever it happened to be, take them to the engine-house, hitch them to the hose-wagon and then go to the fire. By that time the fire had either gone out of its own accord or the house was reduced to ashes. The latter was what usually happened. All our fires were beautiful."

We were sitting in the charming drawing-room of his home in Hollywood. He was looking rather wan and tired, having suffered for the past week with pleurisy, which he had contracted while playing the part of a life-guard during a cold spell at Laguna Beach, a resort near Los Angeles. This alone would not have affected him, but it was assisted by much hard work and a wind machine. The pain in his side had been so sharp the day before that he had found it difficult to breathe, but he had refused to go to bed,



Photo © by Evans, L. A.





Jack Mulhall is all Irish—the romantic type of Irish who have high hopes and make them come true by fine cheerful faith and hard work. Top, another new portrait; right, about to take a spin in "the family 'bus," and below, on the steps of the Hollywood bungalow

Photos by Evans, L. A.

because he knew if he did he would not be able to get up for a week or two.

Mrs. Jack Mulhall, a pretty blonde, who was known in her Biograph pictures as Laura Bunton, sat opposite on a piano-stool. Next to her sat her mother, and in my lap sat little Jack, Jr., age three, a beautiful, lovable child, with dark hair and big, dark eyes. (He has a sweet, serious way of looking at you and talking with you, and his favorite pastime is extracting screws from wherever they may be.)

But returning to his proud young father: When he was eleven years old Jack Mulhall moved from Wappingers Falls to New York City. From there he moved to Passaic, New Jersey. At Passaic, when he wasn't at school, he was at the theater, doing any odd job that a boy of fourteen could do—"suping," rustling props, etc. This was at the Whitehead Opera House, with the Bennett Molton Stock Co. He soon became a member of the company and was with it for two years. Then came vaudeville with James K. Hackett in "The Grain of Dust."

"I went from vaudeville to the screen," he said, "and was glad to get there. I was so busy thinking how pleasant it would be to be booked for life, with a salary coming in every week all year around, that I didn't have time to miss my audiences. The company

(*Continued on page* 103)



All photos by
Clarence S. Bull

Sweet Sixteen



Clara Marie Horton has graduated from the ranks of the silversheet children into those of leading lady. In "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," with Jack Pickford, she has endowed her work with all the charm of budding maidenhood—of sweet sixteen

Ann Arrives - -



Always Ann wished for a theatrical career, but Father May did not take very kindly to the idea, even when she won laurels at the dramatic school. It did not take Ann very long to arrive, as it were, either. "Lombardi Ltd." found a place for her on the silversheet —then she did "Paris Green," and evidently Charlie Ray liked her work, for she's with him again in his first picture under the First National banner





Three poses of Ann snapped about her attractive Los Angeles home

That Glad Girl

By TRUMAN B. HANDY



All photos by Evans, L. A.

ONCE in a while Fate—or is it Fortune?—steers a simple soul—an individual blessed with complacent, inherent faith in the goodness of his fellow beings—out into the open, lets him loose for an all-too-short while, and gives the rest of us who aren't, perhaps, quite so prone to optimism a chance to see what a real altruist is like. And sometimes a writer like Frank L. Packard blossoms forth with a "Miracle Man"; sometimes an era has its Jane Addamses or its Helen Gould Shepards, and once in a coon's age filmdom chances to develop one of those *real* folk who have ambitions other than for million-dollar-a-year salaries and high-powered limousines.

And it just happens that right now in Hollywood—and, particularly, in the Brentwood studio—the goddess of Happenstance has smiled, and little ZaSu Pitts is "just plugging along," making everybody around her smile, even tho they may have a toothache or the contrary California sun may be cloud-hidden.

ZaSu—this slip of a gangling girl, with a name that sounds like some brand of lithia water—is actually one star in the picture colony who has permanently forgotten—or, perhaps, never really realized—that she is an actual "personality" who has a chance to pick her own leading men and to tell the prop boys what color she wishes the wall-paper in her dressing-room to be.

She's been a full-fledged star now for half a year. Yet there is, in her voice, the same plaintive quality as of yore. Her eyes continue to sympathize with stray dogs and mistreated wives, and her laugh yet retains that sweet-something lilt that authors are wont to term girlishness.

And praise be!—the diminutive, frail Pitts person still gets a real thrill at sight of a pretty dress or a new swain—and she positively refuses to be bored when some one chances to mention those happy days she spent back on the farm near Santa Cruz, California.

ZaSu in real

ZaSu flits about Hollywood in plain little dark-blue silk dresses that rustle like the falling of autumn leaves, and queer little hats ornament her hair. And she never will take them off because, it happens, she's always just forgotten to smooth the rebellious locks and she's sure her hairpins are all loose



ZaSu Pitts Cant Vamp, But She Can Be Happy

life is precisely what she is on the screen. Temperamental elbows that flop and make you laugh; rolly-rolly eyes that google themselves almost out of their sockets; odd, dry little laugh with the lips turning down at the corners; dancing feet that she simply cant make behave; long, artistic fingers that draw circles in the air when their owner happens to get excited when she's talking.

She converses in a drawn-out, dry little way, saying funny little things in a nonchalant manner, keeping a perfectly straight face until you laugh—and then she chortles a suppressed "ha-ha!" in a high little voice and puts the back of her right hand over her mouth so that you cant tell whether she's laughing or merely telling herself to keep still.

She flits about Hollywood in plain little dark-blue silk dresses that rustle like the falling of autumn leaves, and queer little hats ornament her hair. And she never will take them off because, it happens, she's always just forgotten to smooth the rebellious locks and she's sure that all her hairpins are loose!



Photo by Evans, L. A.





"Ye know, I'm all fussed up," she added. "I keep thinkin' to myself, 'H-m, this is an interview, is it? Well, ZaSu, get your wits to working; get your wits to working.' And I just sit here like a graven image and cant think of a thing to say." Above, a new portrait; left, with Sarah T. Mason, her "very favorite continuity writer," and, bottom, Betty Bryce, ZaSu and Betty Blythe chatting on the dressing-room steps

And once in a while she dissipates terribly! Goes to the Thursday night dances at the Hollywood Hotel—where all filmland convenes—and gets a mad "crush" on some good-looking male newcomer. Which lasts perhaps half an hour, during which time ZaSu cuts all the dance dates she may have previously made in order that her terpsichorean desires may be fully satisfied with this latest flame—whom she usually promptly forgets as soon as another Prince Charming wanders by.

Nobody, having viewed her in either "The Other Half" or "Better Times," would ever surmise that perhaps the Pitts feet might be light and adept at tripping off a jazzy fox-trot. Another surprise, for ZaSu, carried away by the existing musical moment, forgets that she ever learnt to walk and makes our professional stage terpsichoreans look like brass monkeys.

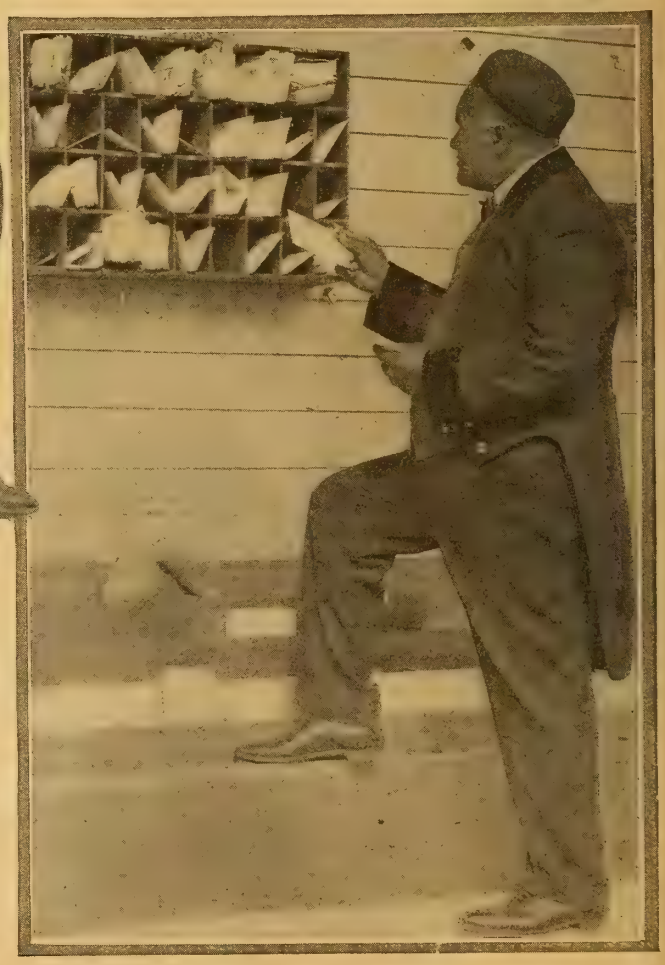
ZaSu, at the instant of this interview, was dining at the Studio Club in Hollywood, a tall-pillared, Colonial manse, where a number of other young women in pictures reside. She was all thrilled, she informed me over the 'phone, because

(*Continued on page 98*)

Confessions of a Studio Mail Clerk







I notice somewhat a falling off in the offerings of presents that used to come in great numbers to the stars. It may be that people are beginning to realize the plutocratic households maintained nowadays by their favorites. Above, Douglas MacLean empties his mail-box; center, Charles Ray carrying his precious load to his room; and, below, the guardian of the letter-boxes sorting the morning epistles

WHY do they do it? is the question I ask myself more times than can be counted as the letters pour into the studio, day after day, week in and week out. Monday is the worst day of all, because it brings Sunday's accumulation.

If I only counted them there would be no cause for remark, but my duties extend a little further—decidedly further, to be frank. Because of the volume of correspondence from all over the world, it is necessary, in order to simplify work at the studio, for me to open certain of their letters! Open them, as I said, and—altogether in the line of duty, I hasten to add—read them.

Now dont think these "confessions" merely the result of eavesdropping, or rather the interception of letters. Or that letters of a strictly personal nature to the stars are perused in a ribald spirit. Far from it. After having read several thousand letters weekly for a number of years, one is able to separate the effusions of youth from the sober, thoughtful offerings of the mature. Also one's sense of humor enables one to exercise his discretion. Besides, I couldn't remember the name of a writer if I were paid a million to divulge it. So your secret is safe.

It seems only right at the outset that I should explain how it is that these letters are opened first by me and then passed on to the addressees. Let us say, for instance, that Miss Bennett's mail some morning amounts to four hundred letters and the winsome star is away from the studio for a day or, maybe, several days. Perhaps on location with her husband-director, Fred Niblo, or with him at Santa Barbara or Coronado for a well-earned rest before beginning her next production.

Instead of allowing these letters to lie unattended to, augmented each day of Miss Bennett's absence by some more hundreds, it is a matter of studio efficiency for me to open these letters, separate requests for photographs from offers of marriage, place in one pile letters from Australian compatriots acclaiming her "the fairest daughter of the Antipodes and the most gifted," and in another the miscellaneous epistles in which are found the "curiosities," some pathetic but most of them amusing.

For instance, an old lady living in Bath, England, wrote a beautiful letter to Miss Bennett, paying tribute to her sweetness and modesty, judging by what she had observed in her pictures; then she said the



star was just the young woman she had been looking for since her husband died and left her alone. With no hesitation and no doubt that Miss Bennett would snap at the offer, the old lady asked her to come to England and serve as her companion. She assured Miss Bennett that her board and lodging would be of the best, and the salary she would give her—small, it is true—would be ample for any well-bred girl's simple needs. As an extra inducement she said that since she had gone into mourning she had a great number of silk dresses, including a dolman with jet fringe such as Queen Victoria wore, that the new companion would be welcome to make over in her spare moments.



Quite the most ambiguously phrased request for a picture came from a girl, who said, "I am making a collection of the most notorious actresses. Please send me yours." Top, Enid Bennett uses every spare minute in signing her pictures; center, Doris May reading her morning's mail while waiting to be called for a scene; and, below, again—the guardian of the letter-boxes carries some of the answers to the fan mail to the post

The writer expressed no thought of what Miss Bennett would have to sacrifice to gratify her whim, accepting as a matter of course that any girl would enjoy living in Bath. Some thought of the kind must have come to her, however, for she closed by saying that "she knew such a quiet, domesticated girl must be weary of the glitter and constant travel of stage life."

I cannot tell you what Miss Bennett said in reply, for I am not an amanuensis, but only a mere mail clerk. I do know that there has been no rumor that she has booked passage for a trans-Atlantic voyage.

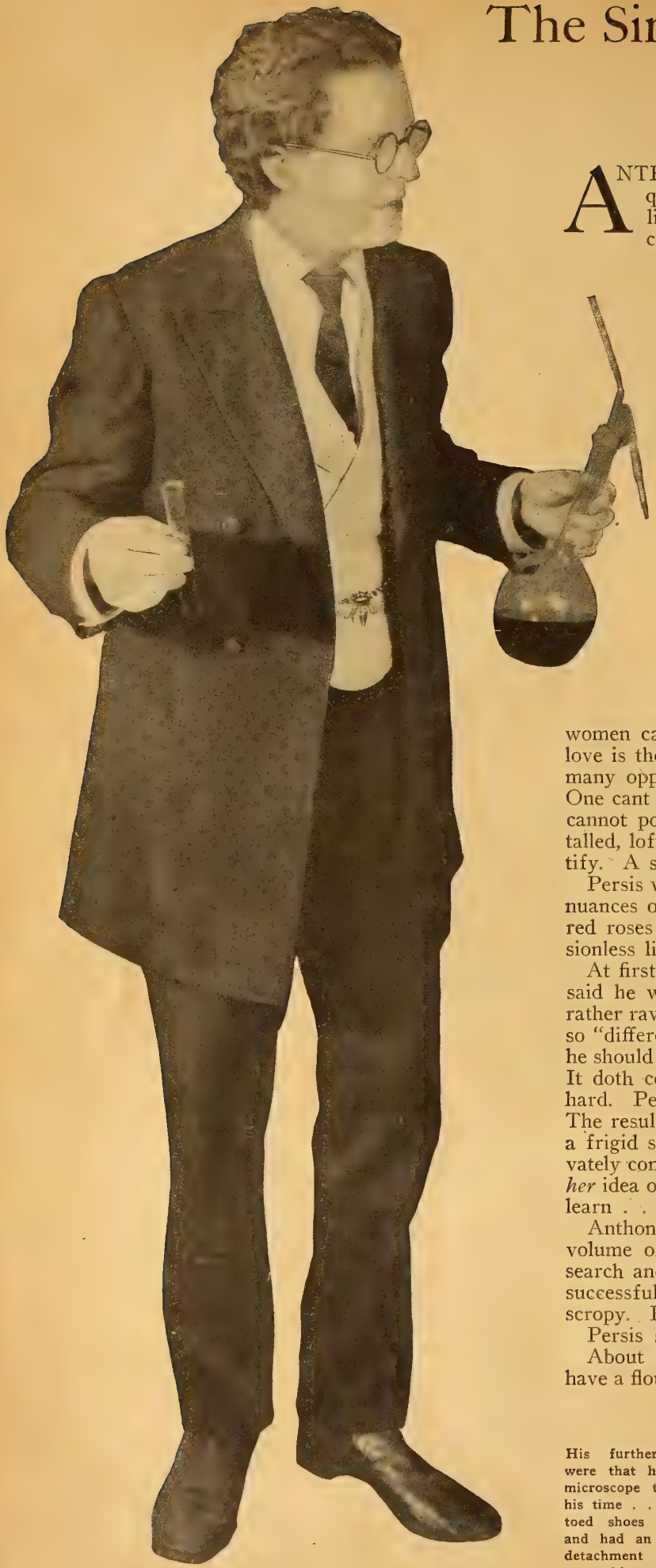
It is hardly necessary to say that many proposals of marriage have come to Mrs. Fred Niblo, most of them apparently in good faith, too, tho I could not but think that the fellow who described himself as a lighthouse keeper, (no, not in Greenwich Village), off the coast of Maine, must have written his letter to while away the tedium of a long winter's night. He seemed sincere enough, just the same, and described his lonely, sea-swept abode with considerable poetic imagination. I believe a photograph was sent to keep him company—something he needed badly, for, as he explained, he had only one night off every two months, when he would go to a village to see a picture. The poor fellow, it seems, would gamble with himself that it would or it wouldn't be an Ince production starring Miss Bennett. He even said that if it so happened that he did not see his idol, it meant that he would be deprived of seeing any picture at all.

And so it goes: letters which come in greater volume than any stage favorite ever received for the simple

(*Continued on page* 105)

The Sins of Saint Anthony

By GRACE LAMB



His further qualifications were that he had made a microscope the mistress of his time . . . wore square-toed shoes and long hair and had an air of general detachment from all other things terrestrial

ANTHONY OSGOOD was dubbed "Saint." His qualifications were that he did not drink, pursue light women, or gamble away his substance in comradeship with the midnight oil. His further qualifications were that he had made a microscope the mistress of his time, heart and whole-souled attention, had written a book on the mysteries disclosed thereby, wore square-toed shoes and long hair and had an air of general detachment from all other things terrestrial. On these scores it was generally conceded that Anthony was a saint.

Somehow or other, in the midst of his microscopic distractions, he had got himself engaged to Persis Meade. He fancied, when he was not peering into weird little vials and baking things in weird little ovens, that he was in love with her. He was not, perhaps, dead certain about it, because he had not, up to the present, had the time to apply to the matter a microscopic test. Nevertheless, he very much liked to have Persis about. Much more so, in fact, than any other living person. This, he might have thought, was love.

On the other hand, it is a fact that few women care for saints, particularly when the man they love is the saint wearing the halo. It doesn't give them many opportunities they may have with, say, a sinner. One cant mother a saint. A saint is self-sufficient. One cannot pour forth a warm compassion on an empedestalled, lofty being. One cannot redeem, uplift, nor sanctify. A savor is gone out. Persis felt these things.

Persis was a material young person. She had few pale nuances of thought—or feeling. She wanted the warm, red roses of love and none other. The pallid and passionless lilies were not for her.

At first, Anthony had piqued her interest. Everybody said he was clever—she liked that. All the girls, too, rather raved and wondered about him. They said he was so "different." They wondered what he would be like if he should fall in love. Wonderment is a dangerous thing. It doth contain a spice. Persis began to wonder overhard. Persis had rather an adorable way of wondering. The result was a solitaire ring from Anthony and rather a frigid salute upon a pair of red, red lips. Persis privately confided to her best friend that a scientist was not *her* idea of a lover . . . but, she thought, Anthony might learn . . .

Anthony did not learn. He was preparing a second volume on microscopy, and it required extra hard research and some steady plugging. It is awfully hard to successfully and satisfactorily combine love and microscropy. Both are such demanding subjects.

Persis suffered. Microscopy went on apace.

About this time Persis, who was patriotic, began to have a flourishing correspondence with an overseas officer thru the medium of the Red Cross. It became not only flourishing, but perfervid. Persis began to shy from the scientist. The letters, cold from the seas and the far lands, seemed to her to hold more of pain and passion than the abstracted and per-

functory "Yes, my dear" of Anthony.

She began to feel a dislike for his square-toed shoes and strange hair-cut and heavy goggles. He looked, all at once, an antiquity—and a queer one. It occurred to her that she had made a mistake. She took to reading "In Flanders Fields" and dreaming of khaki and *croix de guerres*. She pitied herself, and thought that she was throwing herself away. When she wore a new gown, Anthony never noticed. He never told her she was beautiful. He never wrote her poetry nor hinted at lyric things. It was all rather flat.

Shortly thereafter the overseas officer made a personal appearance, which turned out to be as perfervid as his epistolary wooing. Persis fell for him completely, but happened to fall, one night at her father's home, just as Anthony came in the door. It was awkward.

Anthony was a scientist, not a dramatist. Therefore, he made no scene, which was, subconsciously to Persis, a bit disappointing. He just walked out—and straight to the apartment of Jeanette Adair, a sensible girl who did sensational dancing in musical comedies. He had known Jeanette for some time, having originally met her with his sister. He didn't know, couldn't have told, why he left Persis in her officer's arms and walked, almost without deviating from a straight line, to Jeanette Adair. It was, he might have admitted, had he been thinking, which, for once, he was not, the first illogical thing he had done since—well, *since* . . .

He told Jeanette all his troubles. She said:

"Tony, are you in love with this girl?"

Anthony wrinkled his scientific brow. "I believe that I am, Jennie," he said; "why . . . I believe that I am *madly*."

Jeanette drew back beyond the pool of light the lamp on her quiet table gave out.

"You'll have to change, then," she said, at length, "quite considerably."

Anthony looked eager,



. . . . The pretty models his friends went about with, for instance . . . one of them left a chiffon undergarment in his studio one day and the shock of the discovery left him dazed for many days thereafter

THE SINS OF SAINT ANTHONY

Told in short story form by permission of Paramount Pictures, from the scenario of Elmer Harris, based on the *Saturday Evening Post* story by Charles Collins. Directed by James Cruze and starring Bryant Washburn. The cast:

Anthony Osgood	Bryant Washburn
Jeanette Adair	Margaret Loomis
Persis Meade	Lorenza Lazzarini
Valeria Vincent	Viola Daniel
Lorenzo Pascal	Frank Jonasson
Christine Fox	May Baxter
A. Fox	L. J. McCarthy
Lieut. Hamilton Smith, U. S. A. M. C.	Lucien Littlefield
Horatio Meade	Guy Oliver



Persis persisted. She said that she saw him in his studio with his housekeeper and that the woman was half dressed

and also absurd. Eagerness did not accord with his appearance. "How?" he demanded. "Can you . . . can you help me?"

"I think so. I have met Persis. Of course"—a wistfulness crept into the girl's voice—"*I* would not want you changed, Tony; I should not like you changed. There are so many, many men who walk about and never have seen the stars. So many men who wear cropped hair and Broadway clothes and live Broadway ideals. I like your funny hair and funny clothes; the funny way you do things; the way you never seem to see or hear a woman when she speaks. Those are the things I like about you—*best*. But Persis wouldn't."

"What *would* Persis like?"

Jeanette looked thoughtful. Tony was a man, after all, she thought, a little sadly. At once he wanted desperately what prior to this he had accepted—scientifically.

"She would like a smart hair-cut," she said, "smart clothes, a hint of hidden things, a bit of spice. Let her think that your eyes are opened—that you see—not microbes, but *women*. Preferably, *one* woman. Put yourself in the to-be-sought-after class. Feign indifference, complete. Then sit back—and wait."

Anthony proved not so bad a pupil. He gave up his quarters at the College Club. He learnt to dance, and did it rather well. He made the tonsorial improvements and they were astonishing. He gave a housewarming in his new bachelor club, invited the worst male gossips he knew of and created such juicy scandal that it leaked, as he knew it would, all round and 'bout the town.

Persis heard the news and came to his apartment, with battle in her eyes.

She found Anthony smoking, with an air of indolence. He told her, almost at once, that he had a tea engagement. Did she intend to detain him long? He was sorry . . . on his desk by his side was a letter in a pale pink envelope . . . it was all un-St. Anthony-like. Persis cried and said that she knew that Anthony was going to the devil because she, Persis, had jilted him. Anthony was gently but firmly contemptuous of this construction. He might be going to the devil, he admitted, it might even be because of the fair and suddenly, to him, alluring sex . . . but one woman . . . his *dear* Persis! . . . not any more than, in her case, one man . . . . Fifty-fifty . . . surely that was fair . . it was all in the game, anyway—why bear grudges? And surely Persis would not be so gauche, so naïve as to try to reform him?

Somehow, she found herself deposited in a taxi with a



She was bending very absorbedly over something and Anthony perceived the something to be a very old and very decrepit sock of his own

last vision of a very correct and debonair Anthony floating away from her in the opposite direction.

The next shock came in the event of Anthony bringing Jeanette Adair to a country club dance and having her give for the benefit of some nebulous charity one of her famous sensational dances. It *was* sensational. Jeanette saw to that. It was, moreover, directed unmistakably at Tony. At least the direction was unmistakable to the watching and furious Persis.

Tony, undoubtedly, was going to the devil. She heard some facetious soul murmur something anent the "sins of St. Anthony" and went home and cried. She tried to console herself with the idea that, at any rate, Tony was rather poor and the overseas officer was, reputedly, both wealthy and certainly ardent. Still, she hated to let anything slip away from her . . . And she loathed, with a venom and a fury, the Adair woman, with her living limbs and her somber, brooding eyes . . .

Tony began to feel a sense of elation at his success. He never would have thought that he could have played a game like this . . . and got away with it. It gave him a thrill no microbe ever had. It was juggling in living tissue. The results went ahead of the experimentation.

He was not only teaching Persis things, but he was, himself, learning things . . . the pretty models his friends went about with, for instance . . . one of them left a chiffon undergarment in his studio one day, and the shock of the discovery left him dazed for many days thereafter. It was all very strange and very heady. Persis . . . Jeanette . . . women everywhere . . . with flower faces and sylvan limbs and tinkling laughters . . . a new world of old delights . . .

It occurred to him, one day, that Persis was not, after all, the only exponent of her sex. On the night of the same day it occurred to him, likewise, that Jeanette could thrill his æsthetic nerves with her dancing; that she was possessed, even as Persis, of the dear frivolities, the lilt of laughing hours, and that she could, too, sit and talk microbes with him, eyes level, mouth straightly grave. He didn't think much of the two discoveries, the two occurrences . . . not at the time . . .

This was because a new possibility of sin presented itself to him in the shape of a wooden manikin used by a pal of his across the way for a model. The wooden manikin was quite a fixture and a dearly beloved one in the studio building and was called, by the artists, Angelina Rose. The present owner of Angelina departed on an extended trip and Angelina became the temporary property of St. Anthony.

He made the most of her. She was an adaptable creature. In the first place, he gave it out, and it was otherwise press-agented about, that St. Anthony had got himself a housekeeper in the rather desirable person of a retired and world-weary artists' model named Angelina Rose. The report, reaching Persis very carefully adorned with innuendo, provoked more than the proverbial tempest in a very animated little tea-pot. Persis stormed and swore that she had been betrayed by



He went home and found Jeanette there at the task she had made a weekly rite. She hid it from him as he came in. "I'm growing too regular at this," she said and laughed

the gods she had never had. Anthony, petulant, said he had found it necessary to his comfort to have some woman about to cuddle and make much of him. He intimated that he had, of late, got used to it, and that he needed it all the time.

Persis said she should suppose he would marry, a habit which respectable men had. Anthony, laughing very gently, said he knew that; but then, his dear, *dear* Persis, *he* was not respectable. She ought to know that by this time.

Persis let loose another flood-gate of tears and openly reviled Jeanette and her "disgusting dancing." Curiously, Anthony felt a realistic ire rising. He told Persis that he did not know what she meant by that and that it was a subject that might better be dropped between them for all time.

Persis persisted. She said that she had seen him in his studio with his housekeeper and that the woman was half dressed. Anthony said yes, that she generally was, if that. Persis said "Oh!" very loudly and outragedly, and nearly fainted. The faint was unproductive of any result. Tony's scientific sense told him that it was quite uncalled for.

He left, airily.

He entered his studio airily, too. His nerves were tingling.

On the threshold he paused. The glow of his lamp made a little pool of light, and directly in the center, enhaloed, sat Jeanette. She was bending, very absorbedly, over something, and Anthony perceived the something to be a very old and very decrepit sock of his own. He perceived, too, that Jeanette's white fingers were expertly darning it and that she was humming a little, quiet song and that the whole place seemed pervaded with a peace, a charm it had never had before, that Anthony had never known before. He felt reticent about speaking. His voice would be vandalism in this sanctuary, made sanctuary by Jeanette and her labor of—of—he caught himself up . . .

Jeanette saw him first. In the soft light her cool cheeks grew steadily, deeply scarlet. This was the most sensational thing she had ever done. She caught her breath and her low laugh was unsteady.

"I hope you dont mind," she said.

"Mind!" Tony was amazed at the inadequacy and oddity of his own voice. "Mind! It's . . . it's . . . Jane, do you like this sort of thing? I didn't suppose . . ."

"You haven't been supposing, Tony," said the girl, "about me. How are you coming on with Persis?"

"Oh—oh, yes, Persis. Fine. I'm coming on fine. I—I wasn't thinking of that . . . just then . . ."

Jeanette went on darning. "What were you thinking of?" she asked, and then regretted the question.

"I was thinking that I have been searching all my life for realities . . . in science . . . lately in women and making believe and fun. And then, tonight, unexpectedly, just this little scene. The lamplight, you, what you are doing, this talk pro and con, the peace, the satisfaction . . ." Tony rose, abruptly. "I feel, somehow, like working again," he said; "I haven't felt that way for a long time. Not since,

(*Continued on page* 111)



Jeanette bent her head and Tony bent over her . . . "and Love," he whispered, (then he kist her), "yours"



All photos by Monroe, L. A.

The Manor of Mary



On her last holiday, Mary Miles Minter posed for the camera-man in and about the great house she has just taken in Los Angeles. Here are the results



A Temple in the Skies



Photo Moffett Studios

HARK, ye all who have ever built castles in the air! This is the story of a temple in the skies, than which you would find nothing more beautiful, nothing more splendid, were you to look the world over. The owner is Burton Holmes, traveler and lecturer of renown, and the temple, albeit Japanese, perches high up above the hurried life of Manhattan; to be exact, it occupies the fourteenth and fifteenth floors of a tall building overlooking Central Park, in the heart of New York City.

Burton Holmes is a man whose life has been crowded with the romance of travel, and who has brought the glamor and thrill of the mysterious East, the undaunted heroism of Belgium and France, the grandeur of the Alps and the art and splendor of modern Italy home to us. He has, so to speak, gathered up the world and spread it before his American audience, toil-weary people, many of them, whose horizon is limited by their daily surroundings and whose only traveling is done by subway and trolley. And to show the vastnesses of the earth—the countries that lie just beyond those hills, to people that are destined never to cross them—is indeed a great thing, and the man who does it a *great* man . . . It was in an awed and reverential mood that I rang the bell in the little foyer that led to Burton Holmes' apartment.





Burton Holmes has, so to speak, gathered up the world and spread it before his American audience, toil-weary people, many of them, whose horizon is limited by their daily surroundings, and whose only traveling is done by subway and trolley. Top, a portrait study; center, about to make a flight to secure a bird's-eye view and, bottom, the living-room of the Burton Holmes home

The door was opened immediately by an elderly Japanese servant who bowed me in, and presently I found myself in a most magnificent and unusual room, sitting on a low couch, opposite Burton Holmes.

Now it behooved me, as the interviewer, to get out my pencil and pad, and to inquire of Mr. Holmes in brisk and businesslike tones: his age, place of birth, religious preference, education, was he married or single, how many children, if any, what did he think of motion pictures, what were his opinions of the league of nations, soviet government, prohibition, what were his recreations, and *how much money did he make a year?* To my shame it must be admitted that I did not ask these questions. As a matter of fact, I asked none at all. I just sat and stared and *stared*. Such magnificence!

The walls were hung with costly Eastern embroideries, and paneled with Japanese screens. Cushions of rich, Oriental brocade were heaped on the couch we sat on; brocade draped carelessly over the

By ELLEN D. TARLEAU

back of a huge Indian wicker chair. Tables, tabourets and shelves everywhere were crowded with priceless antiques, which Mr. Holmes had collected on his journeys; vases, curiously wrought incense-burners, colorful Oriental figures, inlaid metal and wooden cabinets, lamps everywhere, and Buddhas. There was an abundance of Buddhas of every size and description. A large gilded Buddha with hands raised in benediction stood in a corner; on a table in the background sat a large and dignified Buddha Gautama; several smaller Japanese Buddhas of venerable age were there, and a few Siamese and Burmese Buddhas with their peaked headdress. They hovered on a shelf above the door and guarded the entrance to the room. A balcony ran the length of one side, and there, next to two ivory elephants and several ferocious looking Chinese lions sat the gods of the left hand and the right hand, who preside over the gate of any well-ordered Chinese estate. The room was two stories high, and pillars supported the ceiling which was divided into squares by wooden cross-beams, and each square bore a fanciful Japanese design of gold inlaid on a wooden background. And you could look into the room beyond, which was the library, and . . .



Photo Underwood & Underwood





He had gone abroad for the first time at the age of sixteen, accompanied by his grandmother and his trusty kodak. His second trip was made in 1890 and he returned with excellent pictures and delivered a lecture at the Camera Club of Chicago. Above, a portrait in his outing clothes; center, a snap of him among the huge and towering icebergs and, below, the entrance hall in his home

But here my thoughts were interrupted by the cheerful voice of Burton Holmes. "Looks like the setting of 'The Son-Daughter,' doesn't it?" When I said that with all due respect for Mr. Belasco I preferred *his* home, Burton Holmes laughed and told me that he had bought the two floors he occupied, the house being a cooperative one, and had had them laid out by a Japanese architect, and the design executed by Japanese artisans and craftsmen, and that they represented a temple.

He then proceeded to tell me some interesting facts about his life and work, and with some difficulty I shut all the Eastern splendor out of my mind, and focused my attention exclusively on the tall, pleasant looking man with the humorous grey eyes, and the charming and persuasive voice.

He had gone abroad for the first time at the age of sixteen, accompanied by his grandmother and his trusty kodak. His second trip was made in 1890—he was only twenty then—and he returned with excellent pictures, and delivered a lecture at the Camera Club of Chicago, his

(*Continued on page* 100)

On the Crest of the Wave





Top, Marguerite Hungerford of Kansas City, Mo.; center, Marjanah Hale from Somerville, Mass., and bottom, Fay Brennan of Washington, D. C.

FEW people have the courage of their convictions.

Few, when given the golden opportunity for which they have so earnestly longed, will not stand around and regard it fearfully—observe it closely on all sides and from all points of view so that there may not be any hidden source of fear; or study it, and deliberate upon it at great length. It is familiar to their sight, for thousands of times have they consecrated their strength and desire upon the obtaining of it—yet here it is—and they view it as if it were the first time the vision of their eye had ever come in contact with it.

Deep within the heart of youth there is implanted the seed of ambition. In some, the seed ripens quickly and fills all the corners of the soul. In others, because of environment; of the daily round of the monotony of their surroundings; of the heavy veil of darkness surrounding them, the seed lies dormant, and yet at some passing circumstance, there stirs the pang of life within it. Individual traits are characteristics of humanity as a whole. When we first started the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920, while the returns were flattering enough, there was lacking in them the spontaneous enthusiasm so essential for the success of such a tremendous undertaking. The readers of the three magazines; *i.e.*, THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, and SHADOWLAND, were, it seemed to us, a bit sceptical about the sincerity of the contest. They had, perhaps, heard or read about so many fame and fortune contests in which the participants had come out with the worst end of the affair. With the publishing of the several Fame and Fortune Contest monthly honor roll winners, and the enormous amount of publicity given to the contest, the readers began to gain confidence in our intentions, and the photographs began to pour in by the hundreds. As the time has progressed, the photographs increased in their numbers. They are, at the present writing, pouring in by the thousands daily. The evidence that our readers have every bit of confidence in our sincerity has caused us to respond in every way possible. We are going to produce a five-reel feature drama in which we expect to use not only the members of the honor roll, the final winners, but other contestants as well. So that the opportunity may be given to as many as possible to enter into the threshold of fame. We did this in a small way in our last year's contest thru a two-reel feature, "A Dream of Fair Women," which has



Photo by J. Ellis, Wash., D. C.

New Fame and Fortune Honor Roll Resplendent With Beauty

proved such a tremendous success, that the Murray W. Garsson Foundation Film Corporation, of 130 West 46th Street, New York City, has sold the greater part of the United States.

Send in your photograph at once.

Below is the new Honor Roll which is quite as promising as previous ones have been.

Miss Marguerite Hungerford, of 4002 Charlotte Street, Kansas City, Mo., has given us a new idea as to what Missouri might be like. She has brown hair and eyes, and has had no dramatic experience whatever. However, by looking at the picture, we can easily see that she's a born actress.

Dont ask us to pronounce it, but Marjanah Hale, of 29 Elston Street, West, Somerville, Massachusetts, is a beautiful young artist's model. She has grey-blue eyes, brown hair, fair complexion, and is an amateur classic dancer of unusual ability.

From the Harrington Hotel, Washington, D. C., comes this portrait of Fay Brennan. She has brown hair and eyes, and fair complexion. Evidently there are other things in Washington worth seeing besides the White House!

We have with us Miss Elenore Dell of 3rd and Montauk Streets, Bayside, L. I., N. Y. She has blue eyes and brown hair, (think of it, girls), and an olive complexion, and is now appearing in the chorus up on the Ziegfeld Roof.

Little Baby Ruth Higgins, 20 Liberty Street, Morristown, N. J., is an early aspirant for stardom. Altho you can never tell what will happen later she now has light brown hair, dark brown eyes and fair skin.

Leo Niedzilski, 1215 Twenty-third Street, Bay City, Michigan, is the first male honor roll winner. He weighs 149 pounds, is 5 ft. 6 in. and has brown hair and eyes, and plays all musical instruments. We are glad to print his picture and hope other masculine portraits will come right along.





Photo by Otto Sarony

Top, Elenore Dell, of Bayside, Long Island, N. Y.; center, Ruth Higgins, who hails from Morristown, N. J., and bottom, Leo Niedzilski, of Bay City, Mich.



Announcement for Fame and Fortune Contestants

The Judges' Committee will sit on July 1st and 2nd, between the hours of ten and four, at the offices of the magazine, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., to interview personally all contestants who can make it convenient to appear before it.

Tests will be taken before the motion picture camera at Roslyn, L. I., N. Y., on the following Saturday, Sunday and Monday of all those contestants who seem qualified to be chosen for the final honor roll

Monkeyshines







Joe Martin would seem to stand forth as the greatest and most convincing argument the Darwinian theory has ever known. It does not tax the imagination to think of Man having evolved from the like of Joe

There is no star more fastidious than Joseph Martin, Esquire, the Universal ape. And he is often guilty of artistic temperament too, and never works later than four o'clock—never!

Their First Love



Photo by Abbe



Jane Cowl and Ethel Barrymore have, in their absence from the screen, scored a great success on the stage

Above, Jane Cowl in "Smilin' Through," and right, Ethel Barrymore in "Déclassée"

Photo right by Apeda

The Honeymoon and Sixpence



Photo by Bangs, N. Y.

NOT every woman would talk business ere the half wane of the honeymoon.

Alice Joyce Regan did to me. She talked work with the quiet enthusiasm and entirety with which she characteristically approaches any subject. One could not conceive of Alice gushing, no matter how deeply her enthusiasms were touched. But there is a look in her wide-apart eyes and a mannerism with her hands . . . expressive thereof . . .

We talked of work, her own, and that of others. She always goes, with a deep interest and appreciation, to see Charlie Chaplin and Blanche Sweet. "We may not always like the way in which they do things," she said. "We may think that, given the same opportunity, we would not do the same thing the same way, but we are always interested, always intrigued, always eager to go again, and then again . . . that is the test."

Miss Joyce has been doing interesting work herself the past three years or more. First of all, methinks, she was known on the screen for her amazing beauty. Then, of late, people have begun to speak of her in a different sense . . . one hears everywhere of her emotional development; her added depth; her new color; the general strengthening and difference of her work. One hears, everywhere, a "Why?" What has caused this thing? Has she suffered greatly? Known great happiness? What is it all about?

I asked her.

"Of course," she said, in her thoughtful, considering way, "it *is* largely a matter of that personal development which comes from within. We grow as we live and the growth shows. But it is, I think, even more, a less interesting because a less personal thing—greater self-confidence. As I have gone on, I have grown surer. I have grown camera-wise and story-wise



"I shall always want to do something," said Alice Joyce. "I could never spend my afternoons playing bridge and my evenings at dinner dances." At left, a new portrait taken when Miss Joyce returned from her wedding trip

By
GLADYS HALL



and light-wise and self-wise. Then, the whole profession has grown, too. There have been aids quite from the outside. The whole is probably productive of the result you speak of."

She paused a moment, then said, "Still, I am very dissatisfied. There have been a great many handicaps. I have had bad direction, almost always, for one thing. I have had poor stories, which is, I know, a general plaint. I prefer to do comedy-drama, and you know how little I do of that. I liked doing 'Dollars and Cents' better than any other thing I know of."

"And yet," I said, "despite all this, how you have come thru—risen up, as it were."

"That is because I have made the best of things," said Miss Joyce, "and then, too, there are compensations. The hours, for instance, are better here than any other studio I know of, and hours are vital with me. I cannot work nights. I cannot even work late nights, nor early mornings. I am an extremely nervous person, and if I overdo the least bit in the world I get all out of condition. The result is that I look haggard and hollow-eyed and am no good to myself and certainly no good to the company. Then, too, there is the money. The fact is that the Vitagraph have always offered me more to stay than any other company ever has to leave." She added, with a little shrug, "Perhaps, too, it is the matter of getting into a rut."

Photo by Underwood & Underwood





"It is love that makes the world go round at all," said the Honeymooner. "Without it" . . . she shrugged her shoulders . . . "there wouldn't even be life." Above, an informal picture; center, as a cinema bride, and bottom, a picture of her taken with her husband, James Regan, Jr., directly after the ceremony

"Have you a habit of doing that?" I asked.

"A very bad habit of it, and it *is* a bad one. I always have to have some one else come along and jog me up and out of myself, or I should just stay *put*. That is one reason why I live in New York City. If I lived in Brooklyn or a suburb, I know that I should take to a wrapper and staying in evenings. I have those tendencies. Living in New York, where so much is up and doing, one must keep abreast of the tide, or sink. I keep abreast."

Embarking, as she was and still is, on a new and yet

(*Continued on page* 102)

The Great Adventure



Photo by Lumière

"I dont want to be starred until I've really done something which will stand," he said. "I like playing leading rôles and if ever I do achieve something worth while and an offer of stardom comes along which means something besides the title, I'll be darn glad to have it." Below, with Corinne Griffith in "The Garter Girl"



THERE are many varieties of great adventures—in your nursery days, taking possession of two chairs, converted into a ship so that they might rock back and forth, with the rugs upon the nursery floor the dashing waves—this, in your child's inventory of things, was a great adventure——

Then, during the school days, came other great adventures which set the blood tingling with the pure joy of being alive. There were play battles in which, with tin sword and paper hat, you led the neighborhood ranks to victory in imaginary but nevertheless frightful wars——

And, as the years pass by, we are more and more apt to find the great adventure episodes of life becoming fewer and fewer—problems, bit by bit, tear away the gossamer—illusions fall and lo, less and less is left upon which to construct the happiness of everyday.

Not so with Rod la Rocque—great adventures still glorify his days—he cherishes illusions tenderly, in a sense—he believes entirely, absolutely in the gossamer and would permit none to destroy it.

The day he came blustering into my office it was raining—raining hard, and lowering clouds hid the blue of the sky.

"How is it out?" I asked, expecting full well to hear a groan of despair.

"Great!" he ejaculated. "It's raining cats and dogs and everything is as muddy as the dickens—you dont mind it, do you?"

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER





All photos by Lumière

And somehow—all of a sudden—I didn't mind it really. I thought it would be rather fun splashing thru the beating rain and then enjoying the dryness and warmth of the restaurant where we were to lunch.

He had a perfectly huge umbrella—one of the family kind—and it would need to be of the substantial sort to well cover him, for he is large—tall and with great, broad shoulders—the screen pygmies him, really.

It may be because he has not lived to the years when one is said to stop and reason why—it may be because of this that he has nothing of a jaded aspect of things—perhaps his unutterably wholesome and healthy aspect will leave him later on—if it does one finds it in one's heart to wonder what will be left, for it envelops him quite completely.

There is something about him which causes you to think he will go on . . . building his happiness on the worth while things . . . making of the things of today and tomorrow and the next day, great adventures . . . playing fairly always because not to play fair is small and he is big

"Life," he says, with a boyishness and a corresponding seriousness manifesting itself in his dark-brown eyes, "life will not be one whit more attractive than you take the trouble to make it."

I asked him if he didn't credit circumstances, think some were a victim of them—if he held any regard for the fatalist's theory.

He laughed—and it was not a cultivated laugh, but just loud enough to be spontaneous. "Fatalism be hanged!" he said. "I certainly do not believe in *that*. I think sometimes circumstances get the best of us, but most of us have a fair chance to get enough out of it all to make it worth while. There are some unfortunate devils who always seem to get left—those are the fellows who need the lift you can give them."

He has never been in love—he explains it by saying that he has a great many friends and sort of doesn't have time.

Now and then I've met dandy girls whom I make up my mind to see again," he told me, as he finished ordering the most substantial luncheon and grinning at the stolid waiter so that even he melted a bit and you felt sure things would come on done to just the right turn. "Every time I plan to see them again something comes up and the first thing you know they're out of my life." (*Continued on page* 107)



Mistress May



A dip every morning before starting for the studio is an excellent thing according to May Allison—and she practices what she preaches as shown by the picture at the left



Some of the most beautiful homes in Los Angeles have as mistresses, young girls—very young and very beautiful. It would be so with this, the center of cinematic activities. And numbered among these girls—very young and very beautiful—is May Allison—now the proud owner of one of the most attractive homes of which the surburbs boast,—Mistress May



The Creed of Raymond Hatton

By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM



"All film stories should tend toward altruism," remarked Raymond Hatton. "They should quicken our imaginations and lift us from the grey monotony, pointing to the poetry and romance of living"

RAYMOND HATTON might have been a horticulturist, for his leisure hours are spent in planting things and watching them grow. He might have been a poet, for he possesses that rare spiritual quality that is able to discern beauty amidst any environment. As it is, he is an actor, which is not surprising, for of all the modes of artistic expression, acting embraces the widest scope for the imagination, and it was the great Napoleon who said, "Imagination rules the world," which includes horticulturists and poets as well as actors.

There is a peculiarly personal element, what the French call *intimité*, about Raymond Hatton's acting, reflecting, as it does, his own mental comprehension of the temperament, the very soul of his characters, that makes them stand out clearly and distinctly and causes them to be remembered even when the fabric of the pictures that formed the background has drifted into vagueness.

Recalling several of his rôles which are thus engraven upon my memory, I think of him as the brave French Count in Mary Pickford's "The Little American," with his wistful love-making, his manly stepping aside for the successful lover, the loyalty to his country against fearful odds. Then, there was his marvelous acting as the weak and vacillating French King, Charles VII, in "Joan the Woman," which shone out brilliantly from one of the strongest casts ever assembled, including the great Farrar.

In "The Whispering Chorus" he saved the man from utter depravity by the simple and powerful device of always wearing a flower. No matter the depth, always there was the posy in his coat, and when at the last he paid his penalty, the crushed rose softened the fate of the electric chair. It was a fine touch!

"How did you happen to think of it?" I asked, as we talked over his past, present and future in motion pictures.

(*Continued on page* 93)



Romance

By GLADYS HALL

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THE Bishop opened the little box and the dimly lit room was assailed by the sweetness of crushed violets, whitely olden, by the reminiscence of a tiny handkerchief, monogrammed and edged with lace.

"I'm going to tell you this, my boy," the Bishop said, to his grandson at his knee, "to prove to you that you are wrong . . . that I have not forgotten the hour of thrilling sweetness; to prove to you how well I know that romance never dies . . ."

As the Bishop spoke his eyes closed, and from afar off there seemed to penetrate the quiet study the strains of an old-time polka; there seemed to hum upon the expectant air the whirr of crinoline, and light laughs, hushed these many years, made mellow the late hour. Dreams, unforgotten, brushed away the present with reverent, reminiscent fingertips, and all the years dropped off, like noiseless petals . . .

"I was the young Rector of St. Giles," the Bishop said, and to the boy at his knee the narrative voice seemed to come, flavored and colored, straight from that flaming, bitter-sweet hour of fifty years ago. "I had been made so," the vibrant voice went on, "by my patron, my good friend and my leading parishioner, Cornelius Van Tuyl. I felt a great friendship and a vast respect for Van Tuyl. He represented to me the very best type of man doing the world's work. A banker, he was an artist as well, and an ardent, warm sympathizer and lover of all humanity. I knew that Van Tuyl was fond of women. I had heard hints of things . . . but I felt so deep, so firm a faith in him that I discounted all the evil and believed only that whatever he did he would do finely, honorably, with good intent. He was my friend.

"Many of my parishioners spoke of me as a radical. Perhaps I was. I was very young. They thought me too tolerant. They thought my standards too broad, too comfortable. I did not stand with a flaming sword at the gateway of Eden, and they felt, no doubt, that I was not earning my salary. But, oh, humanity . . . the manifold sorrows . . . the manifold tears . . . the promise and the pain . . . the little hour of triumph and the long night of defeat . . . these are things that were ever with me, that hurt the blood in my veins and knocked, importunately, at the young heart of my pity. Women . . . fragile . . . men, vastly struggling. All that sort of thing. And the good God bending, so very close, compassionate . . .

"Well . . .

"I had ideals of love, too. Safe, sane, lovely thing, I felt, to be the shining bridge across which one walked from this world to the next; a pleasantly flowered thing; a grave, a sacred thing; to make man and woman one, and as one, nearer to God. Your grandmother, God bless her, made this true . . .

"Then, one night, Van Tuyl gave a great reception. It was quite the most splendid affair of the season. I can see it all now; smell the smell of the flowers with which the old house in Washington Square was so elegantly decorated; hear the swish of the ladies' perfumed skirts; catch, in my





"Ah, me, the plaudits of the crowds that evening! The men flocked about her begging for her favors as bees hum, hungrily, above and about some most fragrant flower, and to all, alike, she gave the poignant sweetness of her smiles, the favors of her fluttering, bird-like words . . . so sweet . . . so sweet. . . ."

ROMANCE

Adapted in short story form by permission from the United Artists Corporation production of the celebrated stage play of the same title by Edward Sheldon. Directed by Chet Withey and presenting Doris Keane. The cast:

Rita Cavallini	Doris Keane
Tom Armstrong	Basil Sydney
Cornelius Van Tuyl	Norman Trevor
Susan Van Tuyl	Betty Ross Clarke
Miss Armstrong (Tom's aunt)	Amelia Summerville
Mr. Livingstone	A. J. Herbert
Vanucci	Hilda Varesi
Peppo	John Davidson

CHARACTERS IN THE PROLOG

Bishop Armstrong	Basil Sydney
Suzette Armstrong } his	June Ellen Terry
Harry Armstrong } grandchildren	Arthur Rankin
Marion Ward	Vangie Valentine

had gone mad over her. Her progress from her apartment to the opera house and back again was, each night, a progress of triumph. She had sung her way into the tissue of the city's heart and the homage it rendered was overwhelming.

"I felt no curiosity of her. Those things, colorful, well enough in their place, were beyond my sphere. My sphere contained souls, not voices; the needy, not the replete. La Cavallini was a name to me, without substance.

During the evening I heard remarks about her. One man said that she should not be here, among the other guests; that Van Tuyl showed gross bad taste in his introduction. His inference was obvious and I took offense; not because of the Cavallini . . . then . . . but because of Van Tuyl, my patron, my best friend . . .

"Ah, me, the plaudits of the crowds that evening! The men flocked round her, begging for her favors as bees hum, hungrily, above and about some most fragrant flower, and to all alike she gave the poignant sweetness of her smiles, the favors of her fluttering, bird-like words . . . so sweet . . . so sweet . . .

"Very late that evening, Van Tuyl presented me to her, and then in a little, we were left alone.

"I never felt so young. I never had felt so cold, so shorn of the small dignities I had acquired. And, oddly, I felt both strong and weak, both retreative and desiring. The world and its work faded away, that I knew. It became, suddenly, a cascade of black curls, white shoulders . . . how ivory white! . . . and red lips . . . ah, *red* . . . and such a voice as struck my naked heart and made it quiver grievously . . .

"I remember how I tried to draw the shreds of my personality about me.

"I told her my name, and it meant nothing to her, nothing at all. She laughed at it, and aped it in her pretty, broken English.

"'Tome, ees it?' she kept saying. 'Tome . . . ah, now I know . . . Thomaso . . . yes . . . mi frien'?'

"She told me that she had had a very dear friend by that so sane, sweet name, Thomaso . . . a rag-picker, he was,' she told me, with golden laughter, like the shivering of cascades.

"I buttoned up my dignity. I felt, I recall it well, a certain desperate need of maintenance.

"'Madam,' I said, 'I am the Rector of St. Giles.'

"She told me they never heard of meenisters in Italy. How she laughed at me that night! With what a childish, with what an ancient

wisdom of pity at my youth, my guilelessness! Ah, yes, she, being she, must have felt for me an unfathomable pity even then . . . even then.

"All at once waves of warm fevers began to run over me. I became aware of myself as never had I been aware before . . . I became aware of life, all about me . . . colors . . . rhythms . . . I wanted to talk to her . . . to tell her things . . . all sorts of things . . . and oh, I wanted to ask her things. I grew incoherent and I didn't want her to go away. I didn't want to lose sight of her, touch of her, sound of her. I had never wanted anything before, never really. That, at least, that much was clear to me.



"And then Rita raised her little hand, her little white hand, and her voice came to us like the flutter of a bruised bird's wings . . . 'I love you . . . and I mus' spik de truth,' she said"

"I remember my voice, how roughened it was, how husky, how different from the cool, commanding voice of the Rector of St. Giles, when it said to her:

"'But I must see you again, please . . . please . . .

"And I remember the first foreboding in her eyes . . . deepening as I took her hands and kist them, one by one . . . I think she must have felt for me then . . . Ah, well, but I anticipate . . . .

"The next day she drove with me. 'On your most b-e-e-autiful Fifth Avenue,' she said. She broke an engagement with Van Tuyl to go with me, and my transport frenzied me. Romance . . . romance was touching me . . . with blood-red fingertips . . .

"Then, one day, here in this same study, she came in and took tea with me, and I told her that I loved her and she told me that she loved me. I held her in my arms . . . and eternity passed over my head and was no more . . . and another . . . and another . . . and another . . . and then she raised her head and drew away from me, and her beautiful, tender eyes were wet with tears, and she shook them off with the little swift-



"Meestaire Tom . . . dont . . . don' . . . ah, it is because I love you so I say this. It ees you who 'ave taught me vhat love is . . . and it ees not this . . . don' . . . don' . . . God, He 'ave sent you to make good an' pure the world . . . an' me . . . an' me. . . ."

ness of gesture peculiarly her own, and said, 'I t'ink I hav' been made for vone leetle moment . . . this . . . an' then I go away . . .'

"And I cried out on this. I held her again and asked her to be my wife, but she drew still further away from me and told me that could never be.

" 'Love is not like this,' I cried out. 'Love means the comradeship that comes with years of work and play together, of growing old together, of heaven reached together . . . but together . . . *always together* . . .'

" 'To me,' she said, 'love mean vone leetle mpment in a long, long time . . . vone leetle dream, so still and white, vone leetle kiss that mean the all of life. You have taught me this, my frien' . . . there is no more than that.'

"I pleaded with her again. And again. And then she said to me, so sadly, "All the worl' know vy I may not ben your wife, my frien', all the worl' but onlee you, it seem.'

"And then it came to me . . . the things I had heard at Van Tuyl's reception, the whispering, hidden things. Something terrible smote me to pain, and then from the pain a sweetness came, and I said:

" 'There, darling, there; dont cry. Please dont cry. You've been fair, and brave, and honest. I know. I understand. You have, and those are the things that count, the fine things, the things I've always believed in. It was all so long ago. You've done so much since then. Darling . . . tell me . . . what is the matter . . .? *Rita* . . . it *was* long ago, wasn't it? Wasn't it?'

" 'Yes . . . yes . . . of course,' she told me. 'Oh, dont talk about it any more. It hurt me . . . here . . . where my heart beat for you . . . take me in your arms an' kiss me . . . kiss me . . . lik' you did . . .'

"Something was hurting me, tho. I couldn't place it. And her eyes . . . her eyes evaded mine. The subterranean whisperings of that evening began to creep toward the surface of my thoughts. I grasped her shoulders. 'Rita,' I said, 'tell me . . . not . . . not, Van Tuyl . . .!'

"She recoiled from me then, and her face, as white as her ermine, stared at me like some living gardenia. 'No . . . vhat you t'ink? You don' . . .'

" 'Rita . . . tell me! Then let me call him. He is upstairs, taking tea. Let me call him as my oldest friend and we will announce our engagement. Darling, forgive me, but this thing must be straightened.'

"She begged me not to tell him. She swore it was all right, but that she wanted to wait. But I couldn't wait. I had got past my power of waiting.

"I sent for Van Tuyl.

"I told him Madam Cavallini was my promised wife, that she had told me of her past, and I asked him if he were a part of it. Thru it all she pleaded with me to believe in her; she implored me with her dark eyes, with her white hands, with her warm words . . . but I had to know . . . a terrible insistence was driving me on . . . and on . . . and those things . . . those things that I had heard were coming back and coming back and forming a whole that sickened my soul . . .

"A place called Millefleurs, they had said, there Van Tuyl had lived with the famous Cavallini, a paradise on earth, the two of them . . . Impossible! Intolerable! Ah, how things are intolerable to youth! Utterly intolerable it was to me . . . my patron, my more than father, my friend, the pillar of my Church and the woman who had become the blood within my veins, the fire in my heart . . .

"Van Tuyl was grave, correct, taken aback. He told me that he feared I was making a crass mistake. For himself, he

"And as she spoke the voices of the choir boys came in and intermingled . . . I looked at her . . . and as I looked I looked up and all at once our tears came, hers and mine . . ."



said, the inference was not without honor in dishonor, but for Madam Cavallini he felt that the mere suggestion from me induced my most abject apology. They would both forgive me, he said, because of my distraught condition.

"I did apologize. Very abjectly. To both of them. I said that I had been a—perfect fool; that they were right, I was mad. I sobbed in the abandonment of my self-abasement. 'Oh, darling, forgive . . .'

"And then Rita raised her little hand, her little white hand, and her voice came to us like the flutter of a bruised bird's wings:

"'I love you . . . and I mus' spik de truth.'

"Van Tuyl said, grimly: 'Be quiet, Madam.'

"'It is all lies,' Rita said, ignoring him, ignoring me, 'all lies we tell you, Meestaire Tome. I vas 'is mistress till de night I meet you. I love wit' 'im at Millefleurs an' we call it Paradise. He is not de first. But oh, my frien', Meestaire Tom, he is de last . . . you make dat so wit' me. I know now. De oder t'ings . . . dey are so many weeds, wit' their bright colors and strong scents . . . but now . . . a flower grow . . . so holy-white, so still, so filling up my heart with white perfume; my eyes are wet all night wit' holy tears . . . my frien', forgive . . . forgive . . .'

"I dont know just what I did then. I gave a cry, I know, because, afterward, Aunt Susan asked me what was the matter with me in the library, and I rushed at Van Tuyl and tried to kill him, and all the time I felt that within me my tormented heart and soul were fighting and warring like demons, and I knew that her heart was breaking, and I didn't believe that it was, and I thought she didn't have a heart, and hells raged within me, unspeakable, intolerable . . . the dark-red, violent hells of romance in violent youth . . .

"After a while I was alone.

"She had left me her pearls. I had given her my cross. I groaned aloud and cursed my folly and my wisdom, my weakness and my strength.

"Later that night Van Tuyl came back and tried to talk with me. He told me that Rita had, the other day, said her farewell to him, and he to her. His golden hour, he said, was passed. He tried to tell me, with all the sweetness I know now he must have felt, of his love for her and what she had been to him . . . a beautiful, joyous romance, as she was to us all, as she was to the world, spilling her fragrance, holding her heart, keeping fast her precious, invincible soul . . . He didn't solace me, then; not until afterward, when his grave love of her, his reverence for her particular quality, seeped into my wound and helped to heal it.



"The next day she sailed away, wearing my cross upon her breast. She became even greater than before and her name and her many good works have been stainless. . . ."

"Late that night . . . very, very late, I went to her apartment. It was a wild, white night of wind and snow and sleet. I had walked for hours upon hours, thru hells and heavens, thru tortures and raptures, thru fires and waters. I had walked and walked, battling for the immortal salvation of her soul. Then I said to myself that I would go to her, no longer—ah, no longer as man to woman . . . that was dear and dead and tombed . . . but as the minister of God to a soul in dire need of its salvation. As such I should go to her. Oh, God, I prayed, her soul, her precious soul, on the brink, on the brink, to save her soul . . . to give her eternal peace . . . to make my love of her a God-love . . . *this* was my prayer . . .

"Love . . . what it does . . . how it lifts . . . While I had been fighting my bitterest fight she had risen above me, beyond me . . . her beautiful flesh lay crucified . . .

(*Continued on page* 113)



The Little Master Builder

A GENERATION or more ago on the wilderness of the Guadalupe River in Texas, the first white woman came with her husband and children to dwell among the Indians. Shortly thereafter her husband died and she was left alone with her children. With an unwavering determination and a High-as-Heaven Courage she won thru.

She was the little great-grandmother of Blanche McGarity.

During the Civil War a young man was caught as a spy and sentenced to death. During the time between his capture and the execution of the death sentence, the young man had sung and danced his way so warmly into the hearts of his captors, that his sentence was commuted and he was retained as Chief High Entertainer to the army.

He was the grandfather of Blanche McGarity.

In New Orleans, about the same time back, a young and very beautiful girl was Queen of the Mardi Gras, and belle of the olden city.

She was the grandmother of Blanche McGarity.

For a generation or more the McCoys and the McGaritys, Irish both of them, have figured in the history of Texas. They have been pioneers, Irishmen, fighters, conquerors. This is the stock of which Blanche McGarity comes. Her heritage is one of determination, of indomitable grit. She has it.

For a generation or more the McCoys and the McGaritys, Irish both of them, have figured in the history of Texas. They have been pioneers, Irishmen, fighters, conquerors. This is the stock of which Blanche McGarity comes. Her heritage is one of determination, of indomitable grit. She has it

"What I *will* to do," says the little girl with the ingenue curls and the pioneer spirit, "I *do*."

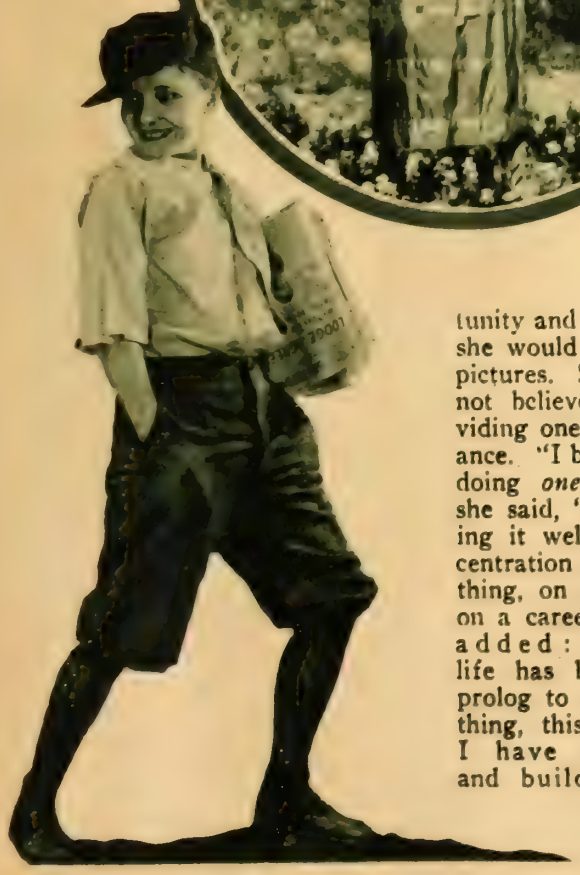
I said to her



By JANET REID







"All my life has been a prolog to this one thing, this career," she said. "I have builded and builded for this thing and no other. The one thing I have greatly wanted is to be an individual, to be remembered. I believe that I shall be." Above, a new portrait; center, in a Texas flower field, and below, in a character pose

tentatively, "Suppose, in this game, you should be temporarily worsted, meet with defeats, disappointments, what effect would it have? What would you do?"

"I'd get up and go at it again," she said. "I'd *fight*."

She *would*.

It began, this determination of hers to be an individual via the stage, at the age of four, when, posturing before her mirror, she would "make believe" at being a nun, a fairy queen, a carnival girl, a ragged boy, and it has never wavered, save for the fact that where it began by being the speaking stage it is now, unalterably, the screen.

I asked her what she would do if the speaking stage presented itself as an opportunity and she said she would stick to pictures. She does not believe in dividing one's allegiance. "I believe in doing *one* thing," she said, "and doing it well. Concentration is everything, on an idea, on a career." She added: "All my life has been a prolog to this one thing, this career. I have builded and builded for this thing and no other. The one thing I have greatly wanted is to be an individual, to be *remembered*. I believe that I shall be."

"What do you consider your especial qualifications?" I asked.

"Self-belief, I suppose," she said, consideringly; "I have never credited myself with any superlative beauty nor the drama of a Bernhardt, and yet, if you know what I mean, I feel my own potentialities for *both*. I believe in the limitlessness of the individual will."

This last was said with a modesty and withal a conviction, a certain poised purposefulness not to be gainsaid.

I said, wonderingly, because of her surface fragility, her youth and belying fairness, "How did you come by this self-confidence of yours?"

"My ancestors," she said. "We are Irish, on both sides, and pioneers. That is one reason. The other is the way I was brought up. Really, I owe everything that I am or ever will be to my mother. My will was never broken. I was allowed, always, to express myself, to feel that I could and must, and I responded, and *did*. My mother and I have been pals, just two girls together, and *always* together. I have hardly ever had a girl friend, nor ever felt the need of one. We talk everything over, we read

(*Continued on page* 104)



Photo by Lumière, N. Y.

The Beauties of 1919

The girls pictured above were photographed between the scenes of the 1919 Fame and Fortune production, "A Dream of Fair Women."

Four of these girls, the final winners, are already on their way to stardom. They are, reading from left to right, in the front row, Anetha Getwell, Virginia Faire, Blanche McGarity and a little further back with hat in hand, Anita Booth. Many others in the group, too, altho not winners, have secured excellent engagements.

Do you compare favorably with these girls? If so, send in your photograph if you have not already done so and perhaps you will smile from these pages when the 1920 photograph is published—who knows?

The Domestic Directress



Domestic hours are well interspersed in the life of Directress Weber and her efficiency behind the megaphone in the studio fails to interfere with her efficiency in her well ordered home. She declares that in the new woman we find the same woman known to the ages, and the above pictures would seem to prove the verity of her statement



Lois Weber will soon be at work in her new studios which are being erected with every modern device and convenience for the making of better pictures. Above, studying the site and plans



Irene Returns to the Cinema Fold

By BETSY BRUCE



Photo by Campbell Studios

She is the sort who would choose the most pleasant thing. There is a softness to her—not in the disparaging sense of the word at all—it is rather an all-enveloping femininity

Above and center, new portraits and, below, in "Other Men's Shoes"



Photo by Campbell Studios



HER press agent came in first. In fact, I didn't know she was in the building—Irene Boyle, I mean. It was while we were talking about her in the Edgar Lewis production, "Other Men's Shoes," which marks her return to the cinema fold, that he nonchalantly remarked that she was downstairs talking to the advertising director. Of course, he mentioned it casually—press agents never have ulterior motives—and I immediately said I'd like to meet her. I knew every one would be interested in her, remembering her work in the old Kalem days.

Well, she came. I was glad of Mr. Press Agent's motive, ulterior or otherwise.

"Isn't it funny," she said, chummily hitching one of the office chairs in which she was seated towards my desk, "I just love offices and the hubbub of the business world. The studio has some of it and I do believe that's why I just had to come back to it all. I grew awfully lonesome and quite impossible when I stayed at home. I just have to be *in* things."

"Miss Boyle is a very ambitious person," volunteered the press agent, efficiently, "and a very hard worker. Nothing is too much trouble for her if it will make the picture more realistic."

"What are you doing now?" I asked, in interviewer fashion.

"Resting, shopping, reading contracts and having hundreds of pictures taken," she smiled.

"She just finished 'Other Men's Shoes' the other day," interposed the P. A.

"Mr. Lewis is very lovely to work with," she told me, as she loosened the great folds of the beautiful seal coat she was wearing and threw back the chinchilla collar. "At first I thought he would be rather hard to please—exacting,—but he wasn't—not in the least. Once he selected the cast, everything went along smoothly."

"He uses the process of elimination in selecting his casts." Again the efficient masculine voice undertook its share of the conversation. "He sees any number of people for every rôle and then eliminates them one by one until he has decided upon the most attractive person—the most capable—and altogether the one best suited to the particular rôle he has in mind. Miss Boyle is very well cast and does remarkable work in the picture. You must see it."

I said I would like to and asked Miss Boyle if she had ever been on the stage.

"Never," she said.

(*Continued on page* 99)



The Courage of Marge O'Doone

By NORMAN BRUCE

"I THOUGHT that I came to the Northland to lose a woman," David Raine said somberly, "and now I know I came to find a woman. There's no escaping life—and they are life, the flame of it that warms—and burns——"

Father Roland spoke with a patient gentleness that, one sensed, had been learnt by years of resolute, difficult schooling. "You are still young, lad. The sap runs keenly in a green branch. God knew what He was about when He sent you to the Great Woods away from the cities."

"Would you like to see her?" David asked. He touched his breast. "I have carried her here since that day when the Weeping Lady left the picture in the train on the edge of the border. I shall carry her here till I find her, or till I die. She is—she is very wonderful." His voice shook.

The man in the rusty priest's robe shook his head, almost, one would have said, with terror. "I have not looked at a woman's face for many years," he sighed, "but—I have seen one always before me. You are right, my son. They are a man's whole life, the keen joy of it, the keen pain, and always the meaning of it all."

The eyes of the younger man went toward the door at the end of the great room, locked now, but unlocked once a day for the old priest to enter. He had seen the inside of that room for one stolen instant, seen the child's high-chair, the woman's rocker, the toys and the small, faded red satin slippers on the table, and he knew that in that moment he had peeped into Father Roland's soul. But there is a silent pact among men not to ask questions or pry into the soul's affairs, so he said nothing. He was sorry for Father Roland, yes, of course, but he was sorrier for David Raine.

There was silence in the cabin on the Harp o' God. Outside in the blackness the wind swept up the ravine with the wailing harmony that explained the name, and very far away, on some silhouetted hilltop, a coyote defied the stars. The priest stirred restlessly and threw another log on the fire, filling the cabin with dancing shadow-flames. "And so," he questioned, "so you think you must leave me tomorrow and push on, eh, Davie? I wont try to hinder you, but I shall miss you. It's been a month, hasn't it, since we joined forces in that stalled Transcontinental?"

Raine nodded. "I was at the end of my rope

THE COURAGE OF MARGE O'DOONE

Fictionized by permission from the Vitagraph production of the story by James Oliver Curwood. Scenario by R. N. Bradbury and direction by David Smith. The cast:

Marge O'Doone	Pauline Starke
David Raine, a derelict	Niles Welch
Michael O'Doone, the little missioner	George Stanley
Bruke, the brute	Jack Curtis
Hauck	William Dyer
Tarash	Boris Karloff
Margaret O'Doone, wife of the missioner	Billie Bennett
Mukoki, the faithful	James O'Neill
The Bear	Tara
The Dog	Baree

then. I thought Life hadn't anything more for me," he laughed, in sheer incredulity, "and then I found you—and *her!* Queer, isn't it?" His face clouded. "But it seems hopeless, with nothing to go on but the photograph of a girl and an address that is dead. If we'd found Tarvish, he might have known something about her. But with the settlement of Firepan Creek in ruins and the last settler buried, I'm where I started from. Still, I shall go on tomorrow"—he set his young jaw doggedly—"and I shall find her. I *know* it! If I didn't, Life would be too cruel."

Father Roland smiled faintly at the youngness of the belief that God owed David happiness and the world had been made solely for him to find it in. "I had hopes of Tarvish," he said slowly. Before David's amazed eyes his face grew oddly fixed as tho it were a mask fastened before his thoughts. "I—you see, I knew Tarvish years ago, before he went to Firepan. He was a young man then, and handsome, and I—loved him."

David Raine thought of the strange scene he had witnessed a week ago when they had laid the twisting body of the man they had found hanging in the tumble-down cabin in a shallow grave, and this priest had stood over it with cold lips, refusing a prayer to the dead man. Afterward, out of sight but not of earshot, he had stood in a copse of evergreen, shaking as he listened to Father Roland speaking to the mound of clay. "I am glad you never told me, Tarvish," he had said—or had he dreamed the whole grotesque thing? "Glad, because I would have killed you and thrown away my chance of ever seeing *her* again after I lie where you are lying, in my grave."

But his own affairs elbowed all other things out of his mind. In his breast pocket was the picture he had picked up on the train where the woman in the black veil had left it, and somewhere out in this great white country where the shadows lay blue on the snow and the fir needles gave out sharp, strong scents in the sun, somewhere out yonder was the girl of the picture, with her dark, wistful beauty as clear-cut as a cameo. Others might not have thought her beautiful, might have been carping about the cleft in her small, eager chin, the fulness of her lips that curved crimson like rose-petals in the olive oval of her face, but to David she was all perfection. It was as tho he recognized her at the first moment as some one he had been seeking thru long, lost years.

Early the next morning David said good-by to the old priest with his secret room and his secret grudge against a dead man, and set out along the trail, "Baree" at heel. He had found the dog in Tarvish's cabin and spoken to it kindly, whereupon it had adopted him as master and sworn eternal fealty with great thumps of his bushy tail. The air was like new wine, heady, intoxicating. He strode thru the dazzle and glitter effortlessly, shoulders back, head lifted to let the wind sweep his face.

Back there, only the matter of a few nights and days away, the sky was sooty with the smoke of the city, the air stale, the sunshine shut out by towering granite walls. Back there, giant winches sang an endless song of steel, lifting great buildings toward the sky that more and still more men and women might live cramped lives above the streets of selling. Back there were little perfumed shops, restaurants, theaters, all built for the woman who had been his wife to live a painted, tinsel life of pleasure. Back there, the other man was probably taking his place.

Suddenly David laughed. It was incredible, but he did not care! The agony he had thought to carry thru the rest of his life was gone and the past seemed as unreal as a dream in a fevered night. He was young, and he would take Life by the throat and throttle it and make it yield him what he wished. It seemed to him that his search for the girl in the picture would offer no difficulties, but if it did, he would surmount them, crash thru them, leap over them.

Thus David in the hopeful morning. By evening the mood of exultation had faded. He made his camp in a



And then, lifting his eyes, David Raine knew why he had come to the Northland. For, crossing the bed of the brawling stream ahead was a girl, small, dark with clouds of black hair all about her face and a suggestion of swaying branches in the way she moved from stone to stone

sheltered hollow and brooded over the pitch-pine embers late into the night while common-sense reasoned with him. The girl, it argued, might be dead. She might not live in the Canadian Northwest at all; she might be married—but at that David swore a great oath, kicked his embers together and dragged his blanket over his head.

He had decided to strike for the Stikine River country, because that was the address written on the photograph, a slender clue, but the only one he had. Accordingly, for three days he traveled eastward, "Baree" galloping at his side, seeing sometimes the footprints of wild animals in the snow, catching swift brown glimpses of disappearing deer, frightening coveys of birds from the undergrowth, but meeting no one of his own kind. His provisions began to get low, but he was so totally inexperienced in the ways of this wild, new country that he did not know enough to be frightened by that. A rifle shot provided a rabbit for "Baree" and David ate the last strip of his bacon, the final handful of his meal without a qualm.

"We'll be coming to a settlement today sure, old fellow," he told the dog, cheerily, as they started out again. But the day passed and not a feather of smoke stirred in the still air of the distance. By the next noon David did not walk quite so springily.

"Perhaps—this is what I came to the Northland for," he muttered, with wry lips. "I suppose I needed an eternal big licking for my sins." He took the photograph out of his pocket and gazed down at it. "Where are you, dear?" he asked the face that looked out at him. "Have I made a mistake? Aren't you up here at all? Girl, on my soul, I dont believe I'm ever going to see you. Father Roland is five days back, and there's no one anywhere near. I expect it's going to be good-by after all." He flung back his head with a gallant gesture. "It was a chance and I took it—you're worth taking chances for, and if I've lost out I'm not going to whine . . :"

He became aware that "Baree" was tugging at his coat and saw on the smooth, white surface before them the great, sprawling signature of a bear's paws. The trail was fresh. Not so much as a grain of snow had fallen into the indentations at his feet. The dog shuddered piteously,





"Hush," whispered Marge O'Doone and he felt her trembling against him, "they've followed us! I thought all night I heard them and when it grew light I saw, so Tara and I brought you in here"

For reply the girl gave a scream and rushed to the great brute, throwing her arms protectingly about him, and David saw incredulously that she held a bottle in one hand with which she had been feeding him



She lifted her vivid face to him, as a flower to the sun. "Did you not hear me call you Sakewawin last night?" she asked. "It is an Indian word, David, and it means . . . " "Yes," he prompted, "yes—what does it mean, dear?" "It means—possession," said, proudly, Marge O'Doone

eyed him with bright, anxious eyes and ran back along the trail as tho offering a suggestion. But David shook his head, tho he unslung his rifle. "Who's afraid, 'Baree'?" he challenged. "We're going on."

And then, lifting his eyes, David Raine knew why he had come to the Northland. For, crossing the bed of the brawling stream ahead was a girl, small, dark, with clouds of black hair all about her face and a suggestion of swaying branches in the way she moved from stone to stone. His heart lifted wildly and his lips grew dry. The girl of the picture—was she a mirage of his desire? But no—for with a lovely swooping motion she stooped, lifted a stone and sent it splashing into a nearby pool and her laughter spattered like cool, flashing water-drops on the silence. Dream girls do not laugh like that.

He moved toward her, stumbling on blind feet, and as he did so she disappeared! The trail curved sharply, and a clump of firs shut her away from him. When he rounded them she was gone, but at his feet lay a line of footprints of incredible smallness *beside the blunt tracks of the bear.*

The white world grew black before David's eyes, the trail plunged sickeningly as he ran and he muttered broken words aloud, not knowing that they were fragments of old, half-forgotten prayers. "Baree," quite evidently believing that he went to his doom, scrambled along beside, uttering mournful sounds. Together they panted about a great boulder and came full upon the girl they sought, almost in the arms of a huge grizzly.

"Dont move!" David shouted, bringing his rifle to his shoulder. "I'll get him, but you mustn't stir——"

For reply the girl gave a scream and rushed to the great brute, throwing her arms protectingly about him, and David saw, incredulously, that she held a bottle in one hand with which she had been feeding him. "Dont you dare touch this bear!" she flamed. "I'm Marge O'Doone and he's mine!"

"Yours?" David repeated stupidly, letting the rifle slip down. "Your bear?"

(*Continued on page* 96)

Mind the Little Things

By DORIS DELVIGNE

"YOU must build up your hero so that every young man in the audience pictures himself as that hero. You must build up your heroine so that every young girl will feel herself the heroine, wish herself the heroine—or understand the heroine's feelings. Unless you can do this," and Jeanie MacPherson smiled whimsically, "you are not in sympathy with your public."

There's nothing masculine about this little French-Scotch girl who has interested the dramatic world with her craftsmanship. She's not a blue-stocking with emancipated ideas, nor has her contact with the biggest men in the motion picture world given her that swaggering independence which is supposed to adhere to begoggled authors. She is the most utterly feminine thing you ever beheld. She loves pretty clothes—her taste is fastidious.

"So many people dont succeed in writing because their motive is all wrong," she continued.







"It is not a question of evolving a new plot," smiled little Jeanie MacPherson. "We are using the same plots and dramatic situations over and over again. It is the way the little things are worked out." Above and below, two portraits in "flying regalia," and, center, at work out-of-doors

"Theirs is a desire to gather in some of the huge sums purported to be paid for screen dramas. No one can hope to become a great writer who begins with that false motive. All of us have to work—work again and then again.

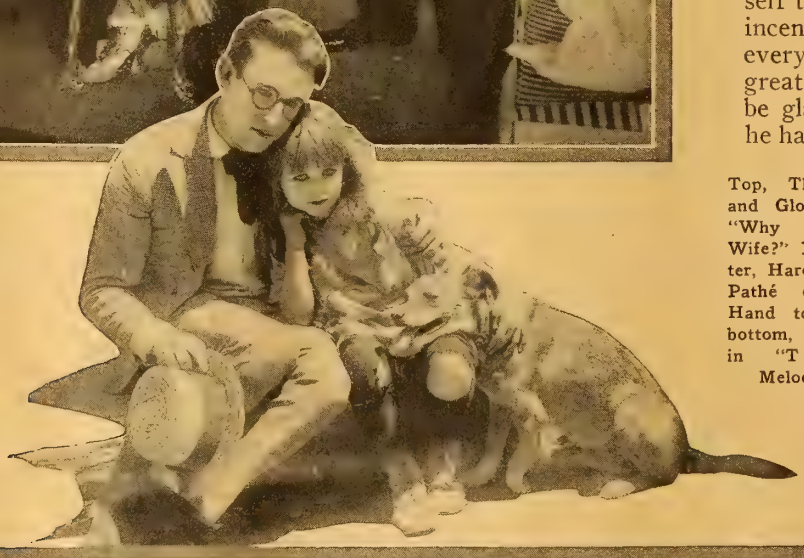
"And the biggest mistake of all is to wait for the great idea! Stories are not evolved in that way. And if there's one point I'd like to drive home more than anything else, it is *mind the little things*. It is not a question of evolving a new plot. We are using the same plots and dramatic situations over and over again. It is the way the little things are worked out. A motion picture script used to read, 'John and Mary love each other. They stand by a table and he declares his love.' Today I would show John looking furtively, then extracting a rose from his pocket—the rose she had worn and loved, and in his very expression and the fondling of the rose the audience knows that John loves Mary. In everything one must find the symbol. That is the great secret of the picture art—finding the symbol for a thought."

(Continued on page 94)

Across the

By HAZEL







Top, Thomas Meighan and Gloria Swanson in "Why Change Your Wife?" Paramount; center, Harold Lloyd in the Pathé comedy "From Hand to Mouth," and bottom, Eugene O'Brien in "The Broken Melody," Selznick

PERSONAL opinion is a peculiar sentiment. Very few of us think precisely the same and yet oftentimes we are such cowards that we dare not tell the other fellow we dont agree with him. Often we smile and smirk and accept our friends' opinions as our own just that we may not be judged queer.

It is the fad at present for the various film critics to approve of all that certain top-notch players, directors and companies create. They lavish colorful adjectives each month with a fulsome pen. I have my own private opinion that an actor who can do no wrong is at a frightful stage of the game. Think of the utter boredom of never having to exert one's self to better one's work. Imagine how little incentive there would be to live, to do, if everything one did was rated perfect. If a great actor fails to make me *feel* with him, be glad with him, sorrowful with him, then he has failed, in my opinion, just as much, nay more, than if he had never won laurel wreaths galore. And so I found

HEARTSTRINGS—FOX

a complete failure so far as the story or the work of William Farnum were concerned. "Heartstrings" tells the story of a violinist who sacrifices everything to make his sister happy. Thru five reels we watch him wade in mock sentimentality. He believes in turning the other cheek not only once but forty and nine times that his sister's betrayer may smite him on the other. Farnum has done virile, manly work on the screen. This servile picture that he presents is neither becoming nor a good work. His meek and lowly spirit was not admirable; it was irritating. He could have finished the whole picture beautifully and satisfactorily by smashing his sister's betrayer's face in the first reel . . . but then there would have been no picture—would there?

THE BROKEN MELODY—SELZNICK

Here, on the other hand, while Eugene O'Brien has very little better material to work with than every other star has had at some time or other, he makes "The Broken Melody" such a realistic thing, such a human picture that it holds one as would the life history of some dear friend. The tale deals with two young lovers,

Silversheet

SIMPSON NAYLOR

both of whom are ambitious for fame. Like so many, the man thinks that love can wait, and altho it hurts his conscience to leave the girl, he seizes his opportunity to study art in Paris at the expense of another woman. The girl deprived of her great love, finds her solace in work and gains fame as a singer. But fame does not satisfy those of great hearts; and so one day the man comes back and finds the girl . . . even as he had left her . . . waiting for him. Frankly, Eugene O'Brien startled me with the reality of his interpretation of this artist's rôle. He made no effort to portray the man . . . all hero; but he showed his human weaknesses, his vain endeavor to overcome them, his egoism which would not be stifled and in the end the emptiness of his success with an understanding subtlety and power that was little less than startling. Did I once consider Eugene merely a handsome picture? Let me be the first to admit my error. Lucy Cotton is not only likeable but shows a commendable power for expressing true-to-life emotion as the girl, while Corinne Barker is a positive delight with her human interpretation of the rich woman who wanted Eugene for her own amusement.

ON WITH THE DANCE—PARAMOUNT

In my opinion "On With the Dance" strikes closer to real life, that is New York life, and real motives than any picture has yet dared show. My sympathies, however, were entirely with the little wild-cat wife who rebelled at her street-car existence . . . when she had been fashioned for limousines . . . and not for her smug husband who smugly loved another girl who could help him more with his career. The lesson which the picture teaches very clearly, namely, that there *is* a mate who will bring out the best in us, is most satisfactory . . . and quite believable. Mae Murray was perfectly irresistible to me. She was the most delightfully enticing little vixen I have ever seen on the screen. Compared to her delicious "devilishness" I found the goody-goody interpretation of the cold Alma Tell irritating, to say the least. John Miltern was at his best . . . David Powell for the first time in his career . . . guilty of just camera-acting.







Above, Mae Murray in Paramount's "On With the Dance," and left, Blanche Sweet in "A Woman of Pleasure," from Pathé, and bottom, Bryant Washburn and Wanda Hawley in "Six Best Cellars"

THE RIVER'S END—REALART

This Marshall Neilan production from the book of James Oliver Curwood is a mighty fine thing. Filled with action, adventure, revenge and love it never oversteps the boundary of possibility. This

(*Continued on page* 109)

They Aren't All

By J. A.





In spite of bitter opposition, perhaps the first attempt at extending the field of the motion picture was the introduction of the movie into the church. Above, a photograph of the West End Presbyterian Church in New York, showing how people have come to feel about the movie, and, right, the motion picture compartment and repair room aboard the U. S. S. Bridgeport

MORE than keeping pace with the phenomenal growth of the moving picture theater, the non-theatrical movie field today is a cardinal factor in the youngest of America's big industries. A few years ago three-reel shows in ill-ventilated, small rooms were the sole outlook of the movie. Today, motion pictures are shown not only in the largest and most elaborate temples of amusement yet devised, but also in churches, private homes, schools and a host of other non-theatrical places.

In spite of bitter opposition, perhaps the first attempt at extending the field of the motion picture was the introduction of the movie into the church. Seventeen years ago the Rev. Adam Chambers installed a projector in his church—the Harlem Baptist, in New York. Today more than 2,000 churches in the United States are using motion pictures regularly in a variety of ways, from giving the kiddies wholesome amusement on Saturday afternoons to teaching Sunday-school lessons and even to preaching sermons.

The war, too, has been one of the great factors in the development of the motion picture, and particularly in the non-theatrical field. The movie was at once recognized as an indispensable part of every war machine, for it is universally popular and offers almost the only recreation to soldiers in a battle area on account of the small, inexpensive equipment necessary. True, there were many stage entertainments given soldiers, but these were mostly in the leave areas.

Besides, the war developed many new uses of the motion picture, and not a few of these have survived the conflict. One of the most interesting of these cases is the introduction of the motion picture in Siberia and Russia. Cinema entertainments were part of the United States War Department's program in every land where there



A motion picture outfit bound for a refugee camp near Derrindge, Asia Minor

On Broadway

CHAPMAN



More and more universal becomes the movie in its appeal. The day when it was confined to the Broadways of the respective cities is passé. Chinese learning of the mystery of the movies

were American soldiers, so the doughboy took with him into Russia and Siberia his silverscreen and projector. In a few months a film-distributing service was established in Vladivostok thru the Community Motion Picture Bureau, which acted as agent of the War Department, and shows were given several times a week in forty-five Siberian camps. As the film service to the northland grew, the shows were given not only for Americans, but also for Russians and French, and many of the films shipped from New York to Vladivostok carried titles in three languages. Cessation of hostilities and withdrawal of troops in Siberia did not mean the withdrawal of the motion picture. The Siberian peasants have shown insatiable interest in the motion picture, so it is being used in a great campaign for educating the poorer classes.

Taking anything to a rural district of Siberia is a hard job, and the "camionette," which was developed during the war for quick transportation of motion picture equipment, is now being used in the northland. The camionette is a projection outfit, including generator, film library and screen, mounted on a motor-truck. Some Siberian localities have proved inaccessible even to the American motor-truck, and reindeer and dog-sleds have been resorted to, and one instance is known where apparatus was floated down a river to its destination on a slab of ice.

Motion picture producers are assured a promising future market in the land of Slavs, for, as has been remarked before, peasants are actually infatuated with the novelty. This infatuation has resulted more than once in attempts to delay even by force the progress of itinerant shows.

Nor is the land of the midnight sun the only place where motion pictures were introduced during the war. 'Way down the map, in Constantinople, Christian and Turk have been working side by side showing pictures in refugee camps. Again the camionette has been called into the scheme of things, and its territory, first war-torn French roads, then the snowy routes of the north, has been broadened to include desert tropics.

Here in America as well the non-theatrical field has been well developed. Churches, which once advocated closing theaters on Sundays because they detracted from church attendance, are now using pictures themselves on Sunday as well as on every other day of the week.

The commercial photographer in many cases is displacing his "stills" with the perforated celluloid. At

(*Continued on page 113*)



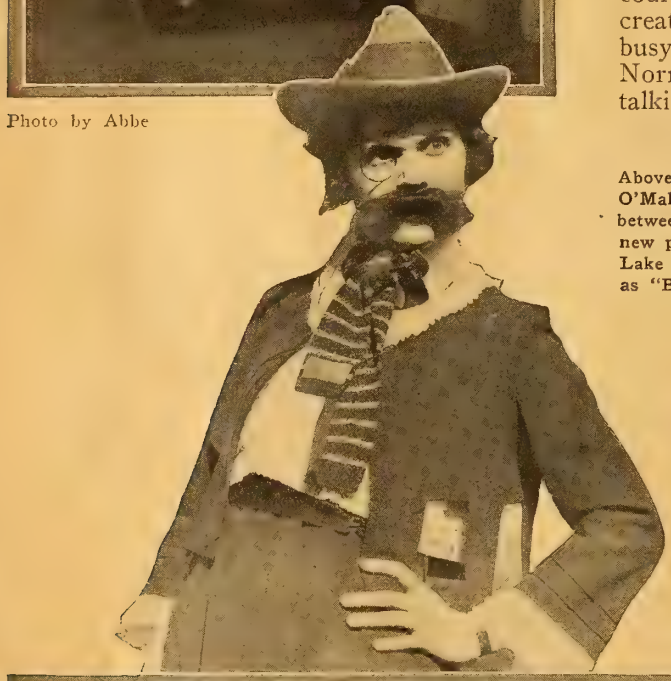
The greatest of all uses to which a motion picture can be put in an industrial plant is the entertainment and education of employees. Left, a luncheon hour scene in the largest electric light factory in the world

Our Animated Monthly of News and Views

By SALLY ROBERTS



Photo by Abbe



Above, Agnes Ayres and Pat O'Malley enjoy a tête-à-tête between the scenes of their new picture, and, left, Alice Lake caricatures Bert Lytell as "Beauty" Steele in "The Right of Way"



Mildred Harris Chaplin and Anita Stewart present Manager J. D. Williams to "Polly," the pampered pet of the Mayer studios

INDIVIDUAL dressing-rooms are the latest fad with the folk of the shadow-screen. In fact, most of the companies are presenting their stars with tiny bungalows situated on the studio lot and these have become very popular. Both Mildred Harris Chaplin and Anita Stewart have the cutest bungalow dressing-rooms. Each is a quaint Queen Anne cottage, embodying a kitchen, bath, reception room and dressing-room. Long French windows, with low iron rails and trailing vines make the exteriors very attractive. The Selig studios, where they work, are so very far from any restaurant that the individual kitchens are necessities. The cottages remind one of Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel" cottages, for they nestle in groves of eucalyptus trees. Both stars are delighted with them and Anita hates to leave hers, even to go East for the summer months. Of course, she'll return in the fall—again laden down with exquisite creations, destined to make ravishing her productions. She is busy working on "Harriet and the Piper," the story by Kathleen Norris, now that she has finished "The Yellow Typhoon." And, talking of scenarios, Ethel Gillette, daughter of an ex-governor of California, has been engaged to write stories for Mildred Chaplin. She is, too, a close friend and excellent results are expected from the congenial combination.

Olive Thomas is expected to arrive here any day, and, of course, Husband Jack Pickford is all anticipation. He has had the home all prepared for her, and she is to stay long enough to make one picture anyhow. Jack really wants her to give up pictures and settle down, but Olive doesn't see things just that way.

Conrad Nagel has been here some time now. He came out originally to play in "The Fighting Chance," the Robert W. Chambers story, and Famous Players-Lasky have signed him as a leading man with a long-term contract. So watch for Conrad in their new pictures.

Bad news! Good-by, for a time at least, to slapstick and water scenes, hose-squirting and cheese-spearing stunts. Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle has just signed a long-term contract as a legitimate star.

The stork visited the Beverly Hills home of Mr. and Mrs. William Desmond, the other day, and left a baby girl, who will be known as Mary Joanna. The parents declare that she shows no signs of moving picturitis yet—however, time will tell.

New stars have appeared in the firmament—Wanda Hawley and Bebe Daniels both now number among Realart's stellar lights, and the best sort of stories are promised for them.

And Richard Barthelmess, too, has graduated into stardom. D. W. Griffith has promised him starring vehicles and Dick's many friends in sunny California are as delighted over his good fortune as he is himself.

The Minter home has been the scene of much gaiety lately. Mrs. Shelby has given three musicales in honor of Margaret who supports Mary now, and

"They'll be here in fifteen minutes—

and my nails aren't fit to be seen!"



THE telephone bell rang. "I'm so glad you are at home. We'll be right over," said a voice. "Good!" she cried. Then her eyes fell to her hands. Her heart sank. Such battered looking nails!

She knew, too, that no amount of magnificence and good grooming on formal occasions would efface the impression made by once appearing careless in an off-guard moment.

Have you ever been caught in such a predicament? Does the unexpected occasion always find your hands at their loveliest? Exquisitely cared for nails, that so unmistakably tell to the world their story of personal fastidiousness.

It is the simplest thing always to be sure of your nails! Just a matter of giving them the same regular attention that you do your hair and teeth.

Do not clip the cuticle. When you do so it is impossible to avoid cutting the sensitive living skin, too. The skin tries to heal these cruel little hurts and growing quickly, forms a thick, ragged cuticle. It gives to your nails that frowsy and unkempt look that makes you self-conscious every time people notice your hands.

But you can have nails so charming that it will be a pleasure to display your hands!



Just soften and remove the cuticle with Cutex, the harmless cuticle remover.

Twist a bit of cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package). Dip it in the Cutex and gently work around the base of each nail. Push back the dead cuticle. Then wash your hands and push the cuticle back while drying. Always when drying the hands, push the cuticle back.

The Cutex way keeps the cuticle smooth and unbroken—the nails in perfect condition. Make a habit of Cutex. Then you will never know the mortification of ragged hangnails and clumsy cuticle.

If you wish to keep the cuticle particularly soft and pliable so that you do not need to manicure so often, apply Cutex Cold Cream at night on retiring.

Get Cutex at any drug or department store. Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White, Cold Cream and Nail Polish are each 35c.

Six manicures for 20 cents

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Photo by Woodbury



Photo by W. R. Scott



Top, "Doug" finds himself in the grip of Jess Willard; left, Peggy Hyland at the recent California rose fête, and, bottom, Ethel Clayton entertaining her company at afternoon tea. Reading from left to right, Director Tom Forman, Jane Wolff, Ethel Clayton, Clyde Fillmore and Charles Meredith

many musicians have gathered at the house on Wednesday evenings. It is the house formerly occupied by the Pickfords, you know. Mary came of age—that is in California, but it will be three years before she's of age in New York, according to state laws and the terms of her contract with Mr. Zukor—on April 1st and, of course, there was an especially big party with Mary a very pretty and very charming hostess.

Wallace Reid has been traveling north, taking a vacation and doing a lead in "The Rotters," which was shown here at the Little Theater. He has been simply idolized in the California towns visited by this company. They call his motion picture company "The Road Show" around the studio lot, for they are nearly always off on location. Seldom does the handsome Wally see his home-town for more than two days at a time. He enjoys the out-of-door life, tho. Too bad "The Rotters" cant take Mr. Reid back to New York when it goes on tour thru the principal cities of the U. S. A. Every one knows he would make a great hit, for he's really dandy in it.

And, of course, every one has been talking about the marriage of Mary and "Doug." A great many people resent the upheaval which is being made about her divorce, for with different divorce laws in every state in the Union it's difficult to know just what to do. Every one agrees that they want Mary to be happy. For the last few years she has worked very hard and undoubtedly the proposed trip to Europe will do both Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks a world of good. At present, they are, both of them, finishing their new productions so that they may set off with a clear conscience. It is probable, however, that they will work while on the other side.

Ruth Stonehouse and Helen Ferguson are working at the same studio again. When they met at Metro, each about to begin on a different production, it brought back the old days at Essanay. Then Ruth was a star and Helen an extra girl, worshipping at her shrine, but Helen has come right along and is doing very fine work, so they say. Of course, she and Ruth are having fine times together.

The other day I encountered an extra weeping bitterly on the Goldwyn lot, and she explained that she had to make up all over again, because Hayes Hunter, a dynamic director for the drama "Earthbound," has all his people hysterical with the wealth of imagination he injects. Even the men on Mr. Hunter's set go all to pieces. Visitors, who stand afar, are sometimes convulsed by the director's antics, but those in front of the camera tell me they never have been so moved or impressed. The story is tense and spiritualism plays a strong hand in its fashioning. Naomi Childers walks about like a forlorn "widder," weeping disconsolately.

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ALICE BRADY
"I consider WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO an ideal shampoo. It can be used with such little effort and keeps my hair in wonderful condition."



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PRISCILLA DEAN
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"Wherever Watkins Mulsified Cocoanut Oil is used it leaves the hair soft and fluffy and easy to manage. I find a few [illegible]"

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Green Room Jottings

Little Whisperings From Everywhere In Playerdom

Pearl White left New York a few weeks ago for a tour of Europe and a rest. It is expected that she will gather material for several Fox features, also select costumes for forthcoming plays.

Milton Sills has been engaged for George Melford's production, "The Translation of a Savage," by Sir Gilbert Parker. Elliott Dexter, Mabel Juliene Scott and Ann Forrest will appear with him.

John Bowers has been loaned by Goldwyn to play opposite Mary Miles Minter in her next Realart picture.

Seena Owen will appear as Bert Lytell's leading woman in "The Temple of Dawn," a picturization of I. A. R. Wylie's novel.

Grace Darling is starring in "The Hidden Path," Burton King's first independent production.

Marguerite Courtot is playing the leading feminine rôle in another Pathé serial, called "Velvet Fingers," an original story by Bertram Millhauser.

Constance Talmadge's next picture for First National will be an Emerson-Loos original story, "The Perfect Woman."

Jack Mulhall, one of the most popular of the younger leading men of the screen, has been placed under a long-term contract to play leading rôles in Paramount-Artcraft pictures.

Bryant Washburn's lifelong ambition for a bit of slapstick is gratified in "What Happened to Jones," the Paramount-Artcraft film version of George Broadhurst's comedy.

Robert C. Bruce, director of "Scenics Beautiful," for Educational Films Corporation, recently made an extended stay in Cuba and Jamaica, where he made a number of subjects. Mr. Bruce's next tour will be to foreign lands.

Wanda Hawley's first Realart production will be "Miss Hobbs," by Jerome K. Jerome, which Annie Russell played on the speaking stage.

"Buster" Keaton, long identified with screen comedies, plays the rôle of Bertie ("The Lamb") in Metro's all-star production of "The New Henrietta."

Tsuru Aoki is visiting her native home, Japan, and will be absent several months.

Priscilla Dean's next picture will be "Marama," a story of the Fiji Islands by Ralph Block. As Marama, the young star will have an opportunity of displaying the latest fashions in South Sea feminine adornment.

The screen rights to "Wedding Bells," one of the stage hits of the season, have been secured for **Constance Talmadge**.

Carmel Myers, who ran away from the screen a year ago to enter musical comedy, soon will be seen again in the film world under the Universal banner.

William Collier, Jr., has been engaged to play juvenile parts in Paramount-Artcraft pictures.



Photo Clarence Bull

PAULINE STARKE

Lewis Stone, one of the most distinguished actors on the screen today, has been signed by Thomas H. Ince for the principal rôle in "Beau Revel," the first of a series of specials by Louis Joseph Vance.

Peggy Hyland, brightly charming as ever, was in New York for a few days and entertained our entire editorial staff at dinner at the Hotel Commodore, the night before her sailing for England and Egypt, where she will make pictures for Samuelson Films.

Little **Virginia Lee Corbin** announces that she is signing with a company to produce pictures under her own name, when her Fox contract expires in August.

Eddy Polo, under his new contract with Universal, is to make ten two-reel stories of life under the big top. The actor, who is an old-time circus performer, plans to build stories around incidents in his career.

Eugene V. Brewster, of the Brewster Publications, is one of the judges of the Hope Hampton prize contest, now running in several of the magazines. The prizes are offered for the best essays of five hundred words or less, answering five questions based on the photoplay, "The Modern Salome."

Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian poet and playwright, has completed his first story for Goldwyn and sailed for France.

Ever since "Stella Maris," in which **Mary Pickford** carried off the honors of her career, she has longed to duplicate her London slavey of that picture. In "Hop o' Me Thumb," the play Maude Adams made famous on the stage, the make-up leaves nothing of the beautiful Mary, but gives, in its place, a cockney laundry drudge, pitiful and comic. The picture is being renamed "The Duchess of the Suds."

Joseph de Grasse and Ida May Park will direct **Bessie Love** in "The Midlander," her first Callaghan production. Truman Van Dyke will play opposite Miss Love.

David Butler, "the cheerful boy of the screen," will appear in "Smilin' All the Way," adapted for the screen from Henry Payson Dowst's story, "Alice in Underland."

Harry Von Tilzer's newest song hit, "When the Harvest Moon Is Shining," is dedicated to **Doris Kenyon,** star of "The Harvest Moon," from Augustus Thomas' stage play.

Agnes Ayres is being starred in a series of special features in Marshall Neilan-Albert A. Kaufman productions.

Anita Stewart's next starring vehicle is "Harriet and the Piper," a Kathleen Norris story, that became popular thru its publication as a serial in the *Pictorial Review.*

Ethel Clayton, who has signed another long-term contract with Famous Players-Lasky, will go to London this fall to make two photoplays in Famous Players-Lasky's London studio.

Alice Brady's last Realart production, "A Dark Lantern," was made at the Essanay studios in Chicago during her long stage engagement in "Forever After."

Norman Kerry will act as Marion Davies' leading man in her next screen production.

Shirley Mason's fourth picture in the Fox series and her third supplied by Pearl Doles Bell, is "The Little Pagan," in which the little star will appear in Oriental character.

Edward Earle, remembered for his excellent work in the O. Henry stories, has the leading male rôle in the Charles Miller production, "The Law of the Yukon."



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Green Room Jottings

Little Whisperings From Everywhere In Playerdom

The film colony of Hollywood has gone in for "ouija spiritualism." Among those who claim to receive messages are Gloria Swanson, Betty Blythe, Edith Roberts, Seena Owen, Ann May and Jane Novak. Antonio Moreno says it's all bosh. "They're not messages," comments Tony, "they're warnings."

"The Yacona Yillies," a *Saturday Evening Post* story, has been purchased by Thomas Ince as an ideal starring vehicle for his team of "double delights," **Douglas MacLean** and **Doris May.**

Bruce Gordon, a young English actor, new to the American screen, appears opposite May McAvoy in J. Stuart Blackton's latest production, "The House of the Tolling Bell."

Louise Lovely is again seen supporting William Faversham in "The Joyous Troublemakers."

Louise Huff has signed a five-year contract with Selznick pictures and will appear in screen plays prepared especially for her.

Ruth Stonehouse and **Eugene Pallette** head the cast of a picturization of the stage farce, "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," a Loew-Metro release.

Albert Capellani, who is responsible for many Nazimova productions, will do five special pictures for Cosmopolitan productions. The first of the series will be "The Inside of the Cup," by Winston Churchill.

Marie Walcamp and her company are back from the Orient, where they have been making a serial for more than six months.

William Faversham makes his first screen appearance in "The Man Who Lost Himself," from the story of that name by Ernest Stackpole.

A world-wide hunting expedition, whose weapons will be cameras, and whose objective is to secure unusual still and motion pictures, will leave New York early in May for a four-years' sojourn in the Pacific Islands, the Far-East and India. **T. Kimmwood Peters,** an expert on photographic matters, is to head the party.

Eddie Ring Southerland, appearing with Thomas Meighan in "Conrad in Quest of his Youth," is the nephew of Tom Meighan, of Blanche Ring and of Charlotte Greenwood.

Betty Blythe will appear in the leading rôle of James Oliver Curwood's story, "Nomads of the North," for First National. Upon the completion of this picture, Miss Blythe will head her own company.

Maurice Costello, whose reputation is still the household word among the first screen fans, portrays the rôle of La Fleche in "The Wilderness Fear" with William Faversham.

Percy Marmont is another Englishman who has decided to make his home permanently in the States, having recently purchased a house at Whitestone, Long Island, in the midst of the "actors' colony" of that suburb.

Helen Ferguson plays a leading part in Jack London's story, "The Mutiny of the Elsinore," to be released under the title of "The Mutiny."

Martha Mansfield, who appears in Barrymore's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," will play the leading feminine rôle in a new production for American Cinema Corporation, under the direction of Wilfrid North.

Elaine Hammerstein's next picture is "The Point of View," a screen adaptation of the play of that name.

Little **Harriet Thomas,** age six, makes her first screen appearance in support of her big sister, Olive, in "The Flapper."

Margaret Loomis has signed a five-year contract with Famous Players-Lasky. Her first work under her new contract will be with Thomas Meighan in "Conrad in Quest of His Youth."

Gaston Glass, who plays a prominent part in "Humoresque," a Cosmopolitan production of Fannie Hurst's story, was a pilot in the French air service during the war and first came to this country on a mission for the French government.



GLADYS VALERIE

Charles Ray has just completed the purchase of four of James Whitcomb Riley's best-known poems of American country life: "The Old Swimming Hole," "The Girl I Loved," "Home Again" and "Out to Old Aunt Mary." Mr. Ray declares that the acquisition of these American classics represents the culmination of a long-time ambition to screen the works of the Hoosier bard.

A coming **Roscoe Arbuckle** production will be an Irvin Cobb story, "The Life of the Party."

Alice Calhoun, a new Vitagraph player, plays the leading feminine rôle in "The Sea Rider," Harry Morey's forthcoming Vitagraph feature.

Harrison Ford will be Wanda Hawley's leading man in "Miss Hobbs," her first Realart production.

On Sunday, April 25, **Clarine Seymour** died after a serious operation. Altho a recent star, under the D. W. Griffith banner, she had won many friends and her death had a saddening effect on the entire film world. Miss Seymour's last picture was "The Idol Dancer," in which she played with Richard Barthelmess and scored a great success.

Dagmar Godowsky will vamp opposite Owen Moore in his next production, which is being made in Cuba. Nell Craig is playing lead.

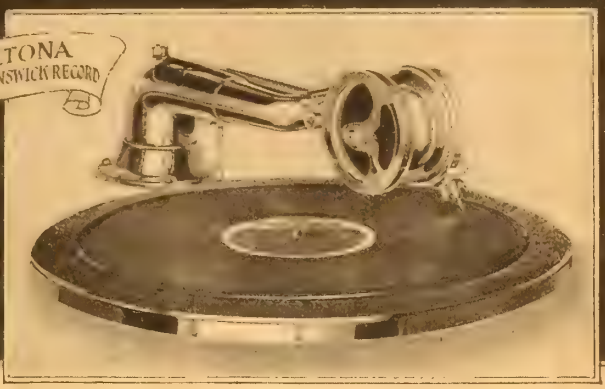
Mary Pickford will make three pictures in Europe this summer, two in England and one in France. An American director will have charge of the productions.

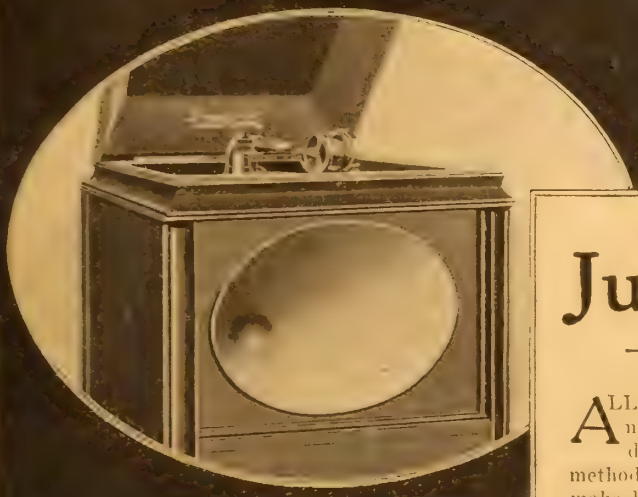
Marshall Neilan plans to star **Wesley Barry** during the coming year. Among the subjects in which Wesley will be seen on the screen, is an adaptation of Booth Tarkington's famous "Penrod."

Mae Murray and **David Powell** will be seen in an original story by Ouida Bergere, entitled "Idols of Clay."

Olive Thomas plays the rôle of an East Side settlement worker, a Broadway star and the wife of a society man in her next picture, "Jenny." Her next picture will be made in California, where she has journeyed to spend a short time with Husband Jack Pickford.

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction







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PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS



The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the CLASSIC, write "Classic" at top of letter.

GREETINGS, friends! It doesn't take long for June to come around, and this reminds me of the brides. For, a mighty pain to love, it is; and 'tis a pain, that pain to miss; but, of all pains, the greatest pain, it is to love and love in vain. To the brides: May your voyage thru life be as happy and as free as the dancing waves on the deep blue sea. I almost wish I had one for myself.

IRENE CASTLE FAN.—Irene Castle became the wife of Vernon Castle in 1911. Ethel Clayton can be reached at Paramount office, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York. Yes, Olive Thomas in "Youthful Folly."

DOROTHY B.—You say you cant understand why Richard Barthelmess never writes to you. Poor Richard! Richard, Richard, wherefore art thou? You will like him in "The Idol Dancer." Clarine Seymour is simply beautiful, yes, and more than that, a wonderful actress. She sometimes reminds me of Anita Stewart.

HELENE MACK.—Well, clothes may make some players, but it breaks many of them. Natalie Talmadge is playing with her sisters. You think I ought to have a wig. That isn't all I ought to have either. Mary Miles Minter in "Nurse Marjorie."

DINKI DI.—Yes, send a stamped addressed envelope for a list. June Elvidge is very athletic and was a professional equestrienne in the New York riding academies. Stuart Holmes and Frankie Mann are playing in "Trailed by Three."

MOVIE STRUCK LILA.—Yes indeed, actions, looks, words, step from the alphabet and spell character. Why, Louise Glaum is playing in "Sex," a Hodkinson.

EXINE.—You say you have only three theaters in your town and they show only Metro pictures, what shall you do? Why, go see the Metros and be content. Many people are worse off than you are. Well, if you must be a pessimist, be a cheerful pessimist, dont let your face grow long, nor your disposition sour. Monte Blue is with Famous Players in Los Angeles, now.

T. BARTHOLOMEW.—You can reach Roscoe Arbuckle at Los Angeles, Cal. Everybody knows Fatty out there, and it's mighty hard for him to hide. Trick stuff, you know. Alice Brady is playing in "Forever After." You still think that "Revelation" was the greatest picture you have ever seen. A good many think the same as you do, and our chief classes it as 100%. Yes, Constance Binney in "The Test of Honor." Nell Shipman and Al Whitman. Your five minutes are up, ring off, please.

PEGGY.—You ought to write direct to Norma Talmadge. Sorry I cant help you.

QUESTIONNAIRE.—Oh, I wouldn't say that. More than one wife at a time is polygamy, and, says the wag, only one wife at a time is monotony. Mahlon Hamilton and Harrison Ford are not married. Thomas Meighan is. Happy now?

BLUE EYES.—No, I cannot undertake to describe how these tricks in Keystone comedies are done. You of course know that the players do not jump off thirty-story buildings, and that steam-rollers do not run over them. In most cases you will find that is done by the substitution of dummies. Yes, it is true Pearl White has gone to France. No, no, no picture of mine will ever appear in the magazine.

S. O. S.—Well, I'm here! Dont let a little thing like a tattoo stop you from getting into pictures. Yes, Betty Compson. No, child, I have an excellent disposition. I never murmur without cause, and seldom have cause. But when I do, I use language not according to Hoyle. Conway Tearle opposite Marion Davies in "April Folly."

FLUFF.—No, honey, I dont hold any mosity toward you. Do you know it is reported that Mary Pickford sees every motion picture that is produced in order to keep up with the times, while, on the other hand, Mrs. Sidney Drew rarely sees a play? Nell Craig of Essanay fame is playing opposite Owen Moore in "A Desperate Hero" for Selznick. Gladys Leslie in "The Soap Girl."

MAY H. E.—So you have a new mole stole. Pray, what might that be? You ought to know something about the mole since you are wearing one. They are not blind, as many people suppose. Their eyes are hardly larger than a pin-head and are carefully protected from dust and dirt by means of enclosing hairs. Julia S. Gordon is under the direction of George Baker for International.

H. S. G.—You see when a face appears chalky white on the screen it is either a case of too much light on the face or two much powder in the make-up, probably the former. You think Rosemary Theby is just right, and you would like to marry her. Rosemary, step forward—here's a proposal. Eileen Percy is to play opposite Tom Mix for Fox.

EUSTACE F.—New subscriber, hey! Good! Always glad to hear from the newcomers. This department is for you as well as anybody. No relation. I'm quite alone in the world. I believe it is reported that Anita Stewart wears a gown in "The Yellow Typhoon" with over 10,000 beads, and it cost quite some pennies.

ELSIE G.—Yes, Ruth Shepley has played in pictures.

BROWN EYES.—I dont know where you can get pictures of the players for nothing. Most people are willing to pay for them and then cant always get them. That was Mahlon Hamilton. I believe most diamonds are secured from the Transvaal and India. That's where mine came from.

MOLLY O.—No, Moliy, I have never been in love yet. I have taken particular pains not to because I fear that if I fell into a woman's arms I would fall into her hands, and I love my liberty too much for that. Yes, Clara Young is playing right along. Perhaps you refer to Frances Kaye.

CATCH ME.—Let 'er go! No, I dont do my own washing, but I do some cooking. I'm quite sure it was not Bernard Shaw who said, "A mother's a mother all the days of her life, a father's a father until he gets a new wife."

KYRIE.—Oh, joy! Heap much thanks! Do you know that you are a charming letter-writer? Write me all about it. You want more of Eugene O'Brien on the cover and something about Harold Lloyd. Would like to have seen the play you played in.

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ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN



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The Answer Man

SUSIE.—Dont expect that everything you read in this department will be bright. I do not have the time to polish it up. So you didn't care for Pauline Frederick in "A Hungry Heart." You say the book calls for a petite and childlike type.. She played the part of Lizzie. Clever letter you write. Run in again some time.

SUSIE, SNIFF, SNAFF.—My hall-room is heated with hot air, summer and winter. Of course I regulate it to suit my thermometer. "The Birth of a Nation" was filmed from Thomas Dixon's book, "The Clansman." Eugene O'Brien was Bruton and Frances Kaye was Elizabeth in "Come Out of the Kitchen."

LITTLE PAL.—Come, cheer up! I'll promise to do better. Your verse was very clever. No, I'm sometimes troubled with flies, altho there's nothing here for them except my bald head, which they utilize as a skating rink. Do you know that a fly walks, in proportion to his size, thirteen times as fast as a man can run? This summer I'm going to feed my flies and see if they have any appreciation for a humane act. I shall feed them on fly-paper. Seena Owen will play opposite Bert Lytell in "The Temple of Dawn" and Cleo Madison will also play in the cast.

JIMMIE D.—Why, the Lee children are playing in vaudeville. Yes, I find that some of the players are so thoroly subjective that nothing really interests them but themselves. Edward Earle played in "The Law of the Yukon."

R. 337748.—Put on your brakes—you're speeding. Of course, I do. Yes, I read that Conan Doyle assures us that there will be no old maids in heaven. That's pretty hot for the old maids.' But perhaps he didn't mean it that way. If not, how about the old maids who want to remain old maids? Arthur Housman playing with Eugene O'Brien in "A Fool and His Money."

WAYNE C. K.—We were the first publication to adopt a gallery of players, also to write chats and interviews with them. In fact, we were the first magazine devoted to motion pictures. We fought the first battle and paved the way for the twenty or thirty who now thrive or that are buried on the road that we built. Write to Antonio Moreno in English, not in Spanish. He speaks better English than most of us do.

SHOCK ABSORBER.—You in again? Once and for all, and finally, Eugene O'Brien was born in Colorado. Honest to goodness, he was. Yes, I saw him trying to trip the light fantastic in "Broken Melody." Houdini in "Terror Island."

COANIO.—Why, Richard Barthelmess was born in New York in 1895 and was educated in Hartford, Conn. He is 5 feet 7 inches, weighs 135, dark hair and brown eyes. Carlyle Blackwell at the Friars Club, New York City, and Mary Anderson, Los Angeles, Cal. You're very welcome.

HARVEY P.—You write a clever letter. Marjorie Daw was Mary Pickford's bridesmaid. You bet she's a sweet girl. You say I'm a whale of a writer. I never saw a whale, and I dont want to be one. They tell me they carry a ton of oil in their tongues. What oily speeches I could make! Paramount produced "Treasure Island," and Maurice Tourneur directed it.

JAZ SEE.—Awfully glad to hear from you. Well, the best way to reduce is to exercise, whether you want to reduce weight, expenses or doctor's bills. Yes, Crane Wilbur's "The Ouija Board" is a big stage success. I really dont know what has happened to Marie Eline, the original Thanhouser Kid.

RUTHIE BELLE.—You ask, "At a party or the theater, is it proper to ask my escort to keep my gloves, fan and purse?" If the young man doesn't object, no one else has the right to. I should be delighted. Marguerite Courtot can be reached at Seitz Studios, 134th Street and Park Avenue, New York City.

BILLIE, 18.—Mollie King played in "Women Men Forget." Oh, yes, I have dined at the Commodore. Had dinner there recently with Peggy Hyland and—some more. She's a very sweet little body. Mary Charleson in "Crossed Roads." You must write again, wont you?

LIGHTNING RAIDER.—You should have answered that letter. The instrument on which the photo-playwright plays is that strange thing, the human heart, but how few of them know how to play it. Oh, I love them all. You want more of Pearl White. You shall have it.

OLD NAVY NURSE.—Good-night, Nurse! Come right on to Brooklyn, I will be glad to see you. My birthday—so long since I had one I've forgotten, but you can send the present any time—I'm not particular.

DOUGHNUTS.—Haven't heard about that new studio. There's always a rumor that a studio is going up in Squedonk, or Turnpike, or Three Corners. Dont believe all you hear. Madge Kennedy is in New York.

SATAN.—Ye gods! You want pages and pages about Ruth Roland. You say "she's pretty good." I'll say so, too. You can reach Wallace MacDonald at Vitagraph studio, Hollywood, Cal. Yes, I saw Robert Louis Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" with John Barrymore. He gave a marvelous performance, and you all ought to see it.

LITTLE VIRGINIA.—My whiskers—well, it will soon be time to put them in cedar for the summer to keep the moths out. Would that I might. You know the moths fairly ruin them in summer. Oh, so it's the little delicate twist to Eugene O'Brien's mouth that you admire. Can the twist of a man's mouth win him public favor? Yes, Katherine MacDonald is beautiful. So was Venus de Milo.

GEORGIE B.—And you censure me. Go to it. Lay on, Macduff! However, I enjoyed your eleven pages. Yes, I rather liked Dorothy Dalton in "Black and White" and I liked her immensely in "Aphrodite." She has a wonderful voice, and, of course, everything that goes with it.

PADDY.—You must send a stamped addressed envelope if you want an immediate reply, the stamp clipped to the letter wont do. You know it takes a lot of time to address so many envelopes, and lots of saliva. Very interesting letter just the same.

MC., RICHMOND.—All players read the letters they receive. In Denmark, the engagement ring is a plain gold band which is worn on the third finger of the left hand. On the wedding day, the bridegroom changes the ring to the third finger of the right hand. Rather a good stunt to cut down the eternal H. C. L., isn't it?

ELSIE M. B.—If you are going to write an open letter about me for promiscuous flirting, I'd just as leave let the whole thing drop. Lon Chaney was the cripple in "The Miracle Man."

SWEET SIXTEEN.—You want an interview with Ralph Graves. He was over the other day to have luncheon with us, and I find him a very interesting, cheerful and unusual young man.

WILMER WATER FAN.—Nothing doing. Wisdom consists in employing the best means to accomplish the most important means. Commodore Blackton produced "The Soul Spinners" with Herbert Rawlinson. No, Viola Dana is not playing in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," as announced, but Ruth Stonehouse and Eugene Pallette will have the leads. Run in again.

G. T. R.—You certainly want to know a lot, and a lot more than I know. You end by saying "Yours until Fannie Ward grows old." You'll then be mine forever. You call me *Magnus Apollo.* My sincere thanks. Mary Pickford is playing in "'Op o' my Thumb," and she portrays a little English girl of London.

GRACE L. K.—Thanks for the pressed orchid. I think it is the most aristocratic flower. You know, in South America they grow a species which takes a drink whenever it feels thirsty simply by letting down a tube into the water. When not in use, the tube is coiled up on top of the plant. Convenient—what? You refer to Guy Coombs in "Flower of Dusk." No, Tom Forman is not married, but he nearly was.

BUTTERFLY.—I had to pay six cents due on your letter. In these H. C. L. times, six cents isn't much, but why should you make me pay it? Be a little more considerate on the poor A. M.

(*Continued on page* 108)



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Mary Pickford and William S. Hart Head Contest

Votes in Greatest of Popularity Contests Arrive in Avalanches

Little did we know what we were starting when we announced this contest in which the readers would decide for themselves which were the most popular players of filmdom. We expected a great interest, but nothing to compare with the enthusiasm and consistency with which the hundreds of votes have come in—arriving in daily batches resembling avalanches.

No part of the world is silent in proclaiming its favorite—votes come from Japan, South America, England and Australia and from every town and hamlet in America. This proves that our readers are more than movie fans—rather photoplay students, cognizant of who is who and more, the why and wherefore of things as well.

And so the contest with the twofold interest rushes on. If you haven't sent in any votes for your favorite do so now. Not only do our readers have the opportunity of boosting the player who pleases them the most on the screen, but an opportunity of winning one of the beautiful prizes depicted and described on a nearby page as well.

Here are the last-minute results at the time of going to press:

Mary Pickford	20,450	Louise Lovely	50
Pearl White	11,456	Marguerite de la Motte	50
Norma Talmadge	9,875	Catherine Calvert	50
Alla Nazimova	5,607		
Constance Talmadge	4,850	William S. Hart	8,200
Viola Dana	3,100	Wallace Reid	6,902
Lillian Gish	1,650	Richard Barthelmess	6,700
Shirley Mason	1,612	Douglas Fairbanks	5,950
Mary M. Minter	1,551	Eugene O'Brien	5,700
Elsie Ferguson	1,411	William Farnum	5,452
Ruth Roland	1,411	Charles Ray	4,803
Dorothy Gish	1,252	Antonio Moreno	4,451
Marguerite Clark	1,200	Douglas MacLean	3,901
Theda Bara	1,051	J. Warren Kerrigan	3,550
Anita Stewart	954	Tom Mix	3,352
May Allison	954	Charles Chaplin	3,052
Ethel Clayton	851	Elliot Dexter	2,451
Baby Marie Osborn	802	Thomas Meighan	2,350
Marie Walcamp	754	Ben Alexander	1,854
Geraldine Farrar	703	Tom Moore	1,552
Vivian Martin	603	Rod La Rocque	1,300
Alice Lake	603	William Russell	1,151
Olive Thomas	603	Kenneth Harlan	952
Irene Castle	556	George Walsh	952
Gloria Swanson	556	Harrison Ford	848
Priscilla Dean	556	John Barrymore	848
Pauline Frederick	556	William Duncan	802
Marguerite Fisher	556	Bert Lytell	802
Bebe Daniels	488	Ralph Graves	700
Mae Murray	488	Tom Forman	651
Marion Davies	488	Harry Northrup	548
Dorothy Dalton	450	Robert Warwick	548
Marie Prevost	450	Conway Tearle	500
Mme. Petrova	403	Louis Bennison	500
Ann Little	403	Francis McDonald	451
Marjorie Daw	403	Cullen Landis	352
Alice Joyce	350	Monte Blue	300
Wanda Hawley	350	Robert Gordon	300
Jane Novak	301	Sessue Hayakawa	249
Katherine McDonald	250	Charles Meredith	200
Betty Compson	250	Jack Pickford	200
Juanita Hansen	250	Earle Williams	200
June Caprice	250	Eddie Polo	152
Mae Marsh	203	Eddie Lyons	152
Mildred Reardon	203	King Baggot	98
Clara K. Young	148	Mahlon Hamilton	98
Carmel Myers	148	Frank Keenan	51
Virginia Lee Corbin	148	Monroe Salisbury	51
Enid Bennett	100	Roscoe Arbuckle	51
Kathlyn Williams	100	Francis X. Bushman	51
Mary Thurman	100	Jack Dempsey	51
Fannie Ward	100	Jack Holt	49
Lina Cavalieri	52	Bryant Washburn	49
Bessie Love	52	Will Rogers	49
Mary Garden	52	Emery Johnson	48
Ruth Stonehouse	52	Percy Marmont	48
Blanche Sweet	50	Joe Ryan	48
Dorothy Phillips	50	Lee Moran	48

The Screen Time-Table

For the benefit of our readers, and by way of a screen review and critique, every month we will give, in this department, a composite opinion of our editorial staff which may be read at a glance.

When a play strikes twelve, it means that it is a masterpiece and should be seen by everybody. When it is rated below six it contains but little merit. The ratings are based on the general entertainment value, but include the story, plot, acting, photography and direction.

Underneath our own list, we will print a similar time-table compiled by our readers. Let every reader critic send in a post-card, from time to time, containing an abbreviated criticism of one or more plays. We will print the composite results here, but only when there are five or more critiques on the same play so that, in all fairness, a general opinion will be presented. Address the Time-table Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

D .....Drama
C .....Comedy
F .....Farce
E .....Educational
SD .....Society Drama
WD .....Western Drama
MD .....Melodrama
CD .....Comedy Drama
SP .....Spectacular Production

Superfine	12
Medium	6
Very Poor	1

EDITORIAL STAFF
CRITIQUE

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY—MD-6.
Eugene O'Brien—Select.
ALARM CLOCK ANDY—CD-8.
Charles Ray—Paramount.
ATONEMENT—D-7.
Grace Davison—Pioneer.
BANDBOX, THE—D-6.
Doris Kenyon—De Luxe.
BEGGAR PRINCE, THE—D-6.
Sessue Hayakawa—Haworth.
BELOVED CHEATER, THE—D-6.
Lew Cody—Robertson-Cole.
BELOW THE SURFACE—MD-6.
Hobart Bosworth—Paramount.
BILL HENRY—D-8.
Charles Ray—Paramount.
BLACK IS WHITE—D-7.
Dorothy Dalton—Paramount.
BLIND HUSBANDS—D-10.
Eric Von Stroheim Prod.—Universal.
BEAT, THE—MD-8.
Nazimova—Metro.
BROKEN BLOSSOMS—D-12.
Griffith Prod.—Gish and Barthelmess.
BROKEN BUTTERFLY, THE—D-6.
Tourneur Prod.—All Star.
CHANGE OF CIRCUMSTANCES—D-7.
Edmund Breese—Hallmark.
Anna Lehr—Hallmark.
CHINESE MURDER, THE—MD-7.
Marion Davies—Cosmopolitan.
CONFESSION—D-8.
Lionel Barrymore—Paramount.
CRUST, THE—D-8.
Violet Heming—Paramount.
CRYSTAL CRYSTAL, THE—D-7.
Elaine Hammerstein—Select.
DAYS—MD-8.
Mary Roberts Rinehart—Goldwyn.
DAUGHTER OF TWO WORLDS—D-5.
Norma Talmadge—First National.
DAWN—D-7.
Dreamy Gordon—Blackton Prod.
DON'T EVER MARRY—C-5.
Marjorie Day—First National.
DOUBLE SPEED—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.

(Continued on page 128)



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Popular Players Puzzle Closes

Winners Are Announced and Prizes Awarded

The closing date for the Popular Players Puzzle Contest was set for March 15th, but owing to unforeseen delays in the readjustment era following the printers' strike, the March MAGAZINE did not, in many instances, reach the readers until after that date. Therefore, all puzzle solutions which were received up until the last day of the decisions were included. Our readers, feeling sure that something would be done, sent their answers into the magazine offices in scores and it proved a most difficult task to finally decide who was deserving of the awards—especially in one or two instances where more than one reader had the same number of errors. However, we announced that in a case of this sort the solution submitted in the most original or decorative way would be given precedence and this was done.

The winners are as follows:

First Prize—Mrs. P. Hirschfeld, of 374 Wooley Avenue, Astoria, L. I., N. Y. Mrs. Hirschfeld's solution was perfect and she has been awarded a check for $10.00.

Second Prize—Miss Mildred L. Miller, Box 885, Crested Butte, Colorado. Miss Miller came second with four errors and she will receive a year's subscription to all three of the **Brewster Publications,** which are the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND.

Third Prize—Miss Clara Leav, of 1604 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y. Miss Leav's solution had five errors and she will receive a year's subscription to two of the **Brewster Publications,** which she may select.

Fourth Prize—Miss Ida Warstat of 263 Thomas Street, St. Paul, Minn. Miss Warstat's solution also contained five errors, but with the originality and decorativeness in submission being considered, Miss Leav was given precedence. Therefore, Miss Warstat will receive a year's subscription to whichever one of the **Brewster Publications** she selects.

Fifth Prize—Mrs. G. H. Rice, of 110 Broadway, Ocean Grove, N. J. Mrs. Rice was one of the many contestants whose solution contained six errors. However, her answer was unanimously considered the most worthy of the award because of the unique way in which she submitted her solution. Mrs. Rice pasted heads of the actors who were used in the puzzle in their proper places, in this way telling the story. She will receive six months' subscription to one of the **Brewster Publications** which she may select.

The story should read:

Long ago on a May (Doris) day when the world was Young (Clara K.) there lived a Little (Ann) girl of Sweet (Blanche) disposition and Fair (Elinor) to look upon. Her thoughts were as pure as Snow (Marguerite). One day she left her home and wandered into the Forrest (Alan) beyond, in search of the enchanted Castle (Irene). As she walked she turned the Paige (Jean) in her Storey (Edith) book and read about St. John (Al). Dressed in her simple frock of White (Pearl) and looking very Pretty (Arline) she thought she would search for the fairies. She met a Mann (Frankie) who she later learned was a Forman (Tom) of some Mason (Shirley) men working on the building of a house near her own. He was one of those good Fellowes (Rockcliffe) whom everyone likes of Steele (Vernon) will and Reed (Florence) like form, and the fading sun cast a Ray (Charles) of light about him.

She saw him Standing (Wyndham) against one of the trees with its beautiful Green (Dorothy) leaves as he whittled a Kane (Gail) from one of the branches. Before she had come upon him he had been hunting and two animals lay in the grass at his feet. One was a Hart (William S.) and the other a Fox (Earle). He seemed to have killed Moore (Tom) than he could Carey (Harry) and was evidently in a Huff (Louise) about his lack of strength. He seemed Hale (Creighton) and when he laughed at her and offered her a drink, he brightened up as tho of a Caprice (June) turn of mind.

Now the child realized she was lost, so she asked the man to take her back home. Because of his great Love (Bessie) of children, he said he would and they started to Traverse (Madlaine) the distance. They wended their way toward the Marsh (Mae) and finally over the Hyland (Peggy). The little tot was a good Walker (Lillian) and they both were happy. Soon the big Stonehouse (Ruth), the child's home, loomed up before them. And when the little girl's mother met them in the Hall (Ella) and clasped her child in her arms, there was great Re-Joyce-ing (Alice).

This contest proved so very popular with our readers and we have had so many requests for more puzzles that there will be another published in an early issue. Watch for it!

The Creed of Raymond Hatton

(*Continued from page 58*)

"No one is wholly bad," Mr. Hatton replied, simply. "The love of the beautiful is *somewhere* in him, needing only to be awakened. We have to concentrate on a few vital points in building up our rôles before the camera so that the entire character of a man is revealed in the flashes on the screen. This is necessarily accomplished thru suggestion—a stroke here, a stroke there, a little filling in, and before you is the man—if the strokes have been true and telling ones."

During his years with the Lasky Company, Mr. Hatton has proven his versatility, that much-coveted jewel in the actor's crown, for not only has he played dramatic and emotional rôles with his exceptional skill, but comedy as well. It is easy to laugh with him, for he has an inexhaustible strain of merriment and he plays comedy with a deftness and lightness that makes it all very plausible and human.

"I love it, too," he confessed, with a smile. "Somehow you let yourself go in comedy as you never do in heavy rôles. I would like to work on a schedule of two dramatic pictures, then a comedy, for that would indeed balance one's moods very satisfactorily."

Raymond Hatton comes from Iowa, having been born in the little town of Red Oaks, but when he was ten the family moved to Des Moines and shortly afterward he announced his ambition to become an actor. His father, a surgeon, tho thoroly surprised and somewhat disappointed, gave his consent to Raymond's joining a road company, and the lad became an actor-in-the-making. During the following years he played every kind of rôle, laying the foundation for his splendid characterizations which have made him conspicuous in motion pictures.

Mr. Hatton is now one of Goldwyn's featured players, with stardom looming just ahead. Probably the first picture to place him among the astral lights will be W. J. Locke's charming story, "Septimus," with its theme of sacrifice, which George Arliss made famous on the stage. Should this be his first medium, it will afford ample opportunity for those qualities of gentle wistfulness, sublety and simplicity with their profound appeal and dignity, in which this actor excels.

"I am making my first picture since going to Goldwyn's," Mr. Hatton was saying, as he seated Mrs. Hatton and me at the luncheon-table in the Mary Louise Tea Room, overlooking the city from its twelve-story height. "It is with Will Rogers in 'Just Call Me Jim,' a strong play with a deep undercurrent of faith. I play Paul Benedict, the half-demented but dear old inventor, a sympathetic rôle which I am enjoying. Rogers is a splendid fellow and one of the fairest men I have ever known, clean and fine, too. His little boy, Jimmy, is in the cast and he is a clever kiddie—the other day he said to Bill, 'Father, how high is high?'

"I find children are good critics in our work, for they are less biased and arrive at the truth quickly. I frequently ask the opinion of girls or boys and their comments are always helpful. Did you ever notice how graceful and expressive a baby's hands are in their movements and how surely they tell its wants? We could all learn something of gestures by studying them."

The Hattons were in a gala mood for they were to spend the afternoon pur-



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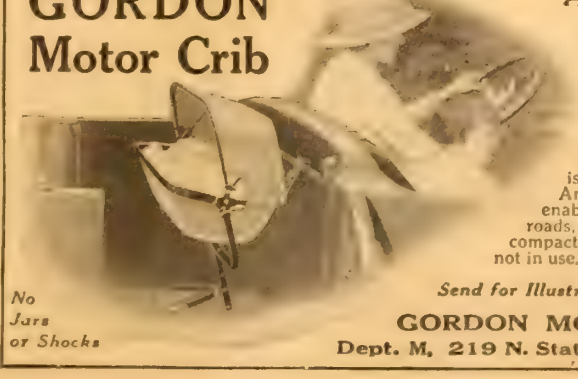
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chasing the linens for their new home which is being built—"smack up against the Hollywood foot-hills in Beachwood Cañon, with the most gorgeous view in the world spread out before us," as Mr. Hatton described it.

"This is the first real home we have ever had," he went on, "and we are like a couple of children in our enthusiasm, for we talk about it all the time. My brother-in-law, Paul Chaflin, an architect in New York City, sent us the complete plans for a Christmas gift."

"It is of adobe with walls two feet thick and hand-colored tiles for roof and floors," Mrs. Hatton took up the story. "There is a large living-room across the entire front of the house and three huge fireplaces."

"And a fussy little kitchen with a roomy jam closet—she is an expert at preserving," laughed Raymond, with a proud nod across the table.

"Raymond will have a chance to try his ideas at gardening. When he returned from location up north the other day he brought fifty rose-bushes and several rare and marvelous fruit-trees," teased his wife, merrily.

"Best of all, it is to be a—home!" said Mr. Hatton.

"Yes, a *real home!*" echoed Mrs. Hatton.

It was during a season in summer stock up in Oregon a few years ago that the Hattons first met, and three months later they were married. Mrs. Hatton has acted in pictures from time to time and now, under a new contract, she will appear in the Goldwyn films under the name of Frances Hatton.

Tho she loves her work, her chief interest is centered on the career of her talented husband and she has unbounded faith in his ability to climb to the greatest heights.

She said, "I want him to have plays that bring out his broad sympathy, his great emotional depths, and his *sincerity*, and I believe he will have this opportunity in his new pictures."

"All film stories should tend toward altruism," remarked Mr. Hatton, as we lingered over our dessert. "They should quicken our imaginations and lift us from the grey monotony, pointing to the poetry and romance of living. Then, too, there must always be something uplifting and helpful and, tho we do not make pictures to preach sermons, yet the greatest lessons of life may be taught thru the medium of the screen."

Who will question that it is this very idealism that is needed to perfect the great art of the motion pictures?

Mind the Little Things

(*Continued from page 73*)

We were sitting in Jeanie MacPherson's den and it was very pleasant. Most things about Jeanie MacPherson would be pleasant—she would see to it that they were. Yellow china blinks sunnily upon still more yellow roses in a tall vase; the brass tea-kettle catches gleams of old gold from the skylight, with its shirred yellow curtains; the fat chair, made of old hogsheads and covered with yellow and black plaid cushions, invites one to a prolonged visit; and her desk is half the width of the room, made of rough timber and covered with interesting-looking memoranda. Above all else there are books and books. Mary Roberts Rinehart's "Dangerous Days" noses "The Holy Land," while

(*Continued on page 97*)

The Long Distance Commuter

(*Continued from page 31*)

The talk, having drifted into matrimonial channels, stayed there—it would, in the course of natural events, with two women holding the conversational reins - and we came to talk finally of the great number of divorces.

"I dont think it will always be so," said Madge. "I think it is unnatural that it should be so. It's the times we have been thru—they have been such difficult times for all of us. People were unsettled and made foolish mistakes—boys mistook a great loneliness for love; while the girls—so many girls mistook the glamor of the uniforms for something much deeper and finer—and a hunger for Romance whispered 'yes'. People really aren't any more fickle than they were in bygone days. It's the times. Everything will be all right again. I'm sure."

And when she finished talking you, too, felt gladly sure.

She says she wouldn't think of doing stage and screen work at the same time.

"However," she explained, "I'd like to get a few pictures ahead—I work very fast anyway—and then go back on the stage for a few months. But I wouldn't consider doing both. The only thing it would get for me would be the money and I think money is a frightful mockery if you aren't happy—and I wouldn't be happy, for I'd get tired and everything would assume enormous proportions. It just wouldn't do *for me*—not at all."

You are inclined to believe that Madge knows with a sane surety how things affect her. She's one of those people you might expect to be almost a clinging vine in their utter femininity and then you find she doesn't cling. She's sweetly self-reliant and she takes time to reason out the why and wherefore of things.

The silversheet portrays her very truly—not only in appearance but in manner as well; sitting there, telling me about how they stopped off at the Grand Canyon on the last trip across the continent, with her feet turned slightly in—Kennedy fashion—she was the same comédienne we all know thru her pictures. And when she is amused at what she is telling you—or what you are telling her—her eyes smile far more than does her mouth—way down in their dark brown depths one sees merry highlights . . .

And it does not seem just apt to call her a comédienne, for we have come to think generally of a comédienne as one,—well, one given to making puns; one just a trifle noisy; one not overburdened with poise, perhaps—and she is none of these things.

Whenever I think of her—and I shall probably think of her often, for she is not a personality which one meets to immediately forget—rather, I think, the memory of that visit in the pale blue and grey room will linger—I'll think of her as the young matron, happy in talk of domesticated affairs, marveling at many things and believing in everything and every one—a young matron, individual enough to admit a love for her husband,—even when it isn't "smart" and isn't being done.

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We Had With Us—Ralph Graves!

A two weeks' vacation is a rare thing for the cinema folk—perhaps that's why Ralph Graves beamed so the day he came over to the magazine offices to lunch with us *à la boheme.* Yet somehow I shouldn't be one whit surprised if he always beamed that way.

Griffith—the great D. W.—had told him to take a fortnight's vacation and he was going to spend it with his mother in the little Western town which he calls home. No hectic weeks amid theaters and cabarets; no fashionable resort with its foibles and forced gayety—none of these things for this six-foot specimen of American manhood—rather home and a real rest,—with books,—good books, I would say. And he'll come back rested and ready to undertake the stellar rôles Griffith has planned for him, for he's to be with Griffith himself now—no longer leading man to Dorothy Gish.

He kept the conversational ball rolling thru lunch, the entire learned (well,—er, *they* think they are) staff waxed enthusiastic and every one interrupted every one else in the endeavor to express an opinion. He is very well informed and cognizant of the things people are both doing and reading, cognizant of them, I might say, with an understanding and an enveloping sense of things, especially humorous things. You'll think he's perfectly serious in what he is saying until you catch a twinkle in his eye—that then becomes your cue.

To Griffith he is very grateful—grateful for helps along the way and teachings most valued. Of Griffith he is very appreciative—appreciative of him as both a great man and a great artist. Too, he voices his gratitude and his appreciation in a way which becomes a tribute.

When he spoke of Griffith's greatness as a man, I queried:

"He is then a great man as well as a great artist?"

Ralph Graves smiled and his smile said that he was about to say something which he had proven to himself.

"I dont think," he mused, "that it is possible to achieve a greatness in material things unless you are possessor of what might, for the sake of identification, be called a spiritual greatness. Man reflects himself not only in his actions but also in his work, especially when it is a creative work."

"You dont then," I persisted, "believe that a man not personally worthy can do great and worth-while things?"

"Not consistently," he emphasized. "Once, perhaps, by accident but not consistently. Only those with something of greatness are constructive and one must of necessity be constructive in order to construct—greatness always is achieved by construction."

No person will ever step upon his beliefs. They are of him a part—and his beliefs today are not revolutionary to those he had when he first left that little Western town. His taste of life has strengthened rather than destroyed them because he has never lost his perspective.

I asked him the best remedy he knew for a failing perspective and he answered without a moment's hesitation:

"A spell out and away from it all—in some wild park if the country isn't possible—a long walk and respite from the thing which threatens to consume you—those things and good substantial food—the kind you used to eat when you were a kid at home."

And because it seems a prescription worth remembering I pass it on.

When he came into my office, he spied a proof of an interview with himself lying on my desk. I handed it to him and as he read he exhibited the lost art—the art of blushing—for he blushed an honest-to-goodness schoolboy blush.

And when he finished reading it,—every single word of it with an interest not even tinged with the blasé—he looked up with a broad grin as he said:—

"*Gee,* that's fine but it's much too good. I'm not nearly like that. Why, that," he ejaculated, "is like what my mother thinks I am."

He had to leave early in the afternoon so that he might return and pack, in order to catch the midnight train. He wasn't going to miss a single, solitary day back home.

It was good to have him with us, there at our luncheon table and in our offices—he was a delightful guest. We of the editorial staff were never so appreciated before—never were our opinions harkened to with a greater interest.

And we hope—when he returns from home and mother and gets a few minutes to himself in his new stellar existence—that we may have him with us again—there at our Round Table. We are glad that we have had with us—Ralph Graves!

A. W. F.

The Courage of Marge O'Doone

(*Continued from page* 72)

Marge O'Doone brushed the dark hair back from her face impatiently. Her eyes, on David, were hostile and defiant. "If you've come to try to get me to go back to the Nest you may as well turn right round now and tell Brokaw and Uncle Hauck I wont come! And if you try to make me, I'll tell 'Tara,' and he'll kill you!"

The huge grizzly stirred and growled softly. She laid one tiny hand across his mouth. David sat down limply on a nearby rock. Things were behaving very queerly before his eyes. "I suppose," he said, "I suppose I'm very stupid, but I dont understand, and God knows I wouldn't hurt you for the whole world. If you could just tell me about the—the Nest and everything——"

So, Marge O'Doone, gentled and no longer at bay, told David of the evil building on the outskirts of a lumber camp three miles to the northward that the loggers called the Nest, and of the little, humpbacked man with a nose that twitched as he talked who sold bad whiskey and called himself her uncle. "There was a woman—she was big and had a black mustache like a man," the girl explained with childlike candor; "she said she was my aunt and sometimes she would beat me when I would not wait on the men. But she is dead now, thanks to *le bon Dieu.* After she died Uncle Hauck wanted me to go with Brokaw, but I hated him and so I unchained 'Tara' and we ran away. We have been hiding in this cave"—she waved toward an opening in the rocks—"for two weeks now."

David Raine had never met a woman like this, a woman who could look at him without showing that she knew that she *was* a woman and he was a man. Her small face between the wings of her dusky hair was of a warm pallor, with the sharp, full red of her lips against it like a stain. Her very unconsciousness was like a cloak

(*Continued on page* 114)

Mind the Little Things

(*Continued from page 94*)

"Browning's Poems" whisper to a beautiful copy of "Jeanne D'Arc."

And Jeanie herself was clad in a faultlessly tailored pale blue linen frock, with the daintiest of net undersleeves and neck-ruffle. She had tossed the big white picture hat of organdy on the already crowded desk when she came in. She is ultra-feminine, even down to the immaculate little white slippers. Her hair parts on one side and falls into soft waves which are absolutely natural—the sort of curly hair one saw years ago—like molasses candy—always shiny—brilliant with life and marcelled by Mme. Nature.

I had asked her if she'd rather originate than adapt a novel to the screen—one felt this girl was something of an authority.

"Frankly," she replied, "I would rather originate. Authors naturally find it difficult to realize that we do not slice into their stories in order to find what we can take out—that is a misunderstanding, but one always cherishes one's brain-child. I do and you do. But in trying to preserve that which is good in their work we must tell in picture symbols what is taking place. We have to put over some motive or idea—we must utilize an entirely different set of tools. In order to save the main situation we are sometimes obliged to work out a new play.

"When I did 'The Trail of the Lonesome Pine,' John Fox said, 'Good Lord, there's nothing left in it but the pine!' And witty Eugene Walter retorted, 'You're wrong, it's a *Redwood!*' If authors attempted to put their own books into continuity they would discover just what difficulties we encounter."

"Just how do you work out the theme?"

"Always I get some idea," she answered, "perhaps just a small idea. Then I let the situation tell me about the characters. Characters will come and talk to you. If you want them to do a certain thing they will sit right up there on your desk and *yelp* at you and say, 'Entirely illogical. You know I'd never do that!' Day by day they take on new freshness, and finally at the end they are actually human beings. I cant tell them what to do—they tell me what *they are going to do*.

"I write a very detailed continuity," she told me. "That's why Mr. de Mille can work so fast. Nobody has to stand around waiting. I have written in every gesture, every emotion. Of course, some directors wont have that—they want the barest suggestions in their script and that is why many stories are haphazard the director just cant remember the continuity of the story and the characterizations at the same time.

"And one cant drive the brain, either," she continued; "one must take time for recreation, but not too much time."

"Your recreation?" I asked.

"Flying," she told me. "I would say generally, learn to fly! The analogy between flying and flights of fancy is obvious. You may give people rules about flying, let them collect a library on the subject, but ultimately—to fly well, you have to discard teachers, books and theories and just fly."

She was talking in riddles, and yet when you learn that she does actually fly, you understand—as De Mille Field her ship soars about, exciting Hollywood citizens. She has her license now, polishes up her machine, tightens it, loves it—with it she is just like a little girl with her doll.

And it is not a far-fetched comparison that . . . of Jeanie MacPherson to a little girl.



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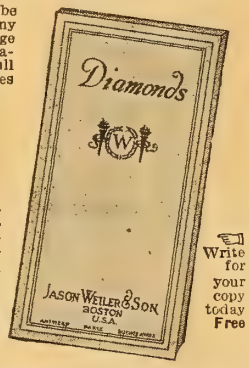
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That Glad Girl

(*Continued from page 37*)

the very latest male admirer was escorting her that evening to a downtown cinema. And, moreover, her voice, as she announced that she'd just bought a new sweater, trembled with emotion. And, when I saw her at the club some half-hour later, she was sitting, half frozen and wrapped in a portentous cape, curled up on a divan in front of a fireless grate, reading a book, writing a letter and diving into a paper sackful of apples.

"Howdy!" she chirped in her characteristic little high vocal waver. "'M in 'n' sit down."

As she finished the process of masticating the apple, it occurred to me that here was a situation the scenario writers always impose upon their screen ingénues. All ZaSu needed for a perfectly perfect picture, was a blonde, curly wig and a pout to look like Mae Murray.

"Apple?" she choked, as she tried to swallow her own mouthful. "Gwan, have one. They're the sweetest thing in life."

Having been thus advised that all is not sugar that is saccharine, I commence to rack my brains for new angles.

The time-worn subject of vampires and the eternal triangle presents itself. I take on a serious mien as I put the question.

"If they can vamp, let 'em vamp!" asserts ZaSu dryly, looking at me disgustedly. "I dont reckon I could. When I see a girl all rigged out like Astor's pet horse I just sniffle and think, 'Poor thing! I wonder if she thinks *she's* happy!'"

ZaSu doesn't care for either she-vamps or he-vamps, because either makes her think of a bad dream, she says. Being born plain and destined to make public appearances in trim blue-silk skirts, ankle-length, that rustle, she guesses she'll always have to stand on the street-corners and merely watch the gorgeous ladees roll by in their Fierce-Sparrows.

"Ye know, I'm all fussed up," she added. "I keep thinkin' to myself, 'H'm, this is an *interview,* is it? Well, ZaSu, get your wits to working; get your wits to working.' And I just sit here like a graven image and cant think of a thing to say. I s'pose I ought to have made a spectacular entrance like all the grand dramatic actresses do. I haven't got a new, beautiful dress, so you'll just have to excuse me for wearing this one, b'gosh. I feel so grand and elegant that I dont care. So go ahead, mister, and *get* your interview. I dont care."

Again the right hand covered the small Pitts mouth and I could hear the shrill, little wavering laugh. Pollyanna of the Pictures; the sunshine girl of the studio! And her philosophy of happiness rests on just *one* point, thusly:

"We all know," she began, seriously, "deep down in us,—instinct, I reckon it is,—what is right and what is wrong. *That's* being good. If you want to say something catty about another human, just think to yourself, 'Hold on, mister, *hold on!*'"

"And what," I ask, "is your secret ambition? Exactly what?"

"I'm going to be a nun some day," she adds. "About three more years of pictures, two more of snooping around and seeing life and then the veil. Guess I'll be a nurse nun—or a detective.

"If I ever get a lot of money, I'm going to buy a shack,—five or six rooms in the swell residential district,—and about an acre of ground. I've even decided to get my own cow, if the inhabitants will allow it, and my heart's set on a lot of geese that I can train to suit myself.

"You know, I want to travel all around the world and land over in Egypt. I'm dying to see Egypt! Every time I see a picture with Egypt in it, I just feel l-u-r-e-d on. I guess I like the smell of incense, or maybe I'm just curious to see a real, embalmed mummy.

"When I was younger, I used to be an awful dreamer. I read quarts of detective stories and I've always figured that I'd surprise 'em all and bloom forth as Mrs. Sherlock Holmes.

"I dont remember ever having wanted to go into pictures. Up on the farm, in Santa Cruz, I used to go to the Saturday night show, and finally, when I finished high school, I thought I'd better get out and find something to do. My mother wanted me to break into the silent drama. I said I would and ZaSu hied herself to Los Angeles and swore that she'd fool her mother by becoming a sleuth.

"I go to a show where they have my pictures and watch myself emote and listen to the audience laugh at me, and say, 'ZaSu, what do they pay you for, anyhow?' Just about the time that I think I'm a great actress, I look at my new picture and see that I forgot to comb my hair or that I got too much make-up on the side of my face that doesn't show in the picture and not enough in the center.

"If anybody has a brainstorm and remarks that I'm pretty, I say *'Bunk!'*"

During the harrowing interval of this conversational effusion, methought to ask ZaSu the *one* question that no mere man is ever supposed to ask a woman.

"Oh, that's nothing," she rejoined. "Open secret. I'm twenty-one. And I dont think that I'm gonna vote at the next election. Not that I'm not thinking about it; I'm terribly thrilled to see how it all turns out. I'm just not interested in politics. Me? What do I do? O-o-o-h, I just flit, flit, flit, ever and anon."

ZaSu, having flitted, flitted, flitted ever and anon, has gotten herself a new contract, whereby she'll be one of the big, grown-up girls of pictures, with her *own* motor and maid and enough money each week to buy *two* acres in the "swell residential district."

"Aren't you glad you're settled,—definitely *established?*" I venture.

"Oh, it isn't so much to be settled," she replied. "Not so much."

But it is, she added, quite a joy to know that she'll *really* see Egypt. And also to be assured that she'll be able to give vent to her altruistic passions and can help out people in distress.

When she came to Los Angeles, she went to an agent, and got extra work in a number of pictures. And then, Fate answering the smile that she invariably wore, found for her parts in Mary Pickford's "The Little Princess," in Fairbanks' "A Modern Musketeer," with Edith Storey in "When the Sun Went Down," with Dorothy Phillips in "The Talk of the Town," and at last her starring contract with Brentwood, in "Better Times," "The Other Half," "Poor Relations," "Seeing It Through," and "Bright Skies."

This, I will admit, is an odd interview,—oddly written and telling a lot of odd things. However, ZaSu is an odd little girl. There's only one like her,—that's she herself. Fate,—or is it Fortune?—only smiles on us humans once in a while, and in the entire film colony there is only one girl with temperamental elbows and a dry chuckle and a longing to keep her own cow in the "swell" residential district so she can have *quantities* of fresh, home-made buttermilk!

Irene Returns to the Cinema Fold

(*Continued from page 68*)

"I came into the picture field with no experience whatever—that is, of a theatrical nature."

"She used to pose in hats for the fashion magazines," quoth the P. A.

"That was when I was in a seminary at Washington," she explained in answer to my look of inquiry. "Two or three of us would pose in the latest imports from Paris. It was quite a thrill for us when we saw our picture in the magazine even tho there was no name under it. In fact if it hadn't been for the hats it is quite likely that I should never have gone into the movies. One time when I was in New York home from school on some sort of vacation—some one who watched me posing in the hats suggested that I go up to the old Biograph studios and see if I couldn't get a part. I went and their comedy leading lady had left without letting them know and excitement reigned. They told me to come back in the afternoon—that they would think it over—and when I finally went back with wobbly knees, bated breath and in a generally incoherent state of being, they told me to make up and get ready for the scene. So you see I never was an extra girl."

"It was with Kalem that Miss Boyle won most of her following," explained the press agent.

"And now are you going to stay in pictures now that you have come out of your retirement?"

"Yes," she answered, "I'm hoping to start on another production in just a short time."

"There are two very fine offers pending," he interposed. "We think one is just a little better than the other, tho."

But . . .

"I am always inclined to choose the most pleasant thing without giving the preference to the most financially attractive," she went on, "and while one's happier doing that sort of thing it isn't just the sensible thing to do, I'm told."

She is the sort who would choose the most pleasant thing. There is a softness to her—not in the disparaging sense of the word at all—it is rather an all-enveloping femininity. She is not the clinging vine, nor is she flagrantly independent. She has led a sheltered life, if one may judge from some of her attributes—from her little manner of wistfulness and shyness.

She is different from every other person—just as every one is who is a distinct personality—but she is not different thru any temperamental affectation, thru any intenseness, thru any radicalisms.

Irene was born with a personality—it was never necessary for her to adopt one.

We didn't talk about anything else—but had I met her in some softly shaded tearoom I'll wager we would have chatted of romance, giving it a roseate glow, of the latest love-story, of clothes perhaps, and certainly of something gossipy. And there would have been ridiculous concoctions of an indigestible nature with a waiter standing impatiently by waiting for our order while we talked on, oblivious of his presence—it would have all been very different, feminine, and maybe just a bit frothy, for there would have been no press agent ever mindful of keeping the talk in stereotyped interview channels.

Still—he was a nice press agent—and if a lady's been for his motive—not ulterior, of course—I should never have known Irene was in the magazine offices.



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A Temple in the Skies

(*Continued from page 47*)

home town. Somehow, he admits, he was never good for any kind of work, to his mother's sorrow, and in 1892 he quit his job, and went to Japan. On his return he decided to lecture again. He hired a hall and sent announcements to all the people on his mother's visiting list and in the Blue Book of Chicago. This lecture was a huge success. He says: "They all came out of curiosity. They wanted to see what that 'lazy Holmes boy' was up to now." Out of this venture he made $700.00, a pretty fair start for the ambitious youth he was. He kept on with his interesting work of traveling, taking pictures and lecturing and was rewarded with some success. But the year of 1897 was the most important one in his career: Stoddard, then the greatest lecturer on travel, retired from the lecture platform in order to write books and left the field exclusively to Burton Holmes. He found in Mr. Brown both a manager and friend, the alliance with whom has been and still is most successful.

In the course of this conversation I found out that Burton Holmes is really one of the pioneers of the motion picture industry, and that he has been producing travel pictures ever since 1897. This was interesting, for he was not only the producer, but also the exhibitor of his own pictures. How did he happen to take to the then little known art of motion picture making, and how did the audience receive his first offering? Well . . . in Paris, in the year of 1897, Oscar Depue, his friend and companion and partner, had bought a motion picture camera and developing outfit from the only firm then in existence, Gaumont. It was a Demeny type machine, with 60-millimeter film (the width of the present-day film is 30 millimeters), and it was large and cumbersome, but portable. They had all been just a trifle awed by the imposing appearance and complicated mechanism of this new-fangled machine, as compared with the still camera they were used to, and had put off trying out the contraption. Finally, in Rome, the open space in front of St. Peter's Cathedral had been chosen as location for the test picture. Now the thing was to get *motion* into the motion picture. They waited until at last an old man came along, driving a few goats across the square, the very thing they were looking for. The innocent and unsuspecting goat herd was "shot."

As for the first showing, this took place in Chicago, the scene being laid in the Presbyterian Church at Oak Park. Mr. Holmes said: "The audience, who had never seen a moving picture before, sat in a stiff and uncompromising attitude, as if to say 'Amuse us, if you can, but we warn you, we will be hard to please.' Then the little 50-foot film was run off. It occupied exactly 25 seconds, but how it changed the audience! Neither 'Broken Blossoms' nor 'The Miracle Man' has received more sincere and enthusiastic applause."

Since those days, Mr. Holmes has taken moving pictures in almost every known country, and after using them in his lectures has carefully kept the films. Therefore, when three years ago his connection with the Paramount Company was formed he had a ten years' supply of travel film to put at its disposal. He has a laboratory in his apartment, and cuts and assembles and titles all his own films. Oscar Depue, his faithful friend, who used to operate the lantern slides for him during his first lectures in 1892 and



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truth. Selig excelled in the black art. Came a day when the master and all his pupils, Burton Holmes included, went to witness the first public performance of Willy Selig; (it did me good to hear the venerable Colonel referred to thus). But an accident happened. Selig was about to produce a bowl of goldfish from under a silk handkerchief. But when he drew forth said handkerchief from an inner pocket of his dress suit, he whisked the rubber cover off the bowl of fish concealed there. I wont go into details about what followed. Suffice it to say that he covered himself with water, if not with glory. But the effect on Burton Holmes was decisive, he chose travel as the less perilous enterprise.

Having found out all there was to find out, my interview was ended and I took leave. I stood again in the little foyer that leads to the temple which is Burton Holmes' abode. The little place was furnished in Indian style, and Mr. Holmes started to explain the different curios . . . "and those beaten brass panels on the wall are from a temple in Benares." . . . Temple in Benares? What did this suggest to my moving-picture-trained mind? Of course I knew the entire story, for wasn't I a graduate of a thousand thrillers? Those brass plaques were stolen, and the Hindu priest had tracked them to New York, and to this very apartment. He was even now haunting the Holmes threshold, trying to gain admittance in the guise of a butler, an itinerant pedler, or . . . But Mr. Holmes simply said: "Well, they haunted me at first—but they stopped it, as soon as the bill was paid."

Oh, shattered romance! But my reply was cut short, for just then the elevator came.

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(*Continued from page* 53)

uncharted sea of matrimony, I inqui what her reactions to the new state, with a man outside the profession, w going to be—and his.

She told me that she still has a tv year contract with the Vitagraph, wh she will finish.

"I shall always want to do something she said; "I could never spend my afte noons playing bridge and my evenin at dinner dances. That sort of thing do not concern me. But I should like t be able to work at pictures only a part o each year. I am afraid that combining career and a successful home life canno be done, if one must work steadily. I simmers down to a mere question of physical vitality. Tonight, for instance, my eyes have been slightly burned by the lights today; I am tired and fit only for bed. That is no way to go home for an evening with one's husband."

"Dont you think children complicate the dual possibility most seriously?" I asked.

"I suppose so," said Alice, "but I love the complication, if it may be called so, of Alice."

"How do you manage with her now?"

"She goes to a little Concentration School here in New York at present, from nine until one. The rest of the day she plays out of doors. But Mr. Regan and I are thinking of taking a place on Long Island for the summer so that she may be out of doors steadily."

Speaking of complications, personally, led us to speak of the complication of life in general. Miss Joyce thinks the main complication is the lack of *self-knowledge*. "We are all groping," she said, "half blinded, half in the dark. Then, unless we stumble on it suddenly, or unless we have so much experience that all other considerations are burned away and we know just what to do by elimination, we stumble on. I only know one young girl who really knows herself, what she wants, and that is Blanche Sweet."

"Do you know yourself?" I queried.

"Oh, no . . . no. . . ."

"Well," I said, with a grin, "what do you think is the most worth-while thing in this kaleidoscopic affair of living?"

"Just the seeking, I suppose," said Alice, with her rather disarming gravity, "the seeking and the hoping to find?"

"Do you," I prest on, with what I took to be a most subtle and wily cunning; "do you think that love is worth all the import it is given, in rhyme and reason?"

Ah . . . then there was a light!

"Indeed I do," said the Honeymooner, "it is love that makes the world go round at all . . . without it . . ." she shrugged her shoulders . . . "there wouldn't even be life," she said . . .

The violet-handled, grey limousine, marked A. J. R., stopped at the Knickerbocker hotel and I *alit* and went my way, leaving Alice to await Mr. Regan.

I had many thoughts, because Alice Joyce is a widely interested person. She is confined, mentally, to no narrow groove of thought. She thinks apace. I thought of the subject of getting into a rut and her admission thereon. I thought of the courage it must have taken her to make the step out she has; of her love for her work and her love of love. It came to me that, in picking up the sixpence, she will never miss the honeyed moon!

A Temple in the Skies

(*Continued from page* 47)

home town. Somehow, he admits, he was never good for any kind of work, to his mother's sorrow, and in 1892 he quit his job, and went to Japan. On his return he decided to lecture again. He hired a hall and sent announcements to all the people on his mother's visiting list and in the Blue Book of Chicago. This lecture was a huge success. He says: "They all came out of curiosity. They wanted to see what that 'lazy Holmes boy' was up to now." Out of this venture he made $700.00, a pretty fair start for the ambitious youth he was. He kept on with his interesting work of traveling, taking pictures and lecturing and was rewarded with some success. But the year of 1897 was the most important one in his career: Stoddard, then the greatest lecturer on travel, retired from the lecture platform in order to write books and left the field exclusively to Burton Holmes. He found in Mr. Brown both a manager and friend, the alliance with whom has been and still is most successful.

In the course of this conversation I und out that Burton Holmes is really of the pioneers of the motion picture ry, and that he has been producing pictures ever since 1897. This

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The Romantic Irish

(*Continued from page 33*)

supplied our make-up, towels, lunches and even our clothes, and paid us five dollars a day besides. I remember the first day I was there. We were going out on location and when I saw the big Packard that was to take us—at that time automobiles were not so plentiful as they are now—I asked who was going to pay for it all. When I was informed that the company was going to pay for it and that it was the usual thing, I made up my mind that I would stay in pictures from then on."

This was with the Biograph Film Co., at the same time that Mary, Lottie and Jack Pickford, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Robert Harron, Henry B. Walthall, Marshall Nielan, Blanche Sweet and many other now famous stars and directors were there. He played leads for four years. There were no stars and forty dollars a week was considered a large salary.

"It was a rare thrill to us all when Henry B. Walthall received a raise to a hundred. We used to stand around in groups and talk about it in hushed voices. A hundred dollars a week—wh-e-ew! How can he ever spend all that money? He cant, that's all; it's impossible!"

Jack Mulhall laughed heartily at the recollection. How little a hundred dollars amounts to today!

It was during his engagement with the American Biograph Co., that Jack Mulhall met his wife and she was the first girl he met on his first trip to California. He was very young and must have been somewhat anemic-looking, because he heard her say to another member of the company, "Who is that pale, thin-looking young fellow over there?" Four months later they were married. During the next four years they worked six months of each year in California and six months in New York.

"I wish we had some of the landlords we had in New York," he went on. "They were great. We would look at apartments in the Bronx and one of these landlords would show a very pretty apartment for $25.00 a month. I would say, 'I know where I can get one just as good for $24.00.' He would say, 'Very well, you can have it for $23.50.'"

Jack Jr. had left us a few minutes before and wandered upstairs. Suddenly there was a crash and the consensus of opinion was that Jack had fallen downstairs (this sentence should be punctuated with a dash after Jack). However, we were greatly relieved to find that it was just the cook closing the cellar door.

"That is the sort of thrill I am having all the time," said his father. Mrs. Mulhall had captured the baby and was holding him in her arms.

"He's a great little rascal," said her husband affectionately.

Jack Mulhall is all Irish ("You had to be to live in Wappingers Falls," he said)—the romantic type of Irish, who have high hopes and make them come true by fine, cheerful faith and hard work, that is always colored with splendid enthusiasm. He has dark eyes and hair and is about six feet tall. He doesn't believe that moving picture stars need be temperamental.

"I can understand it in an actor of the speaking stage," he said. "A man has a right to be irritable when he knows that he must have his lines letter perfect; when his performance may be very good one night and very bad the next; when he must make every look and every gesture tell; and when, after rehearsing a part for three months he may play it one or two weeks and then have to look for

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The pictures in his house are, for the most part, Maxfield Parrish prints, beautiful and fairylike. A few other pictures, all too few, he says—she has neglected her work of late—were painted by his wife. They are delicate and fanciful. "I love that sort of thing," he said.

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The Little Master Builder

(*Continued from page* 65)

everything together, we go everywhere together. We are inseparable. Neither she nor Dad has ever said to me, 'You *cant* do this,' or 'you *cant* do that.' They have always appealed to my logic, to my own reasoning processes. I have been as free as air."

"Do you think that method would work in all cases?" I asked.

"I think it all depends on the mother," said Blanche, securely.

"You have never felt undecided, have you?" I asked, "never have vacillated from one ambition to another, one ideal to another?"

"I have concentrated," she said, simply. "I have always known that I wanted to act, and I have deliberately let nothing interfere. I studied for it in high school, public speaking and all that, and I have read all that I could manage to read on the subject out of school. It has occupied me exclusively.

"I have never had a beau. Most people think that it's very funny, even *queer*. They say I have been tied to my mother's apron strings, or that I couldn't have one, or that I have been kept under my parents' thumb or something of the sort. It isn't true, of course. I have been as free as air all my life. I have never felt any need of that sort of thing, that is all. I have had mother and Dad, their love has been enough, and I have had my career. I am completely satisfied. I do not believe that I shall ever marry. I couldn't do two things, and I *certainly* couldn't give up the career for which my whole life and all my thought has been preparation and waiting and building." She said, as addenda, sweetly, "Anyway, there is no love like mother-love, dont you think so?"

"It must have taken courage," I said, "way down in San Antonio, far from the crux of things, to believe in the Big Chance coming to you."

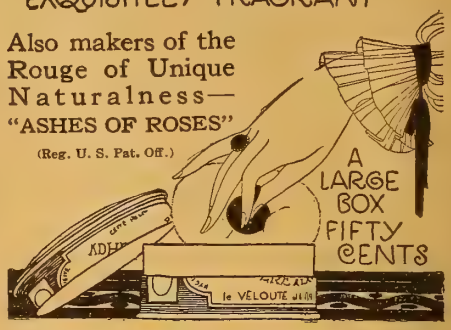
"It did," she said, "but I never lost faith. I knew, just *knew* that some day *some one* was going to take an interest in me and

(*Continued on page* 112)

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Confessions of a Studio Mail Clerk

(Continued from page 39)

reason that the motion picture star appears before a public so vast that he or she is applauded in all quarters of the globe simultaneously.

Of the ordinary letters, there is not much to be said. Requests for photographs predominate, as a matter of course, and it is not unusual for Miss Bennett to be asked to send her own picture and, as often happens, comes the request to slip in one of somebody else, too, it never occurring to the writer that to do this, Miss Bennett would have to journey to another studio and perhaps ask the favor of a lady she does not know.

Quite the most ambiguously phrased request for a picture came from a girl who said: "I am making a collection of the most notorious actresses. Please send me yours." And from the girls who want articles of Miss Bennett's apparel come a steady stream of supplications. Often they specify what they want—usually a gown or a wrap she has worn in a photoplay. Sometimes it is only a small article, such as a bag or a pair of slippers, or even an apron like she used in "Stepping Out." The girl who paints a touching word picture of her desire for a new dress to wear to a party, and chooses one of Miss Bennett's as a matter of course, is the most difficult to deal with. I never knew whether to place her letter in the "urgent" pile or to let it rest among the odds and ends.

Long experience has taught me that a woman will not scruple to lie in order that she may adorn herself for conquest. Came one not long ago, which told with simple candor of the approaching call of a sweetheart, whose intentions the writer had reason to think were serious—so much so, in fact, that she felt that with a certain dainty evening frock she had seen Miss Bennett wear, a proposal would certainly be forthcoming—or she would know the reason why! Oh, Eve! Eve! . . . Once again I must be excused from telling what Miss Bennett did. How should I know?

Letters to Mr. Charles Ray are no less in number or lacking in the element of surprise; but whereas the major portion of Miss Bennett's correspondence is from admirers of the feminine gender, Mr. Ray's letters come mostly from his own sex. The fact that it is generally known he is married protects him from leap-year proposals, but girls have no timidity in letting him know the favor with which he is regarded.

A more serious tone, for the most part, characterizes his correspondence. Instead of sentimental alliances, business propositions are more frequent. This is probably because Mr. Ray has been seen so often in pictures as a country boy who achieves independence thru perseverance and hard work. I have seen too many letters offering to make him a partner in a country store to remember all the circumstances connected with them. I do recall, however, one in particular from a man in Kansas who described himself as the proprietor of a general store in a small town, whose business had grown to such proportions, that it was more than he could handle. He confided that his son and mainstay had left him to go to the city, after a bitter quarrel in which the old man had reproached him for his desertion and told him never to return. Rather touchingly he bemoaned his lot to Mr. Ray, enlarging upon the fact that the cities were luring all the young men from the country.

Of course he begged the actor to come and rehabilitate the business as he had seen him do on the screen or, failing that, would he write to the son in Omaha and use his influence in bringing him back to his home town? The writer was convinced that such a letter from Mr. Ray would work wonders. Like the lady in Bath, it never occurred to him that the actor's work on the screen might hold inducements over life in a country store. Nor did the obviously sincere and worthy father question the wisdom of a stranger's interference in the affairs of parent and son. I am quite sure that Mr. Ray did not ignore this letter, his tenderness of heart enabling him to feel in some measure the father's distress, but experience has taught all the stars that they must be guarded in expressing themselves in matters of so intimate a nature.

On one occasion a Canadian soldier wrote to a star at this studio—there is no need to mention names—reciting a pathetic case. He had been discharged from the army because of incipient tuberculosis and was then in a hospital. He gave facts and names to verify his story and ended by asking for a little money.

It was sent with a letter which later turned out to have been too cordial, for seemingly, the man took advantage of his star's kindness. This was made known some months later, when a telegram came from a business connection of the star's in New York, asking advice in the case of the ex-soldier who had called at the office and requested the loan of enough money to get him to Denver. His justification was a line quoted from the star's single letter, saying that "it was a pleasure to help him." That, you see, is why a star has often to ignore letters which plainly are written in sincerity, because of what may follow.

More than any player whose correspondence I am acquainted with, has Mr. Ray been mistaken for some one else. Not less than a dozen inquiries are made weekly in an effort to learn his "real name," the writers evidently assuming that no one in professional life is known by the cognomen bestowed by his parents. In the case of Mr. Ray, however, it is not merely to be inquisitive that such questions are asked, but to make certain that he is some one known to the writer—a friend of school days, the little boy who lived around the corner, or the young man who helped grandma home after she had nearly been run over by an automobile. Often the writers do not leave the answer to Mr. Ray, but assert at the outset that he *is* the person they imagine.

A rather colorful element appeared in one of his letters not long since. It came from Cape Town and recited a long story which would have been worthy of Robert Louis Stevenson or Conan Doyle for sheer romance and adventure. Briefly, the writer (whose "nephew" Mr. Ray most certainly was) told of a mine which he and his brother had discovered thirty years ago and which, amounting to nothing at the time, had later yielded a fortune in diamonds.

The brother—Mr. Ray's supposed father, if you please—had left South Africa for America because of ill health and discouragement, later to disappear entirely. The writer was certain that Mr. Ray was his son, because of the extraordinary likeness. To prove it, he enclosed a photograph of a young man scarcely older than Mr. Ray, and I must admit it would have passed for the star himself,



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allowing for certain difference in dress. He cabled to South Africa, convincing the claimant for avuncular relationship that Charles Ray was just Charles Ray, without a share in a diamond mine. I know, for the cablegram went thru my office and even a calloused letter-reader like myself felt for the man's disappointment. Now if *I* had only been able to make up to resemble Mr. Ray perhaps these confessions would never have been written!

No such letters have come as yet to Mr. Douglas MacLean and Miss Doris May, tho in volume their correspondence equals that of any of our stars. So firmly are they linked together in the popular mind that should the envelope be addressed to Mr. MacLean the letter invariably refers to Miss May as well. If the children at an orphan asylum beg Miss May to spend an afternoon amusing them, she must certainly bring Mr. MacLean with her. And there have been many of these requests lately.

In the nature of paying visits, come other invitations of a less exacting nature. The young twain who appealed so strongly in "23½ Hours' Leave," bid fair to become society favorites if they accept even a part of the invitation to dinners and week-ends at exclusive California homes. This is an unusual aspect of a motion picture star's correspondence and, I believe, in the case of Mr. Ince's youthful stars it is unique.

I notice a falling-off in the offerings of presents that used to come in great number to the stars. It may be that people are beginning to realize the plutocratic households maintained nowadays by their favorites.

Recently a charming remembrance came to Mr. MacLean and Miss May that would seem to show that the old order of things is passing, even while the spirit remains, for instead of something useless, came a collection of fresh-water pearls from a man in Arkansas, who had found and collected them himself. Six strung on a fine chain for Miss May, and four, set in cuff-links, for Mr. MacLean. The donor explained that he had been saving them for his children, a boy and girl, who had recently passed on, and would the stars accept them as a token of his gratitude for the pleasure they had brought into his life? A real human document, I call that. In fact, in almost every letter that comes to the stars, there is a heart-beat. I suppose that is because motion pictures are first of all democratic and bring people to the theater who might not go to a stage play. There is something, too, in the intimate contact which exists between a screen star and his audience that does not exist even when the voice is heard on the stage.

Indeed, one woman wrote to the MacLean-May combination, saying that she was deaf and dumb, and therefore never went to the theater except when her favorites appeared on the screen. Then she could tell by the movements of their lips what was said and knew; she said, that "their words always expressed joyful thoughts."

And so it goes: letters, letters, letters. All kinds, written badly and written beautifully, expressed awkwardly and phrased with taste and understanding. Often I am reminded that if people were not *interested* they would not write at all. That's just it: they *are* interested in their stars more than in their writers, their singers and the makers of their laws. I might add—"and the maker of some of their stars," for Mr. Ince gets his share of letters, too, tho his private secretary naturally assumes the functions of the mail clerk who goes thru the stars' letters.

But the secretary has "confessed" to me in order to make my own complete, so that I know what people write about to Mr. Ince. Aside from the business communications coming to a great studio, there are scores of letters from outsiders. Most of them seek information about scenarios or how to become a star.

Nothing surprises Mr. Ince—or his secretary. People and people's friends have been submitting themselves for stellar candidacy ever since he has been a producer, but he has always made his own discoveries, using his personal initiative to make the important choice. However, did Mr. Ince listen to what others think of themselves and their chances, a new order of star might be illuminating his studios at Culver City. For instance, the writer of this: "I am a boy of seventeen and as funny as they make them. I can crack all kinds of jokes and dance. On the corner in Baltimore, where my gang hangs out, they call me 'Comical Dutch.'"

More of this brought out the fact that not only did he want to become a star, but desired to drop his comic mask. "Comical Dutch" wanted Mr. Ince to make him "like Charles Ray."

Now, I ask you, why do they do it?

The Great Adventure

(*Continued from page* 55)

He doesn't aim for especially great things and he considers super-ambition worse than not a sufficient amount.

"I dont want to be starred until I've really done something which will stand," he said. "I like playing leading rôles and if I ever do achieve something worth while and an offer of stardom comes along which means something besides the title, I'll be darn glad to have it. In the meantime—well, I'm satisfied."

And when he marries he doesn't want his wife to have a career—if she's in the profession he declared that he wouldn't mind her taking a rôle now and then—if she's an artist he wouldn't object to her painting and sketching in her spare time and if she's a writer he thinks it would be all right for her to write stories on the side, but he's darned if he wants it to be more than a hobby.

"One career is enough for any healthy family," he declared.

I learnt he had spent the previous evening playing chess with his sister—he told it as others would tell about an evening at the opera—even the chess game held for him the spirit of an adventure.

His life has not been easy—one accepts that fact when one realizes that he has been on the stage since the age of seven—he worked his way up, every inch—for long periods he was away from his mother, sister and the home which evidently stands for a great deal in his life.

There is something about him tho, which causes you to think he will go on . . . building his happiness on the worthwhile things . . . making of the things of today and tomorrow and the next day, great adventures,—entering into the battle of life with a vim and enjoyment of the game—playing fair always because not to play fair would be small—and he is big.

And some day he will take time to fall in love—I predict it, for did he not say he hoped he would and it would, too, be a pity for him not to.

And that to him is going to be the very greatest of Great Adventures . . . he's that kind . . . and he's going to grin, as he did so many times during that luncheon, and say as he said so many times, along with the grin:—

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Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 88)

I. M. S.—He who serves well need not be afraid to ask his wages. Camille Ankewich was Mrs. Rudder in "Stella Maris." You are on the right track, but never forget that a necessary part of good manners is punctual observance of time; whether on matters of civility, business or pleasure.

ANONYMOUS.—You make me laugh, but we are rarely so unfortunate or so happy as we think we are. You are *semper fidelis*. Sarah Kernan was Marie in "Hearts of Men." Why dont you enter the Fame and Fortune Contest?

A MASS. FAN.—If I didn't put that period in, it would sound funny, wouldn't it? Credit Wallace Reid with two children. Lloyd Hughes in "The Haunted Bedroom." Put this in your little book, and read it over once in a while. The lessons Life teaches. The difficulties of life teach us wisdom; its vanities, humility; its calumnies, pity; its hopes, resignation; its sufferings, charity; its afflictions, fortitude; its necessities, prudence; its brevity, the value of time; and its dangers and uncertainties, a constant dependence upon a higher and all-protecting power.

BILL OF MY HEART.—What kind of a bill? Never had the pleasure of meeting Bill Hart. Mary Charleson (Mrs. Henry Walthall) opposite Harry Carey in "Crossed Claims." Seena Owen opposite Bert Lytell in "The Temple of Dawn." Anna Nilsson and Eugene O'Brien in Selznick pictures on the coast.

GENEVIEVE D.—Children, you must not neglect your homework to write to me. Your lessons come first, and then the Answer Man. Thanks, but if you sent me that Eskimo Spitz, I don't know where I would put him. Thanks, just the same.

ELLA PHANT.—Yes, Chaplin seems to be as popular as ever in spite of what Rochefoucauld says, "Those who have but one sort of wit are sure not to please long." Why dont you go to a Canadian university since you live in Canada? Yes, electrical engineering would be great for you.

GURP.—And let us hope that goodness will prevail when beauty fails. You want all I know of Olive Tell? That isn't much. She's very beautiful. No, you're wrong on my identification. Theodore Roosevelt's ancestry and religion, Dutch ancestry, Reformed Dutch Church.

JENNIE L.—Zippy, ippy, how do I know who is keeping house for William Russell? We'll have to move into the Carnegie Library if I must keep a card index of housekeepers, kinds of perfumes players use, the size of their shoes, who's married to whom, etc., etc. Have a heart, Jennie.

U. F. M.—Yes, it is true they are selling alcoholic beverages in Cuba. Line for tickets to Cuba forms on the right. No, Grace George is not Alice Brady's mother, but stepmother. Yes, Marcia Manon. So you dont like the idea of my having a big head. Cant help it, child. Dont ever expect to get another. And it's getting bigger every year.

M. J. T.—That's pretty good advice you give me: "If you would relish your food, labor for it; (and right here, let me say I do!) if you would enjoy your raiment, pay for it before you wear it; if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you." I take her with me every night. Edward Coxen is directing now. *Savoir faire*, I should say you have.

(*Continued on page* 117)

The July Classic

Vacation-time! The Play-time of the World! The time for letting down the bars of daily toil,—the time for the much-dreamed-of period of forgetfulness,—of relaxation. The time in which once again, Youth dances away the long golden hours of fragrant sunshine.

Vacation-time! — And whether you are spending it in a marble palace situated on the brink of some exclusive lake of cerulean blue,—or whether you are following the provocative flashing of a trout's tail up stream on some wooded mountain-side,—or whether you are indulging in the great outdoor sport (slightly old-fashioned, we admit, but nevertheless, enjoyable), of cow-milking down on some little farm, it matters not —THE JULY **Motion Picture Classic** should be with you! It is the magazine for vacation-time!

For you cannot milk cows all day—marble palaces pall on you —you cannot fish at night—and therefore at some time or other you will be able to enjoy that unique tête-à-tête which Frederick James Smith had with Bobbie Harron the other night over the dinner-table. Bobbie tells us some interesting facts about the early days of the Photoplay.

We introduce Gladys George, who has been interviewed in her own home. You will be very much interested in this beautiful young newcomer to cinema fame.

From all reports which have come to our ears, Friend James Abbe, the well-known photographer, went over to the Mack Sennett Studios out on the Coast the other day . . . and hasn't been heard of since. However, we have mysteriously received some very beautiful photographs, which will add a great deal to the beauty of the July issue of the **Classic.**

Have you ever paused to consider into what unknown limbo the plays and players of yesteryear have gone? We are quite sure our readers will enjoy the story which B. F. Wilson has written about these beloved ghosts of the past.

Motion Picture Classic
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page 75*)

may be due, a great deal, to the dextrous handling Lewis Stone gives to a dual rôle. Marjory Daw is joyously pretty and youthful, while Jane Novak is femininely pleasing as always. The story of the Canadian Northwest is well known to most of you. Marshall Neilan has chosen his snow locations with a keen and clever eye.

WHY CHANGE YOUR WIFE?—PARAMOUNT

Cecil B. de Mille might be called the apostle of domesticity. Surely no married couple would come to grief who heeded his lessons. De Mille has an uncanny understanding of man and woman and he weaves this sex knowledge into silken photoplays that not only appeal optically but remain in the mind later on. In "Why Change Your Wife?" he preaches a sermon to young wives who do not try to keep themselves youthful and appealing to their husbands. Once, I might have considered the fight between wife number one and wife number two exaggerated. . . but women are queer animals after all and I think perhaps De Mille understands them better than I do. Gloria Swanson is certainly his finest bit of clay. She reflects his messages better than any mirror. Bebe Daniels is satisfactory but at a disadvantage compared to the glorious Gloria. Gloria Swanson is as refined and as rich as the almost impossible attar of roses. Tom Meighan is more handsome than ever as the man who discovers that wives will be wives.

PINTO—GOLDWYN

Recently I have had no active desire to view Mabel Normand pictures until the other evening a couple of rabid Normand fans dragged me to see "Pinto." I found a bewitching Mabel with eyes that sparkled more brilliantly than ever and a whole score of enticing tricks. She takes the part of a Western girl who knows nothing of women or Eastern culture and her mistakes when she is transplanted to New York form the basis for some very clever comedy situations. Mabel and Cullen Landis enact some extremely charming love-scenes and the whole picture sends one home in a pleased and happy state of mind.

A WOMAN OF PLEASURE—PATHÉ

Altho this is a typical English melodrama with the usual terribly terrible villain, and the horribly heroic hero, I never lost interest in it from beginning to end. Blanche Sweet portrays a poverty-stricken English girl who comes upon a rich man's secret by mistake. In order to silence her, for a wife may not testify against her husband, he marries her. In order to procure luxuries for her invalid father and herself she marries him. Then comes their forced trip to South Africa to quell a rebellion, the ultimate rescue of Blanche by the hero, and the death of her husband. The Zulu warfare was wonderfully well staged. Blanche Sweet was fragilely lovely thruout and gowned in exquisite taste. Wheeler Oakman supplied the necessary masculine element with all his former zest. Wilfred Lucas was the horrible husband.

THE AMATEUR WIFE—PARAMOUNT

This is an example, in my mind, of a film that should never have been released. Irene Castle is completely miscast. She is not meant to be an ugly, demure duckling. Her greatest asset is her ability to



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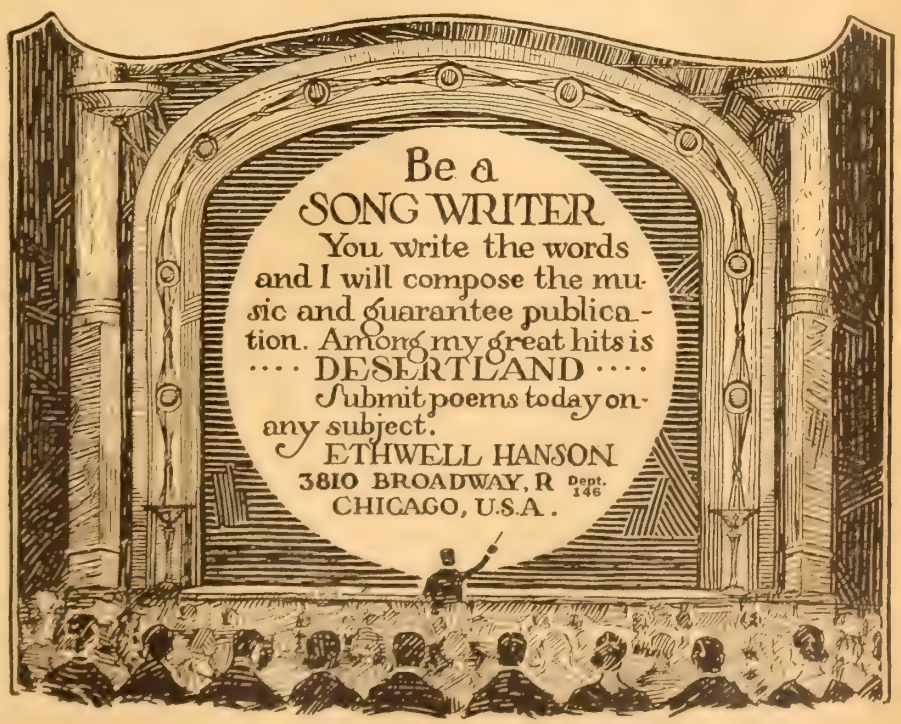
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play women, well-gowned, worldly-wise women. I dont know when a picture has irritated me as much as Irene Castle playing the shy French child of a chorus queen mother. Irene Castle in gowns and coats which even your grandmother or mine would have called old-fashioned. It was enough to try the patience of the most Job-like reviewer. Also in my mind W. T. Carleton—I think his initials are W. T.—is almost a total screenic loss. His personality is not pleasing on the silversheet. If there is any credit due the "Amateur Wife" it is due the woman who depicted the actress-mother, and — lack-a-day! — I failed to catch her name.

UNDER SUSPICION—UNIVERSAL

This is just another little story of mistaken identity and crooks—but it is so well, nay jollily, played by its chief performers that it is a joy to see. Ora Carew again demonstrates the fact that she is mighty good to look at and a clever actress as well. Forrest Stanley is pleasing as the misunderstood hero, while Charles Clary is again the screen's most versatile crook.

ALARM CLOCK ANDY—PARAMOUNT

Just another in the list of meek men characters especially designed to fit Charles Ray. And yet there is a great element of truth in the misfortune that befalls a mental coward and the great good fortune that comes to the man who dares. Charlie Ray is—as always — uniquely clever in his delineation.

FROM HAND TO MOUTH—PATHÉ

This is a Harold Lloyd comedy that deserves especial notice because of the growing popularity of young Lloyd. If Mr. Charles Spencer Chaplin doesn't get a hustle on, he will find himself displaced in the hearts of mirth-loving America by the clean, young comedy fun of Harold Lloyd. Here Lloyd is helped considerably by a clever child and an equally clever dog.

FLAME OF THE DESERT—GOLDWYN

A Farrar-Tellegen film, which must have cost a mint of money and is a tremendous spectacle, but which bores one extremely. Geraldine Farrar is a great actress, capable of expressing all the passions that woman is heir to—but here she is so sickly sentimental, and smilingly the ingénue, that she annoys. Farrar is meant to be vivid, passionate, a creature of demands, a woman of character, but never a sugary ingénue. Countless close-ups of Farrar smiling a love-sick smile are the most tiresome details of the piece. Her gorgeous gowns are the best.

ANETHA

(Dedicated to Anetha Getwell, one of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Winners)

By Elton Johnson

Slim dryad from some ancient, tangled wood,
Thou shouldst have lived and loved when Greece was young,
Then Phidias thy charm and beauty could
Have caught and held in stone's eternity.

Thou liv'st today; sigh not for times long past,
Dead stone could ne'er express such fairy grace or life,
The silent screen will cause thy soul itself to last
And men to come will joy to see thee smile.

The Sins of St. Anthony

(*Continued from page 44*)

at your suggestion, I began this bagatelle. Why did you suggest all this, Jane?"

The woman at his table smiled at him. Tony got the impression of an immeasurable strength. Then she said: "To help you, Tony. You told me that you loved Persis. I knew her type. I wanted you to have her because you wanted to. That is all."

Tony did not immediately answer. All sorts of things welled up within him, but somehow did not formulate. He wanted to say incoherent, strange, unprecedented things . . . and couldn't. He became, for the first time, acutely aware of the woman before him. He knew that he had never been so acutely aware of a woman before. He tried to think of Persis, and she appeared upon his mental horizon as a pale shade, a nebulous figment of his own imagination. She seemed to lack substance and reality. This made him laugh. There was nothing nebulous or unreal about Persis. She was a very obvious little materialist.

For a materialist, Persis had a very hard time of it about this time. Her overseas officer turned out to be an impostor who had seen Persis' father listed in Dun and Bradstreet, and had cared for the rating. Persis discovered this in time, and at the same time, that she was, and always had been, madly in love with St. Anthony. Ah, if only he were *Saint* Anthony again! Why had she ever complained? How gladly now would she welcome the square-toed shoes and the flowing ties and the little test tubes and the abstractions! All these had spelled love for her, for Persis. This new Anthony . . . only the night before she had passed his studio and had seen, delineated plainly against the blind, the figure of a woman, plying a needle. The figure of Anthony had bent over the woman, with solicitation. Persis suffered up to the limits of her little capabilities. She imagined she was having a very bad time of it. If she had been delicate, she would have developed neurasthenia. If she had been literary, she would have written anonymous novels, entitled, vaguely: "Me, Persis Meade," or something of the kind. Being neither, but just a shallow, pretty, exceedingly spoiled and selfish little girl she sulked and made everybody else as miserable as possible and told her troubles to every friend she had and every acquaintance she made.

She ended up by a fit of fury against Jeanette, and in the throes of the fury reported Anthony to the Society for Law and Order. The now famous studio of St. Anthony was raided and the report came back to Persis that the widely discussed housekeeper was a wooden manikin, and that everything, so far as the society could ascertain, was quite as it should be. Mr. Osgood, they said, was apparently a good and law-abiding citizen.

Persis then indulged in a fit of acute penitence. She invited Anthony to dinner. The invitation was potent with promise. Persis gurgled over the 'phone. "We'll forget the old microbes and . . . and everything, Tony," she said, sweetly. . . . Anthony refused.

A picture persisted in his brain and had stepped its way to his heart. It was the picture of a woman with low bent head darning a forlorn sock. It was a picture of a woman who could talk to him; who could sympathize with him, when he worked and when he played, when he loved and when he lost.

He went home and found Jeanette there



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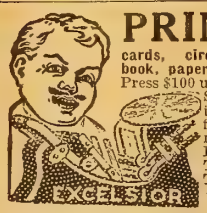
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at the task she had made a weekly rite. She hid it from him as he came in. "I'm growing too regular at this," she said, and laughed.

He came around to her. "I want you to be," he said; "just that, Jeanette. I am done with experimentation. I want life . . . and . . . come closer, sweetheart, let me whisper it to you. . . ."

Jeanette bent her head and Tony bent over her . . . "and love", he whispered, (then he kist her), *"yours."*

The Little Master Builder

(*Continued from page* 104)

give me my opportunity. I thought maybe it would be a director. I did a picture in Texas, you know, with an Eastern company and the director was very kind to me, but . . . his wife had professional resentments. All the best parts I did were cut out. I was bitterly disappointed. I just kept on having faith in my will to do, and then, one day I saw the advertisement of the Fame and Fortune Contest in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. And I *knew*. I ran right down to Mother and Dad and told them the chance I had been waiting for had come. I showed them the announcement of the contest. 'I'm going to submit my picture,' I said, *'and I'm going to win,* I will because I *must.'*

"And I did."

The reliance of that last statement deserves a paragraph. It stood to me, as it does to her, admittedly, for a sort of monument to the power of the individual will. She has planned and built for this very thing and now she stands, the product of her own effort, on the pinnacle, with the Shining Lands of her Desire just across the way.

Specifically, she has come North to take the title part in "Love's Redemption," a powerful dramatic, five-reel story to be produced by Mr. Eugene V. Brewster for the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, in which, at one time or another, all of the 1920 contestants will appear. The part will give the little Texan winner almost every sort of an opportunity, from a ragged newsboy on thru a gamut of rôles, including a poor girl, a rich girl, a weary one and one rejoicing.

I told her that she talked somewhat in the manner of a Christian Scientist.

Blanche McGarity gave her odd little, sweet little, wise little smile. "A great many people think that," she said, "but I'm not. I have no particular religion, from a sectarian standpoint, anyway. *I'm just a thinker.* I've just a simple, everyday code of thought, but I *do* live up to the thought, which seems to me to be the main thing.

"I believe in doing to others just what you would want them to do to you. I believe in being tolerant. When I tell a person I'm going to do a thing I'm going to do it, and I apply the same principle in my dealing with myself. I keep my promises to myself. The will of the individual can accomplish *anything.*"

After talking with the little winner and the potential star of who knows what glories to be, one feels somewhat as tho a cool, strong, steady wind had been blowing over one, taking with it the cobwebs of turmoil and discontent, and, if anything further should be needed to complete a picture of a very real little person with very enormous possibilities, she said to me, not unwistfully, "When I left Texas

(*Continued on page* 126)

Romance

(*Continued from page 63*)

her beautiful soul above it . . . mourning it . . . for me . . .

"We talked and again I upbraided her. I saw Van Tuyl's card and I accused her of a last orgy with her lover. I said horrible, frenzied things to her and all at once, I know it now, I think I knew it then if I had thought at all, all at once I went mad. I thought I had come as a minister of God to save her soul. I knew that I had come as a man to claim her flesh. I saw my soul leave me and I gave a loud wild laugh of triumph.

"'It's all over, darling, darling,' I said, and I took her to me, kissing her frantically; 'it's all over. Before all else, I am a man and you are a woman. Love is not work, nor joy, nor comradeship, nor age, nor crossing bridges . . . love is just *feeling* . . . just this . . . I love you! I love you, I say!' I think I must have shouted it in a sort of orgy of abandonment. 'I love you more than anything in the world,' I said; 'I love you more than anything in heaven or on earth . . . love like this . . . Rita, Rita . . . and the whole glorious night is ours . . . Think, my sweetheart, each hour, each moment . . . the splendid, immemorial night . . .'

"I held her against me and her words beat against my inflamed mind like the white pelting of white roses . . . 'Meestaire Tome . . . dont . . . don' . . . ah, it is because I love you so I say this. It ees you who 'ave taught me vhat love ees . . . and it ees not this . . . don' . . . don' . . .; God, He 'ave sent you to make good an' pure the world . . . an' me . . .'

"But I couldn't hear her. I just kept on laughing and kissing her, and kissing her and laughing, and one was not so horrible as the other. And I kept saying, loudly, 'I love you . . . I know I'm damned . . . but I will have had this night . . . I'll have had it . . .' and then more laughter and more kisses and more white pleadings lost against the torrents of my madness.

"And then, as waves beating, lashing themselves to fury, subside beneath the ineffable calm of a higher element, I heard her say, 'I cant fight you any longer. I have no strength . . . but oh, before it is too late . . . remembair . . . I would be good an' pure and holy-white. I would be the woman you want me to be, the woman wit' a soul, as high, as nearly high as yours, who have been so sweet, so great . . . dat woman you make or mar . . . here . . . tonight . . . God send you here to 'elp the 'orl' . . . ah, then, 'elp me . . . for love of me . . . tonight . . . my 'eart is yours . . . forever an' amen . . .; Oh, Gosh . . . let me have my soul . . .'

"And as she spoke the voices of the choir boys came in and intermingled. They were singing the old Lutheran hymn 'Ein feste Berg,' and I felt as tho, all at once, a cool hand touched me and I, who had been very ill, was whole and well again. I looked at her . . . and, as I looked, I looked up, and all at once our tears came, hers and mine, and I leaned against her and she mothered me, divinely woman, divinely love. And she told me, then, what I have never forgotten, that love is not love unless, being greater than all earth, it can still remember heaven. And the white violets, crushed and ineffably sweet, fell from her breast against my blinded eyes and on my mouth.

"The next day she sailed away, wearing my cross upon her breast. She became greater than before and her name and many good works have been stainless . . ."

The light in the study flickered and flared up. The Bishop laid his hand on the boy's head, and the boy looked up at him. "Thank you, Grandfather," he said; "your story has decided me. Lucile and I will be married tonight."

The Bishop started a bit. He had not expected this, then he looked at the young face beneath him and nodded.

Still later his granddaughter came in with the evening paper to read aloud to him. Among other items was the death of Madame Cavallini, with a biography of her fame, her charities, her impeccable years, the fact that she had never married.

Long after the young people had gone to bed the Bishop sat alone with the odor of white violets about him and a tiny handkerchief, lace-trimmed and monogrammed, close within his palm.

They Aren't All On Broadway

(*Continued from page 77*)

least one enterprising photographer has bought an aeroplane so that he may get actual moving bird's-eye views of large industrial plants. Practically every big store and factory owns a projection outfit, and many of them maintain motion picture production departments. The motion picture has found any number of uses in factory and store. It can be made invaluable in instructing new employees regarding their duties. Salesmen make a few reels of film a part of their regular equipment so that they may show prospective customers pictures of the concerns they represent.

But the greatest of all uses to which a motion picture can be put in an industrial plant is the entertainment and education of employees. In the Edison lamp works of the General Electric Company at Harrison, N. J., where a million electric lights are made each week, lunch-hour movie entertainments have become as much of a fixture as have lunches.

Municipal governments, as well as world powers, have made use of the apparently inexhaustible versatility of the motion picture. There is scarcely a chamber of commerce in any live town which will not pay at least part of the expenses of filming that town's points of interest for some travel picture, and many cities have themselves organized production departments for the purpose of advertising their desirable qualities.

One large American industrial center put the movie to a novel use in avoiding labor trouble. It put the picture literally "on a soap-box" and thereby drew audiences from street-corner agitators. The "soap-box" movies called into use the camionette. A general Americanization series of films, which proved an excellent antidote for Bolshevistic propaganda, was shown by these camionettes on street corners, under trees, against the walls of school buildings, for a period of months. Unheralded by advertising, these outdoor pictures unostentatiously did the city, and even the country, a great service.

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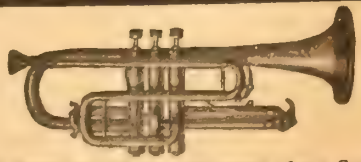
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The Courage of Marge O'Doone

(*Continued from page 96*)

about her, filling him with an aching tenderness, a very fierceness of protection. But because he was a stranger to her, tho she was no stranger to him, he said only, matter-of-factly, "I say now, I'm awfully hungry—ran out of grub two days back on the trail. I wonder if you wouldn't invite me to dinner if I introduce myself—David Raine from the States."

By the time the meal was over they had traveled a long way on the road to friendship and the man knew almost as much about her as she knew about herself. Hauck and his wife were, she thought, no relation to her, but she had lived with them almost as long as she could remember. Before that there was a vague memory of faces, a woman's tender and very lovely, a man's strong and smiling, a dream of kisses, and a faint, far-away recollection of being rocked to sleep. At the Nest she had been treated callously, tho not brutally, until the last, when "Uncle" Hauck had bargained with his crony, Brokaw, for possession of her. She had always fed "Tara," one of the two bears the man kept in a cage near the cabin, and when she saw the greedy light of ownership in Brokaw's eyes she had hurried out, unchained the great fellow and fled away into the clean, white night.

"All the same, we'll go back to the Nest now," decided David, frowning; "there's no telling what that man is up to. He may be keeping property that belongs to you. Besides"—his great hands clenched—"I'd like to give him a taste of man-medicine—the hound!"

Marge O'Doone looked at him with glowing dark eyes of admiration and gratitude. In all her wild, untender years she had never been taken care of and protected before. But she shook her head over returning to the Nest.

"You're not afraid—with me?" David asked, hurt.

"No," she cried, "Oh, no! But I'm afraid for you. They're bad men. They might kill you, and I—should not like that." She crept closer to him, young breast rising stormily under her tight-pressed hands, gazing at him with virginal eyes. David felt his soul rise mightily within him, but tho his voice shook, he only said, cheerily, "Nonsense! Haven't we got 'Tara' and 'Baree'? Come on, Marge O'Doone!" The name was magic on his tongue.

In the Nest an oil lamp smoked sootily on the table, and thru the uncurtained window they saw two men drinking sourly without speech. "That's Uncle and Brokaw now," Marge whispered, adding reflectively, "aren't they ugly? I hate ugly things and I love beautiful ones, dont you?"

In the woman who had been David Raine's wife such a speech would have been arrant coquetry; in Marge O'Doone it was simple honesty. She was as clear of soul, as wild and unspoiled as the country that had reared her, thought the man beside her reverently.

At the entrance of the stranger and the girl the two at the table sprang up and the little, twisted man dropped his glass, spilling a smear of strong-smelling spirits over the dirty table-cloth. His small, pale eyes dwelt on the girl gloatingly, on David evilly. "H'm! So you got starved out and had to come back!" he sneered, "and who is *this?*"

David took a step forward. He looked

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There will be a story about the Theater Guild—that new and powerful force in the dramatic world,—by Frederick James Smith.

Gladys Hall, the well-known and popular interviewer, has visited Lenore Ulric—and gives us a very vivid story about this famous Belasco star.

Our cartoonist, Wynn Holcomb, is in Paris—and we will soon have some articles and pictures which we are sure will interest you. There's nothing like being right on the spot to get local color, says Wynn.

rather extraordinarily tall and a bit dangerous. The two men retreated, and Brokaw, a flabby, obese creature, touched his hip pocket. "I'm David Raine," the newcomer said distinctly, "and I'm going to take Miss O'Doone to her people, provided"—politely, tho his eyes had steely gleams—"provided you will kindly tell us where they may be found."

Hauck chose to bluster. "She's my niece. What business is it of yours?"

"She's not your niece," said David grimly, "and you'll find what business it is of mine if you try to meddle with her again."

The two drew aside and consulted. When they turned back their manner had changed. They were cordial, almost effusive. They proffered food, pushed the bottle of spirits toward David and leered at Marge with bared, yellow tusks.

"We'll be glad to tell you all we know," Hauck said oilily, "but the girl looks tired. Go up to your old room, Marge—why not? We'll entertain your friend here for you!"

After she had climbed the steep stairs, heavy-eyed, she stopped at the top to wave her hand to her new-found friend. "Goodnight, Sakewawin!"

Hauck started, and for an instant his face became convulsed with rage. He and Brokaw looked at one another significantly, and David, under lowered lids, caught their anger, but gave no sign. Whatever the cause, Hauck restrained himself and answered questions civilly enough. The girl had been given them when she was not more than four years old by a man named Tarvish. "He had stolen her mother from her husband when she was out of her mind with fever," he explained, with a malignant grin; "a pretty woman—you cant blame him. Women were scarce in Firepan Creek those days—scarce enough now, for that matter. And some men are finicky about holding truck with squaws——"

David listened, gazing down at the table. He could have choked the man for his relish of Tarvish's beastliness, but he must hear more. "The father—O'Doone, what was he like?"

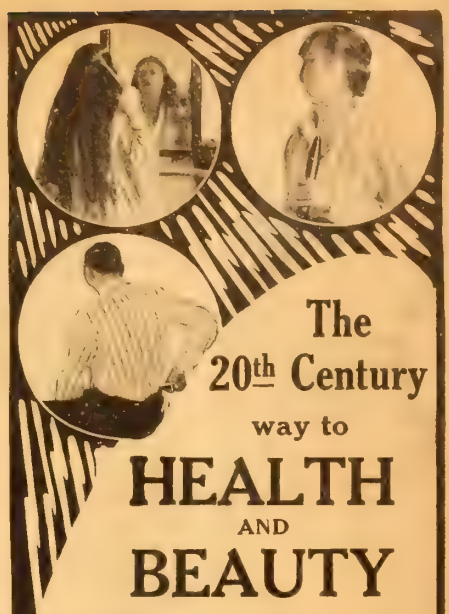
Hauck shook his head. "I never saw him. They say he became a priest afterward to save himself from going out of his mind. But he never knew what had become of his family. Me an' my wife brought Marge up decent. She's got no kick coming. You'd better leave her with me, young fellow." There was veiled menace in the tone. David shook his head.

"I'm going—" He never finished that sentence, for, without warning, the world came to an end with a crashing blow on the head from behind. Over his limp body Brokaw nodded evilly at Hauck. "No half-way job, eh? We'll finish it! But first we'd better make a place ready to put him, then afterward I'll take the girl and tomorrow you can come to my cabin for the money."

David crawled painfully out of a black void to find Marge O'Doone standing over him, shaking him frantically, while her tears dripped down on his face. "Oh, I was afraid they'd killed you!" she quivered. "I was listening—I saw him hit you! They will come back—can you walk? Oh, you must walk——"

David staggered to his feet, wavered grossly and set his teeth. "Sure I can walk," he reassured her. A phrase from his old doughboy days came to his lips, "Let's go."

The memory of that flight thru the darkness was never quite clear to David Raine afterward, being mingled with wheeling rockets that whizzed across his brain, the snuffling of the great grizzly at



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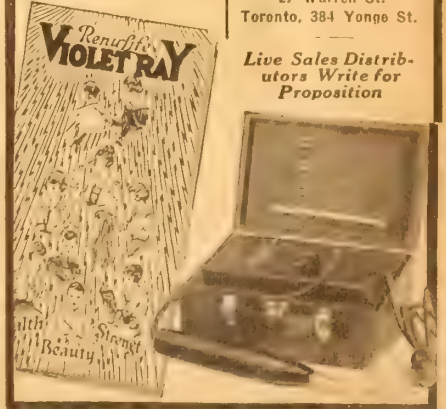
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their heels, "Baree's" whimper, Marge's cool hands, the crisp sound of the snow beneath their feet. There were periods, too, when he felt that he was being carried, with the rough feel of shaggy fur beneath his cheek, then another interval of falling thru æons of space, another awakening with Marge O'Doone's face bending above.

"Where," asked David weakly, "where are we?" and he struggled up, clinging to the wall, and stared about the empty cabin with the morning sun garish on the drifted leaves on the floor.

"Hush!" whispered Marge O'Doone, pointing thru the yawning doorway. He felt her trembling against him; "They've followed us! I thought all night I heard them, and when it grew light I saw, so 'Tara' and I brought you in here. But"—her voice drooped flaccidly—"your gun is gone. It must have slipped off in the night. What shall we do?"

Around the bend in the trail came their enemies, laughing exultantly. David set his jaw. Then the cabin echoed with his cry. "Ah! Dont worry, Marge O'Doone! It's out of our hands—see!"

His cry brought the two men to a halt. They looked up and saw their danger and shrieked aloud. But before they could turn and flee "Tara" was upon them and the white morning air was filled with horrid sounds. David Raine grew sick, and covered the girl's eyes with his hand. "Dont look!" he said in shaken tones; "they were beastly men and they have come to a beastly end!"

He picked her up in his great arms and carried her out of the cabin and down the trail, forgetful of his broken head or of aught but the desire to shelter her and drive the look of strained horror out of her dark child-eyes. Afterward, when they had shaken off all sound of the thing that was happening behind them, he set her gently down and they went on thru the golden wine of the morning, along the trail that led to Father Roland's cabin and beyond that to the world.

As they went he told her simply what he had learnt of her parentage. "I think," he said, "I am almost sure that I know where your father is. He keeps a high-chair and a few broken toys and a pair of red satin slippers in a locked room and his eyes hold the shadow of an old tragedy. We will go to him first, and afterward we will all three go to find the Weeping Lady who left her picture on the train—for it might be your picture, Marge O'Doone!"

He showed it to her. She looked down at it with awed eyes. "My mother," she murmured; then, wonderingly, "but why is the face so blurred, David?" for already she spoke his name as tho she had always spoken it.

He stopped in the path, touched her hands. "Because I kist it so often," said David, steadily. "I have been hunting for you all my life, I think, and now I have found you I shall never let you go—unless you tell me, Girl of my Dreams!"

She lifted her vivid face to him, as a flower to the sun. "Did you not hear me call you Sakewawin last night?" she asked. "It is an Indian word, David, and it means—" Color, sweet, shy, flooded her face to the folded wings of her hair.

He bent closer. "Yes?" he prompted, "yes—what does it mean, dear?"

"It means—possession," said, proudly, Marge O'Doone. And quite simply she stepped closely into the circle of his hungry arms.

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Answer Man

(*Continued from page 108*)

SCOTCH.—Haig and Haig or Black and White? Harold Lloyd is all o. k. now.

JAMES B. Mc.—Thanks for the cast of "The Girl from Outside." Yes, Clara Horton was June Campbell.

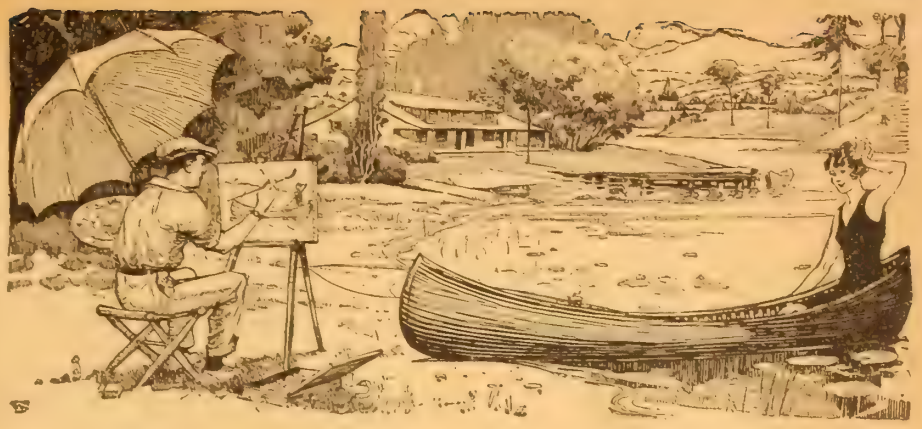
BOYSUCH.—Forget about "Who won the war"—this is no time to talk about it. It's won, and there's an end on't.

A. W. L.—Thanks very much for the sugar. Sweet of you, I'll say! In response to your solicitous inquiry, I am glad to announce that I am 98 9/8th per cent. as to my health—and I am getting younger and healthier every day I live.

ERMIE, TORONTO.—I dont know that it is so hard for a girl with a past to get a good husband, providing that past is not too long. Very few men want an old maid for a wife. However old the men are, they want the girl to be young and fresh. Every eligible bachelor maid and widow who has passed forty and who is very fat or very thin and very homely, has a secret hope that she will land some nice middle-aged or elderly man, but I can tell her right now that she has about one chance in one hundred and ninety-nine. However old a man is, he prefers the maids to the old maids. You are right, and a woman's guess is generally more reliable than a man's certainty. Write to me again.

PEGGY W., of 209 Rentschler Bldg., Hamilton, Ohio, writes me as follows—just to show other readers a fair sample of what I receive: "Dear Answer Man—Was so surprised and also very, very happy, to see my answer in the February MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. It seems that I had written ages ago and never thought you would answer my letter. You told me to jazz up a bit; now, just what do you mean? My, you must be smart, answering so many letters and saying such awfully funny things. The first thing I read when the magazine comes is your section. I'd just love to see what you look like, perhaps like Wallie Reid, Eugene O'Brien or Kenneth Harlan, and still you may be much handsomer, altho I cant understand how any one could be any better-looking than the three above named. I do envy Wallie Reid's wife and also Gene's and Kenneth's, if they have one, have they? I'm just wild about movies and could live at a movie house. I think Wallie Reid, Gene O'Brien, Kenneth Harlan, Elliott Dexter, Earle Williams, Harrison Ford, Niles Welch, Richard Barthelmess, George Walsh, Parks Jones, Jack Mulhall, Cullen Landis, Mary Pickford, Mary Miles Minter, Mabel Normand, Vivian Martin, Wanda Hawley, Viola Dana, Shirley Mason, Billie Rhodes, Lila Lee, Peggy Hyland, Betty Compson, Olive Thomas, Bessie Love, Constance Talmadge, Dorothy Gish, Ethel Clayton, Alice Brady, Jackie Saunders and June Caprice are all darlings and, if I had to choose my favorite, it would be an awfully hard job. Ever since I saw Mabel Normand in 'Mickey,' Mary Pickford in 'The Hoodlum' and Betty Compson in 'The Miracle Man' I just simply adore them. One day I had nothing to do and just for pastime wrote some names of movie stars. Then I wrote the following rhyme on Mabel Normand. As it is my first 'poem,' I'm very proud of it. Now, dont laugh, please. Here it is:

Laughing brown eyes and dark curly hair.
'Mickey' so elfish, without e'en a care.
Spreading sunshine where'er she goes—
Mabel's the girl that every one knows.



Become an Artist

Get into this fascinating business NOW! Enjoy the freedom of an artist's life. Let the whole world be your workshop. The woods, fields, lakes, mountains, seashore, the whirl of current events—all furnish material for your pictures. With your kit of artist's materials under your arm you can go where you please and make plenty of money. Your drawings will be just like certified checks!

Never before has there been such an urgent need of artists as there is *right now!* Magazines—newspapers—advertising agencies—business concerns—department stores—all are on the lookout for properly trained artists. Take any magazine—look at the hundreds of pictures in it! And there are *48,868 periodicals in the United States alone!* Think of the millions of pictures they require. Do you wonder that there is such a great demand for artists? Right this minute there are over 50,000 high-salaried positions *going begging* just because of the lack of competent commercial artists.

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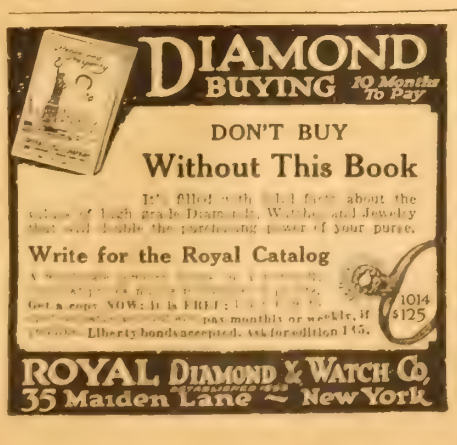
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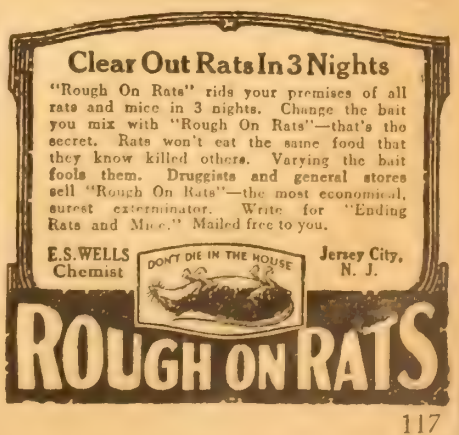
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THERE'S no place in our live-wire business and social life for the weak, sickly man who is of no use to himself or anybody else. Health, Strength, Energy, and the Ability they give a man, to win SUCCESS, are the only qualities that count. Nobody will care anything about you, or even give you a second thought, if you go staggering through life with some miserable chronic ailment, weakness or bad habit making you a misfit in the busy, wideawake world; holding you back, keeping you from doing anything worth while and slating you for the shelf or junk heap before your time.



Get Out of the Rut

Don't be content to end your life a miserable failure. Don't let a sickly ailment ruin all your chances of success. It won't cure itself. You will never be any better until you **exert your will**, get hold of yourself, lift yourself out of the rut that is growing deeper every day you travel in it. YOU CAN DO IT. You can free yourself from the Constipation that is destroying the tissues of your body and brain; you can get rid of the Dyspepsia and Indigestion that make you feel as though you carried a millstone in your chest; you can cast off the shackles of any bad habit that is sapping your vitality and making you ashamed to face your fellow men. YOU CAN BE FREE FROM YOUR TROUBLES — strong, well, with every chance of making a success in the world, if you will only WAKE UP!—Look the Facts squarely in the Face and ACT AT ONCE.

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STRONGFORT
The Perfect Man

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Strongfortism is the Science of Living Life as NATURE meant it to be lived; of taking advantage in the utmost degree of the marvelous recuperative powers she has implanted in the human organism and letting her work the cure of any ills. Nature's way is the only safe, sane, sure way of getting back lost health and strength. Her laws operate for every individual alike, **and never fail.** Those laws, those methods, I have incorporated in the system of Strongfortism and applied them with unvarying success to my pupils in every part of the world. What NATURE, through the practice of Strongfortism, has done for others, she will do for YOU, if you will only give her half a chance. There isn't the slightest doubt about it.

Send for My Free Book "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy" will tell you all about Strongfortism and show you how it can do for YOU what it has already done and is now doing for other weak, wornout, ailing men and women. It makes no difference where you live or what your occupation is. You can practice Strongfortism in the privacy of your own bedroom, if you like, and gain the utmost benefit, if you will devote to it as little as fifteen or twenty minutes a day. You will notice the improvement, physically and mentally, within a few days after you begin, and your friends will notice your improved appearance as well.

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..Headache	..Biliousness	..Skin Disorders
..Thinness	..Torpid Liver	..Despondency
..Rupture	..Indigestion	..Round Shoulders
..Lumbago	..Nervousness	..Lung Troubles
..Neuritis	..Poor Memory	..Increased Height
..Neuralgia	..Rheumatism	..Stoop Shoulders
..Flat Chest	..Bad Habits	..Muscular Development
..Deformity (describe)	..Weaknesses	

NAME.....

AGE.....OCCUPATION.....

STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

Loved by the children, adored by all,
In my estimation she ne'er will fall;
Loving and jolly, all movie fans' pet,
Show Mabel, and I'm yours, Margaret.

Also one to Mary Pickford:

Mary Pickford, sweet and fair,
With whom no other can compare,
'The Hoodlum' dear, with eyes so blue,
Golden curls and a bright smile, too.
To those whose lives are filled with sadness,
Mary's plays allure with gladness.
Come to the Palace, let's no longer tarry,
For there we'll see our own sweet Mary.

(The Palace is the name of a new theater here, recently erected.) Is Mabel Normand very pretty in real life? Some one told me one day that I, (me, just think!), was the very picture of Marguerite Courtot and some time ago two different parties told me I resembled Bebe Daniels, tho I was not as big. What are they trying to do? Kid me? I suppose so. Please give me the height, weight, waist measure and *all* of Bessie Love, Mary Miles Minter, Mary Thurman, Peggy Hyland, Mabel Normand and Lila Lee. If you cant give me all, please try to give me some."

ALFRED JINGLE.—I do not object to the use of the word "Movies." It has now come into general use and is no longer a term of opprobrium. I think the stage folks were the first to use the word and it was used in an uncomplimentary sense. We might retaliate by calling the stage the "Speakies."

BILL FARNUM.—Bill Farnum did play in "The Nigger." He is still playing. Well, I dont know a whole lot about silk, but Shantung silk is produced by a species of worm which lives on the willow trees of that Chinese province and differs from the mulberry tree silkworm. You know they work high, which keeps the price up.

PEARL WHITE FAN.—I believe you can get Pearl White's book "Just Me" from Brentano's, New York. She is married. The *Scrollogram* is the monthly organ of the Scroll Club. It has 16 very interesting pages—three cheers for the Scroll Club.

WILL V. TELL.—You're right, you cant drown a duck for it will stand as much water as a sponge. Both Beatrice Dominquez and Juan de la Cruz are Spanish. They say Larry Semon gets a thousand dollars for each comedy he makes.

ALFRED N.—Ah, ha! So if man is the lord of creation, then woman is the lady of recreation. Say not so. Mrs. De Wolf Hopper will play opposite William Faversham in "The Man Who Lost Himself." It is directed by George D. Baker for Selznick. Address George Beban, Friars Club, N. Y.

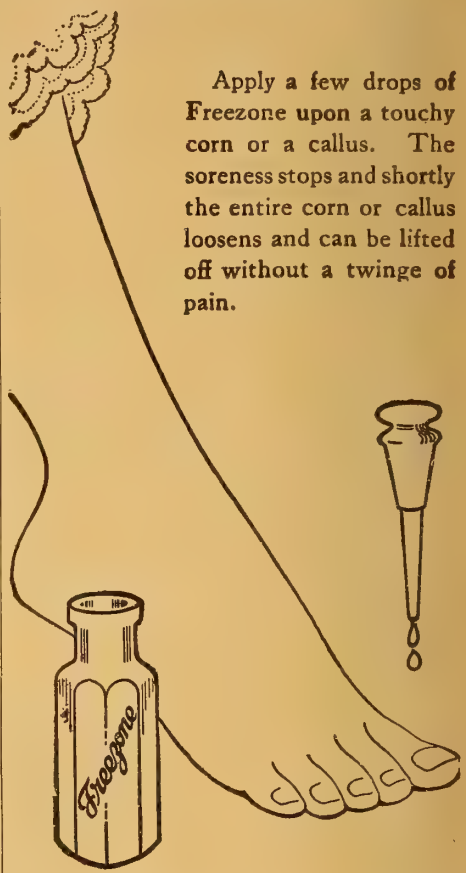
MRS. WM. HEALY, NEW ZEALAND.—Ye gods! You ask "Can you tell me how the soul departs out of our dearest friends?" Ask Theda Bara. What do you think I get paid for anyway? I'm not a $9.50 century plant. If I could answer that question I could get a job on the *Christian Herald*.

JIM, JAM, JUM; S. HERMANDEZ; L. FYNSKOV; GOOD LUCK; MARIE L.; PEARL WHITE FAN; M. E. B.; GREEN STOCKINGS; DAISEE; FLORINE; E. DEXTER FOREVER; B. P. O.'2 & L. N.; MAY; PAT V.; C. STAPLETON; VIRGINIA L.; RAY FAN; HENRY N.; CURIOUS BETH; DEUX PETITE FILLES; GOLDIE O.; F. OGDEN; SYLVIA W.; MISS EDNA; PAUL; ANNA M.; G. LAWRENCE; M. E. H.; DOLLY DIMPLES; EARNEST ONE; LENA S.; BABBIE; M. FLANKS; B. WILSON—I'll be with you next time.

D. W.—William Fox is one of the biggest producers.

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CUPIDITAS HABENDI, 6 Canal des Brasseurs, of Anvers, Belgium, writes me a stinging criticism of "Tarzan of the Apes" and then goes on to say: "I had resolved to make this a letter of interrogations, but for the life of me, the mere thought of what a job you have on hand with the other members of this fraternity makes me shudder with pity for one of your years, therefore, if my questions are few, remember, Monsieur, it is for thee, all for thee, that I do this—now, dont you think I am killingly kind? Many more moons on this side of the pond will kill all the English in me I ever had—and that was never much. Guess I will have to take an English course again. This side of the earth is much too old-fashioned to suit one for long—the charm wears away after a few glimpses of here and there, with ever the same sort of surroundings before one, tho he may be in Paris, London, or Brussels. My! how I miss the sight of St. Louis' Hotel Statler with its 20 floors; Atlanta's 17 flights of Hurt Building, and New York's sky-line—to use an endearing term, 'Lo'd, let me see jes' one mo' sky-sc'aper, and I'se 'll die happy.' How's Olga 17, and others of your 'appy family? I miss 'em all, Lor' bless you, as they say in the movies. And let me give you my yearly blessing for all the good that life can give—I imagine a hall-room should be appreciated just at this time, and I actually envy you. What is so nice as a hall-room on a cold windy day!"

IMA NAMETEUR.—Broncho Billy is producing stage plays on Broadway. Quite successful too. Dont think he will ever cowboy it again. You forgot that drama is in its very essence a portrayal of moral struggle, and is therefore bound to contain crime or wrong-doing or temptation. Remember me to the kiddies. I love children.

KITTEN W.—You naughty child! You say, "It was not until recently that I read the Answers in the MAGAZINE. I was looking for an address, and hoping that I might find it in your section, I read it and found the Answers immediately interesting." Many a rose is born to blush unseen. Now that I shall blush no more, let us be good friends. I'm glad you are here. You want me to name an actress who doesn't smoke, or drink, and who observes Sunday. Now see here, Kitten, you're going out of my territory. If you want to play in my yard, you must be nice.

TWO LIPS.—Oh, yes, I take buttermilk every day. That's what keeps me young. Elsie Ferguson is playing on the stage, in "Sacred and Profane Love." Certainly you should get married. What's a home without a nother? But, do you feel able to support a husband? Edward Earle in "The Law of the Yukon."

VIRGINIA H.—Thanks for the fee. No, I have never kist the Blarney Stone. Vernon Steele is playing in "Déclassée" with Ethel Barrymore at the Empire Theatre. So you liked him in "The Phantom Honeymoon." You are a clever child, and surely ought to succeed.

[illegible] C.—As the ten greatest modern orators, I would mention Henry Ward Beecher, James G. Blaine, William Pitt, John C. Calhoun, Jonathan P. Dolliver, Patrick Henry, Robert G. Ingersoll, Abraham Lincoln, Daniel Webster and William Jennings Bryan. Anita Stewart is playing in "Harriet and the Piper." You tell me not to give up, that I might be something more than an Answer Man as I go on. You say you once knew a window decorator who became a minister later on. You're right, I'll hope on. I may yet become a plumber.

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I will gladly give you the names of any number of accomplished players of piano or organ who obtained their *entire* training from me *by mail*. They will soon satisfy you that I am not exaggerating when I say that I will teach you in *quarter the usual time and at quarter the usual cost.* If you have not before heard of my method and what it has accomplished this may seem almost impossible. Write me for the actual proof is all I ask. No charge or obligation.

My way of teaching piano or organ is *entirely different* from all others. Out of every four hours of study, one hour is spent *entirely away from the keyboard*—learning something about Harmony and The Laws of Music. This is an awful shock to most teachers of the "old school," who still think that learning piano is solely a problem of "finger gymnastics." When you *do* go to the keyboard, you accomplish *twice as much*, because you *understand what you are doing*. Studying this way is a *pleasure*. Within four lessons I enable you to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well.

I make use of every possible scientific help—many of which are *entirely unknown* to the average teacher. My patented invention, the COLOROTONE, sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use, Trans-position—usually a "night-mare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. With my fifth lesson I introduce another important and exclusive invention, QUINN-DEX. Quinn-Dex is a simple, hand-operated moving picture device, which enables you to see, right before your eyes, every movement of my hands at the keyboard. *You actually see the fingers move.* Instead of having to reproduce your teacher's finger movements from MEMORY which cannot be always accurate—you have the correct models before you during every minute of practice. The COLOROTONE and QUINN-DEX save you months and years of wasted effort. They can be obtained *only from me* and there is nothing else anywhere even remotely like them.



Dr. QUINN AT HIS PIANO—From the famous sketch by Schneider, exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition.

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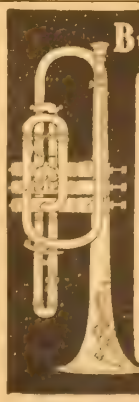
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(Classsified continued from page 15)

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How to Write Photoplays. Our book tells how; also where to sell. Contains model scenario, list of 50 buyers, and all information necessary; price 25c. Photoplay Book Company, 4838 Champlain Ave., Chicago.

Write the Words for a Song. We revise poems, write music and guarantee to secure publication. Submit poems on any subject. Broadway Studios, 105H Fitzgerald Building, New York.

Free to Writers—A wonderful little book of money-making hints, suggestions, ideas; the A B C of successful story and play writing. Absolutely free. Just address Authors' Press, Dept. 8, Auburn, N. Y.

Write Motion Picture Plays. Our book contains twelve chapters of about 5,000 words, consisting of Model Scenario with Synopsis and information necessary for beginners. Price 50c. Sano Sales Company, Box 1404, Des Moines, Iowa.

Exchange Plots for $$. Photoplay ideas accepted any form; revised, typed, published, copyrighted, sold. Advice free. Universal Scenario Corporation, Western Mutual Life Bldg., Los Angeles.

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Live Salesmen & Brokers can make big money by connecting with us. Liberal commissions paid. Harwell Brokerage Co., Stocks, Bonds and Leases, Central Stock Ex. Bldg., Wichita Falls, Texas.

Salesmen. City or travelling. Experience unnecessary. Send for list of lines and full particulars. Prepare in spare time to earn the big salaries—$2,500 to $10,000 a year. Employment services rendered Members. National Salesmen's Training Association, Dept. 139G, Chicago, Ill.

Sell Tires direct to car owner. 30 x 3 non-skid $11.75. Tubes $2.25; other sizes in proportion. Guaranteed 6,000 miles on liberal adjustment basis. Big commissions paid weekly. Experience or capital unnecessary. Auto Tire Clearing House, 1565 West 15th, Chicago.

SONG POEMS

Write the Words For a Song. We write the music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on patriotism, love or any subject. Chester Music Co., 920 S. Michigan Ave., Room 184, Chicago.

You Write the Words For a Song. We'll compose the music free and publish same. Send Song Poem today. J. Lenox Co., 271 West 125th Street, New York.

Writers: Have you a song-poem, story or photoplay to sell? Submit MSS. now. Music Sales Co., 42 St. Louis.

Do you want your song poems accepted? Send your poems today for best offer, immediate publication and free examination. Song writing booklet on request. Authors & Composers Service Co., Suite 505, 1431 Broadway, New York.

Write the Words for a Song. We revise poems, compose music for them and guarantee to secure publication on royalty basis by New York music publisher. Our Chief Composer is a song-writer of national reputation and has written many big song-hits. Submit poems on any subject. Broadway Studios, 105-B Fitzgerald Bldg., New York.

Write a Song—Love, mother, home, childhood, patriotic or any subject. I compose music and guarantee publication. Send words today. Thomas Merlin, 231 Reaper Block, Chicago.

Stories, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Good ideas bring big money. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 134, Hannibal, Mo.

SONG POEMS

You write words for a song. We write the music, publish and secure a copyright. Submit poems on any subject. The Metropolitan Studios, 914 S. Michigan Avenue, Room 103, Chicago, Ill.

Be a Song Writer. You write the words, I will compose the music and guarantee publication. Among my great hits is "Desertland". Submit poems on any subject. Ethwell Hanson, 3810 Broadway, Room 104, Chicago, Ill.

SONG WRITERS

Be a Song Writer. You write the words and I will compose the music and guarantee publication. Among my great hits is "Desertland." Submit poems today on any subject. Room 105, Ethwell Hanson, 3808 Broadway, Chicago, Illinois.

Write the Words for a Song. We revise poems, compose music for them and guarantee to secure publication on royalty basis by New York music publisher. Our Chief Composer is a song-writer of national reputation and has written many big song-hits. Submit poems on any subject. Broadway Studios, 105-A Fitzgerald Bldg., New York.

Song-writers Manual and Guide Sent Free! Contains valuable instructions and advice. Submit song-poems for examination. We will furnish music, copyright and facilitate publication or sale. Knickerbocker Studios, 309 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

Write the words for a song.—We write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance on a royalty basis. Mr. Leo Friedman, the composer to the American people, is our leading composer. Among his well known hits are such songs as "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland" and "When I Dream of Old Erin." Submit poems on patriotism, love or any subject. Chester Music Company, Dept. 325, 920 South Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

You Write the Words for a Song. We will write the music, publish and secure copyright. Edouard Hesselberg, our chief composer, has to his credit the great hit, "If I Were a Rose," and other famous songs. Submit poems on any subject. Send for our Song Writer's Guide and submit poems at once. Metropolitan Studios, 914 South Michigan Ave., Dept. 140, Chicago, Ill.

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Wanted—Stories, Articles, Poems, for new magazine. Cash paid on acceptance. Typed or handwritten MSS. acceptable. Send MSS. to Nat'l Story Magazine, 64 Vanderbilt Bldg., New York.

Earn $25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 560 St. Louis, Mo.

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175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

HELEN HAPPY.—Your letter was a very happy one, indeed. Silly questions have their uses, you know, and if there weren't any I could not make a living. Lee Moran and Eddie Lyons are going to play in "La La, Lucille."

THE MYSTIC ROSE.—May it bloom forever. Glad to hear your opinion about our magazines. You write mostly about Pearl White, and you say you enjoyed "Just Me," the book she wrote about herself.

MINTER LOVER.—Nay, nay, madam, say not so. Well, the man who agrees with you in all things will at least be credited with having good judgment. Harry Morey's "The Gauntlet of Greed" was taken in Tennessee.

JO MITCH.—Come, come, crank up, your motor has stopped. Dorothy Dalton is not married. So you think I look like a Bolshevik. Never you mind, so long as I dont act like one. Betty Blythe is married to Paul Scardon, her director.

MARY PICKFORD ADMIRER.—Why, the *Frederic der Grosse* is now called U. S. S. *Huron*. Marguerite Snow is not playing now. Anita Stewart is out West. Frederick James Smith edits SHADOWLAND, Adele W. Fletcher edits the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and B. F. Wilson edits MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, and Eugene V. Brewster is editor-in-chief of all three.

ESTELLE OF MAINE.—Oh, gosh! Your letter was shocking! Why, the Lee children are playing in vaudeville. No, Ruth Roland is not. Blanche McGarity is much prettier than any of her pictures. Wait until you see her on the screen. She has a very lovable character.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, JR.—What's the idea of your sending me a comb? You are right, many a man claims to be a live wire just because the charges against him are shocking. Mary Miles Minter was 18 the 1st day of April, 1920.

DARDI NELLA.—That thing certainly did make a hit. You want more of Madge Kennedy and less of the Lee children. Yes, I have been to both places named. I use my beard for a book-mark only when I am looking thru reference books to answer puzzling questions. Yes, Louise Huff has signed up with Selznick for five more years.

BUBBLES I. R. A.—When you feel blue like that, always compare past woes with present happiness. So you think Richard Barthelmess is a heartbreaker. Yes, most girls do. He is not married to Corinne Griffith, nor to anyone else. Thanks for the lots of love, but I only get it in letters.

JANET A.—Yes, brother and sister. The four leads in the last Fame and Fortune Contest were: Blanche McGarity, Virginia Faire, (Brown), Anetha Getwell, and Anita Booth. You're welcome, and come again.

GAE-CLEO.—A bushel basketful of thanks for your kind remembrance. As Publius Syrus says, I am not your friend unless I share in your fortunes as well as your misfortunes. I cant give you any information about Truman Van Dyke. Anybody know? No, children, I wish I could write you personal letters, but I have all I can do to answer you here, so dont expect too much.

DUQUESNE - CHOCOLATES.—And what would life be without a letter from you every now and then? You write a very clever letter. You are the first to think Richard Barthelmess is conceited. I'm afraid you have him wrong. But you do like Conway Tearle. Carmel Myers has returned to Universal after appearing in musical comedy. Agnes Ayres has signed up to play in Marshall Neilan films.

(*Continued on page* 123)

The Money I Make

out of people's fondness for pop corn

By H. D. MATHERS

I suppose I am like the average business man or merchant. I want to make money, but I want to see sure-fire proof of the cash money in any proposition before I take it on. "Paper profits" mean little to me. I can't put them in the bank or pay rent with them. What I want to **see** is the hard cash—and what I want to **know** is how much of the hard cash is **net profit for me?**

That is how I felt when the Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machine was called to my attention about three years ago. The possibilities of making $3,000 a year clear from a little space 26 by 32 inches looked awfully good to me. But I wanted to make sure. So I looked into the thing.

What I Learned

First I wanted to know something about the firm that manufactured and sold the Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machine—the Holcomb & Hoke Mfg. Co., of Indianapolis. I found the concern to be a large one. They had been in business for years, had a high standing throughout the country and were successful.



Picture of Mr. Mathers' Home which was purchased out of his Butter-Kist earnings.

This made me feel certain that the machine was a money getter. Successful concerns naturally mean a successful product.

Then I looked into what others were making with the Butter-Kist Machine. I was given the figures in black and white as actually reported by the various storekeepers who were running the machine. I was given names to write to. I was shown actual letters received from storekeepers, setting down their Butter-Kist profits. I was shown indisputable records.

I found that the size of the town made little or no difference as to the money-making ability of the Butter-Kist Machine. I saw that it paid in towns ranging from a population of 500 all the way to the millions of New York, Chicago and San Francisco.

I "go to it"

I decided in short order that the Butter-Kist proposition was O. K. and I determined to "go to it." I said to myself: I can make money if the rest of them can.

I didn't have a great deal of available cash to lay out. But I didn't need it. The Holcomb & Hoke people are very liberal in their terms. And I got the outfit on easy payments—no questions asked and no red tape. In this way I could pay for the machine out of its earnings.

The machine paid fine right from the start. The machine itself—the motion of it makes people stop and look, as does the fragrance of the pop corn. The Butter-Kist flavor can't be beat. The people hanker for that flavor and come back for more Butter-Kist.

> In 1918 I made a net profit of $3,029.00 and would have made more, but we were quarantined against Spinal Meningitis and "Flu" for 11 weeks in 1918. That is an average of $252 per month, and many men, holding responsible positions, do not make as much.
>
> For the first six months of this year I made $2,000.00. In 1918, I paid for the machine, bought $300.00 Liberty Loan Bonds, $50.00 War Savings Stamps, and lived well. On May 19, this year, I bought me a 5-room cottage on a fine lot and now own my own home and all made out of profits of Butter-Kist business.
>
> H. D. M.

How it pays

I am so highly pleased with my Butter-Kist Machine that I just can't help "crowing" about it.

In 1918 I made a net profit of $3,029 and would have made more but we were quarantined against Spinal Meningitis and "Flu" for eleven weeks in 1918. That is an average of $252 per month and many men, holding responsible positions, do not make as much.

For the first six months of 1919 I made $2,000.00. In 1918, I paid for the machine, bought $300.00 Liberty Loan Bonds, $50.00 War Saving Stamps, and lived well. On May 19, 1919, I bought me a 5-room cottage on a fine lot and now own my own home, and all made out of profits of Butter-Kist business.

Three things have contributed to my success—First, I keep the machine clean—Second, I use only the best material—Third, I am courteous to patrons.

Anybody operating a Butter-Kist Machine is bound to make money if they will follow the above.

For the amount of investment, and the space occupied, I know of no business that will come up to or even equal the Butter-Kist; if you do please lead me to it. I am ready to go.

Write for free book

Mr. Mathers' success is not at all unusual. Indeed, many men are making twice as much with the Butter-Kist Machine. And the proof is in our free book, "America's New Industry."

This book will open the eyes of every retail merchant and theater owner. It is a startling revelation of the big money that storekeepers are making with the Butter-Kist Pop Corn and Peanut Machine. It shows letters written by the merchants themselves telling of the new profits and new trade the Butter-Kist Machine makes. It shows photographs of the machines in different kinds of stores. It proves to you in actual figures that the Butter-Kist Machine ***does*** pay $600 to $3,120 a year in extra net profits. Write for this book today. It is sent free and post-paid to every merchant who requests it.

With the free book we will also send full particulars of our easy payment plan. Write today. Mail the coupon or a post-card.



Mr. Mathers and his Butter-Kist Machine. He is not the only one making big money with Butter-Kist. Write for free book and read other amazing letters.

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.,
586 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Without obligation, send me your free Butter-Kist Book "America's New Industry," with photos, sales records and estimate of how much I can make with your machine.

Name .....

Business .....

Address .....

THE HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.

586 Van Buren Street **Indianapolis, Ind.**

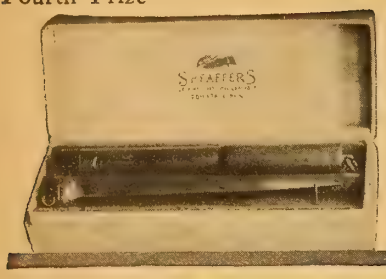
Third Prize



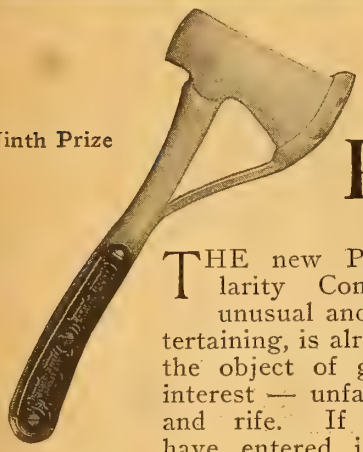
Second Prize



Fourth Prize



Ninth Prize



Popularity Contest Awards

Sixth Prize



THE new Popularity Contest, unusual and entertaining, is already the object of great interest — unfailing and rife. If you have entered it or have read the announcements which have appeared, and will appear, from time to time, containing the rules and regulations, you know it is actually a double contest—a contest in which both the public and players are equally interested.

The prizes depicted above and below were selected after much careful thought and attention and each one is destined to make some one happier, from the beautiful Crescent phonograph which suggests a twilight hour with the gems musical genii have given to the world, to the Marble nickel-plated axe which brings to mind a jolly time in some invitingly green woodland.

Perhaps you have not yet decided to enter the contest—if not do so *now*. Dont lose an opportunity of enjoying the unique entertainment it affords or of capturing one of the lovely and useful awards.

FIRST PRIZE

Crescent Phonograph, piano mahogany finish (value $160). Plays all makes of disc records: Victor, Columbia, Pathe, Edison, Emerson, etc., without the use of extra attachments or intricate adjustments; a simple turn of the sound-box is all that is necessary in changing from a lateral cut record to playing a hill and dale cut record.

A Crescent owner can enjoy a repertoire of the greatest opera singers, popular songs, dance music or anything that is turned out of the disc record. The tone of the Crescent is full, round, deep and mellow. It has a large compartment for records.

First Prize



SECOND PRIZE

Movette Camera and three packages of films (value $65). Compact, light, efficient, easily operated. Think of the possibilities during your vacation trip — your canoe trip—in pictures —pictures of your family or friends—living pictures that you can project at any time in your home. A priceless record of your life.

THIRD PRIZE

Corona Typewriter with case (value $50); an all-round portable typewriter, light enough and small enough to be carried anywhere, and strong enough to stand any possible condition of travel. It is trim and symmetrical and does not give one's study the atmosphere of a business office. Fold it up and take it with you anywhere.

FOURTH PRIZE

Sheaffer "Giftie" Combination Set, consisting of a Sheaffer Fountain Pen and a Sheaffer Sharp-Point Pencil, in a handsome plush-lined box. Gold filled, warranted twenty years. Cannot blot or leak. A beautiful and perfect writing instrument.

FIFTH PRIZE

Bristol steel Casting Rod agate guide, cork grip, strong and durable. Packed in linen case. Can be easily put in traveling bag.

SIXTH PRIZE

Loughlin Safety Self-Filling Fountain Pen. No extensions to remember, no locks to forget.

SEVENTH PRIZE

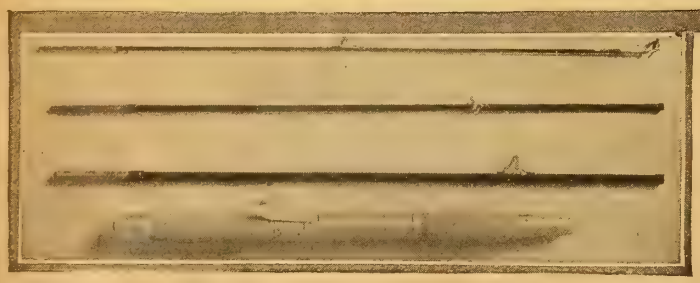
Star Vibrator, handsomely finished in nickel plate with three attachments. Alternating current. Excellent for massage. Use it in your own home.

EIGHTH PRIZE

Same as Seventh Prize.

NINTH PRIZE

Marble nickel-plated pocket axe of tool steel, carefully tempered and sharpened. Indispensable in camp or woods.



Fifth Prize

Seventh and Eighth Prizes



(*Continued from page 120*)

ANXIOUS DOROTHY.—A woman never pays much attention to her husband's talk unless he talks in his sleep, then she's all attention. No, I dont think Metro will reissue any of Harold Lockwood's pictures. Belgium does not seem to have a flower emblem. Greece has the violet; Canada sugar maple; England, red rose; Florence, lily; France, iris lily; Ireland, shamrock-leaf; Prussia, linden; Saxony, mignonette; Scotland, thistle; and Wales, leek-leaf. Why, yes, Webster Campbell in "The Sea Rider," (Vitagraph.)

I. A. M. CHECKERS.—I dont get your drift, snow again!

BLUE EYES.—No, no, not E. K. Lincoln.

LOIS J. J.—Your first attempt was excellent. Remember that there must always be a beginning to everything, except eternity. "Robert Elsmere," "Lady Rose's Daughter," and "Marcella" are novels by the late Mrs. Humphry Ward. Yes, Vivian Rich is playing in "A World of Folly," for Fox.

NOSY.—Yes, Enid Bennett is married. Mary Pickford's name is Fairbanks now.

MARION M.—Cant give you that list of serials you want. Oh, yes, you ought to see John Barrymore in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." It is a great piece of acting, and the play cleverly done. Of course, it varied from the book, and conveyed an altogether different idea than the book.

TED H.—Edward Earle was born in Toronto, Canada, and he is five feet eleven inches, and weighs 160 pounds. Irene Hunt, who formerly played for Griffith, is back at the Balboa studios, doing a serial. Thomas Chatterton is coming back to play opposite Enid Bennett. Welcome back, Tommie! Remember, we used to think he looked like Crane Wilbur.

WILDFOOD.—So you are angry. Well, anger is a short-lived madness, a mental disorder that usually breaks out at the mouth, but more often at the writing desk as in your case. I enjoyed your tirade of abuse hugely. When you get over your anger, come in and have luncheon with me. Why, Anita Stewart was born in Brooklyn, 1896.

UNSUCCESSFUL.—Cheer up. Why dont you send your article to one of the other magazines? We are pretty well stocked up with articles, and besides we have our own staff who do most of our chats and interviews.

LILLIAN.—Most of yours have been answered elsewhere, and the others are unanswerable.

LOT BEAUSHONE.—Why, the correspondence clubs are nothing more than organized groups of fans in different cities exchanging their views on pictures and talking about motion pictures in general. You can reach Mrs. Joseph Schenck at 318 E. 48th St., New York City. From the looks of your letter I should say your upper story had rats in it. Do write me again, tho.

HILDA C.—Certainly, I enjoy writing these answers. Labor is the father of genius, isn't it? Constance Talmadge will appear in a picturization of "Wedding Bells," which is now playing on Broadway. You say you would like to see Wallace Reid in "Varsity Villies"; Constance Talmadge in "The Sweat of Her Brow," and Elsie Ferguson in "Enchanted Hearts." Most of these are *Saturday Evening Post* stories, I believe.

THE KID FROM DOWN HOME.—How are you? So your ambition is to join the Paramount Co. What is that old saying about hooking your wagon to a star? Come over and see me some time, and we'll talk it over.

Women say La-may stays on better than any other face powder.

UP TO the present time it has been almost impossible to get a face powder to stay on longer than it takes to put it on. You powder your nose nicely and the first gust of wind or the first puff of your handkerchief and away goes the powder, leaving your nose shiny and conspicuous, probably just when you would give anything to appear at your best. A specialist has perfected a pure powder that really stays on; that stays on until you wash it off. It does not contain white lead or rice powder to make it stay on. This improved formula contains a medicinal powder doctors prescribe to improve the complexion. In fact, this powder helps to prevent and reduce enlarged pores and irritations.



This unusual powder is called La-may (French, Poudre L'Amé). Because La-may is so pure and because it stays on so well, it is already used by over a million American women. All dealers carry the large sixty-cent box and many dealers also carry the generous thirty-cent box. When you use this harmless powder and see how beautifully it improves your complexion you will understand why La-may so quickly became the most popular beauty powder sold in New York. Women who have tried all kinds of face powder say they can not buy a better powder anywhere at any price. There is also a wonderful La-may talcum that sells for only twenty five cents. Herbert Roystone Dept. L, 16 E. 18th St., New York.

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(State instrument you are especially interested in)

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A Message From Cupid

"To Win, Secure a Satin Skin"

...ice of the smart appearing, well-...omed and refined. You can make ...mistake in selecting Satin Skin ...Cream and Satin Skin Powder, for your own toilet table.

As dew feeds the flowers, Satin Skin Cream brings new life and satiny smoothness to your skin. Usually described, by its friends as the "classy cream," Satin Skin is in a class by itself. Fragrant blossoms, herbal extracts and ...ney of flowers, make Satin Skin ...m what it is in quality. Without ...dvertising Satin Skin has quietly won ...way, become the standard for others, the admiration of all.

SATIN SKIN POWDER "Perfection for complexion" is heavier than ordinary face powders, because made to adhere, it does not fall upon the apparel, or blow away, but holds, serves the purpose intended; does what a fine powder should do. Satin Skin is best for party and theatre because of its adhesiveness and the appearance of completeness bestowed. It is the only real "full-dress" powder produced. For the street use the new shade Satin Skin NATURELLE is simply stunning in effect, neutralizing the glare of daylight with a satiny, soft glow. Four other finest tints: Flesh, Pink, White, Brunet.

I. At night apply Satin Skin Cold Cream to wet skin.
II. Day and evening use Satin Skin Greaseless Cream.
III. Satin Skin Powder gives satiny finish. Choice of 5 tints:

Sold at the best toilet counters. SATIN SKIN LABORATORY, Mnfr., Detroit, U.S.A.

Just Out

What's What in America

by

EUGENE V. BREWSTER

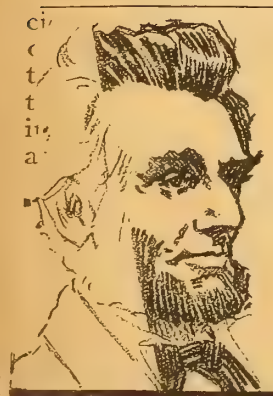
Editor-in-Chief of

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND

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0720 Warner Building Minneapolis, Minnesota

BEATRICE RETTER.—Yes, and some people are so energetic and ambitious that they climb up the ladder of success while others always remain at the bottom because "the elevator aint running." Thank you, my beard is sprouting beautifully. And the longer I live, the older I get, and the younger I feel.

E. R., FAYETHVILLE.—You say you dont see how any one could find fault with Geraldine Farrar on the screen, and that her status is too well established to need comment. You'll find some who wont agree with you. Nazimova in "The Heart of a Child." It took only forty days to produce this.

DODY.—Thanks, little one, for the generous fee. You say you like the part in Richard Barthelmess' hair, and you want to see more pictures of him with a smile from the heart that will warm the general appearance of his looks and not chill them. Smile, Dick, smile. You want a picture of Norma Talmadge's husband. Why is this thus? Mr. Schenck, you're paged. Send us a photo and we will page you. Thanks again, and write some more.

OLIVE THOMAS ADMIRER.—You say a "woman is not necessarily ready to report her life story just because her eyebrows are pencilled and her figure is padded." Well, you can read all about Olive Thomas in the June issue of the MAGAZINE and the March issue of the CLASSIC. Thank you, fair lady.

MARY P.—But we always have time to do what we really want to do. Lottie Pickford is playing now. Why ask if Conway Tearle is married? Yes, three times. As I understand it, the Chinese people have a god for every disease, even the measles.

JOHN M., LYNN.—I'm going to quote you a little—"Dear Answer Man: As I sit here—listening to the strains of 'The Hungarian Rhapsody' with the snow making a foot-deep blanket without—I wonder just what kind of a person you are—in appearance I mean, for one can guess your personality from the tenor of your answers in the MAGAZINE. I really feel that you must be one of the celebrities yourself, for you have a knowledge much more intimate than a mere machine with hosts of data-filing cabinets about him." You say that Alartus, a pupil of Diogenes, is your ideal, so I, whiskers and all, will be compelled to become cynical to get into your good graces. You say you are getting disgusted with the world, it's all so false. You say, "There is no place but religion for man to turn—on one side low jazz—even lower shimmy—on another ridiculous Christian Scientists and Spiritualists—they dont deserve the dignity of a capital. Oh, Mr. Answer Man, let us have a few retrogressionists, for heaven's sake!" Do you refer to Gail Kane? She is releasing thru Pioneer Pictures Corp. now. Do you mean William Murray?

KERRIGAN ALWAYS.—Good for you, stand by your first love. Thanks a lot for all the nice things you say about me—"Your answers are so rich and refreshing, each a sermon in itself. Your answers to some are witty and rich, to others wise and to the point, while yet others show your sympathetic nature. Your department is indeed a jewel and well worth the price of the MAGAZINE alone. While reading your answers I laugh until I cry, and my husband inquires the cause of my mirth. I show him, and after reading he says it is a fine answer, but being an Englishman and not a movie fan, he doesn't grasp the point." I'd kiss your hand for all this. You know I kinder like to hear things like that—I must be getting vain. Why, Mrs. Drew weighs only about 145 pounds now.



SELECT your own subject—love, patriotism—write what the heart dictates, then submit your poem to us.
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one of America's well-known musicians, the author of many song successes, such as "*Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland*," "*Let Me Call You Sweetheart*," "*When I Dream of Old Erin*," and others the sales of which ran into millions of copies. Send as many poems as you wish. Don't Delay. Get Busy—Quick.

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MI-RITA SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVER

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Dept. LW, 339 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

V. W.—But the closer you get to some people, the more distant they are. You want to know all about Frank Mayo and Bert Lytell. I'll tell you later. Last time I heard of Yale Boss, his mother told me he was in vaudeville. Wasn't he a fine little chap when he was with Edison? Your letter was very interesting.

USELESS.—Yes, and sometimes we may learn more from a man's errors than from his virtues. I never weep, but I dont think I ever wept as much as I did after seeing Alice Brady in "Forever After." Yes, I saw Theda Bara on the stage, but she really belongs in pictures. I wont scold you, but never do a thing in halves unless you are opening clams.

JEAN E. S.; MRS. M.; EMILY W.; MIL; MR. J. OPPIE; GEE WHIZ; RENA; V. BROWN; GREY EYES; BOOBY HATCH; V. GLASER; STAGE STRUCK; DECIMA; SWANKY; BERTHA C.; ANNA JOHNSON; D. E. W.; A. D.; B. K.; M. LUCE; FAN; N. L. H.; HILJA K.; F. CONWAY; JEAN; M. YEATES.—Sorry to put you in the alsorans but you force me to it by not asking something new.

JUST ME.—I admit that I was wrong. So, since a fault confessed is half redressed, this public admission and my apology to you, milord, should make us square. Geraldine Farrar, Paramount Co., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York, will reach her. Clarine Seymour had the lead in "The Girl Who Stayed At Home."

MARION B. HAPPY.—That's the only way to be, Marion. He was divorced. It is easier to get married than to stay so. It was Babette in "The Glorious Lady." Ah, you flatter me. Please dont. It's like wine—it goes to the head. Owen Moore in "The Desperate Hero." Doris Kenyon in "The Harvest Moon." You're entirely welcome.

IVAN AWFULITCH, CHICAGO.—What do you mean some whiskers? There's nothing false about them. Teeth, did you say? My teeth are my own—I paid for them. You say Gloria Swanson is your favorite and you have written her seven times and no answer. Thanks for the 27. Well that which is spoken dies; that which is written lives—unless it goes into the wastebasket.

SHIRLEY'S BOB.—You are as prolific of words as a dictionary. Yes, I like bobbed hair on some girls, but they must be short and cute looking. You want interviews with Viola Dana, Lila Lee, Nazimova, and Anita Stewart. Be patient—all things come to him who waits.

ME.—A whole lot of thanks to you, my dear, and may you live all the days of your life. Mary Pickford didn't stay single long enough for me to propose to her. Foiled again. Yes, there are two Jack Holts. You want an interview with William Scott, and you want it soon. I dont blame you one bit. You say "Blind Husbands" reached the pinnacle of nastiness. Conway Tearle in "Marooned Hearts" opposite Zena Keefe.

FRANK M., VA.—Nothing bores me write on. You say Mary Pickford comes first with you, then Constance Talmadge and Vivian Martin. Of course, come over and see me.

FANNIE 20.—Bless your honest heart, and may the hinges of our friendship never grow rusty. Clara Young is in Los Angeles, and she is playing right along. Henry Walthall is out West too. Constance Talmadge in "The Love Expert."

AUSTRALASIAN FILMS.—You say you cant get a copy of our new magazine, SHADOWLAND. Many thousands have the same trouble. Why dont you subscribe direct? Thanks for the stamps. Your letter was interesting.



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The Modern Hair Remover

To remove hair from the face, neck, arms, under arms or limbs, safely, quickly and effectually, in a manner which will not injure the tenderest skin—if a depilatory is used—demands that the preparation be one which embodies science and competent compounding by an expert chemist.

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DON'T send a penny. Just send your name and say: "Send me a Lachnite mounted in a solid gold ring on 10 days' free trial." We will send it prepaid right to your home. When it comes merely deposit $4.75 with the postman and then wear the ring for 10 full days. If you, or if any of your friends can tell it from a diamond, send it back. But if you decide to buy it—send us $2.50 a month until $18.75 has been paid.

Write Today Send your name now. Tell us which of the solid gold rings illustrated above you wish (ladies' or men's). Be sure to send finger size.

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Yes you can, even if you have never touched a piano. The Niagara School of Music has perfected a method of instruction which will enable you to play all the popular song hits perfectly by ear. All you need to know is how to hum a tune. Our method—only 20 lessons, which you can master in a little while—will enable you to transform the tune which is running through your head into actual JAZZY music on the piano. All by ear.

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Hear a new popular song hit, hum the tune, play it yourself. All by ear. Just think how many dull hours this easily acquired ability will make happy—how many friends you will make happy,—how popular you will be when you JAZZ the newest song success of Broadway after hearing it. All done by ear.

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Niagara School of Music, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

MAIL THIS TO-DAY

Dept. 196

Without obligation to me, please mail to address below, your Booklet, "The Niagara Method."

Name .....

Street .....

City..... State.....

LOCKWOOD ADMIRER.—I hardly think any of Harold Lockwood's pictures will be reissued. He has no relatives on the screen. Thank you.

PAT OF DETROIT.—Your fault seems to be in that you take disappointment as a discouragement, whereas it should be a stimulant. Pearl White was born in Missouri. Mae Murray is not the sister of Charles. Jack Mulhall is not married. Ruth Clifford is still in pictures. Yes, "Tillie's Punctured Romance" is being reissued with Marie Dressler, Charlie Chaplin and Mabel Normand.

MRS. ALICE R. ALLEN writes that no one has been authorized to reorganize the Bushman Club at this time until the tour on the legitimate stage in the play "The Master Thief," by Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne, is concluded.

JOYCE M. A.—I'm afraid I cant help you. You write, "Since you are the Answer Man, perhaps you can offer some suggestions as to how to exterminate the gum-chewers at the right of you, gum-chewers at the left of you, gum-chewers behind you volleying and thundering. Woe is me who sitteth amongst them." This is the most unkindest cut of all. I am a gum-chewer myself. But if some people chew as others eat soup, my suggestion is that the management supply Maxim silencers.

PLENTIBUS PHULUM.—Horrors! Help! Hibiscus! In part you say, "You take such careful precautions to emphasize your relationship to the stronger sex, that my suspicions have been aroused and I really believe you to be a giddy, young peroxide blonde." Avast! Begone! I am neither giddy, young, peroxide nor blonde. Yes, you can get in touch with Madge Kennedy, Goldwyn Co., Fort Lee, N. Y. She is not an old maid—she would be a bachelor girl, except that she is married to Harold Bolster.

NORMAN L.—It was Emerson who said "The first wealth is health." That is the only wealth I have. Elliott Dexter in "The Translation of a Savage." Yes, 25 cents is right. Not colored. Ethel Barrymore's screen play is "The Superwoman."

MISS M. LE C.—Dont fear, child. You see I dont bite. I really think I am tamer than I used to be. Oh, yes, grease-paint covers a multitude of sins and scars. I'm afraid we would not have that issue for sale anyway. It was in 1912, I believe. I admire your literary style.

L. J. N.—I stand corrected! You say, "The Peace Conference was held in Paris; the Peace Treaty was signed at Versailles. The reason I happen to know is because I was a member of the American Commission to Negotiate Peace. Our headquarters were in the Hotel de Crillon, on the Place de la Concorde. All the other Allied countries also had their headquarters in Paris, and the meetings of the various committees were held in the city of Paris." Peace be with you and I thank you, distinguished sir.

ADMIRATOR.—Thomas Meighan's wife is Frances Ring. Louise Huff is married to Mr. Stillman. She was divorced from Edgar Jones. Julian Eltinge is about 5 feet 8½ and William Farnum is 5 feet 10½. Dont mention it.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.—Thanks for the United coupons. I'm saving up for a coffee percolator. I just got an alarm clock. History repeats itself, they say. At the consecration of the national cemetery on the battlefield of Gettysburg, Nov., 1863, President Lincoln in an address, speaking of the victorious army, said: "The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here"; but he was wrong, for what he said there will live always.

NEMO.—Thanks for the pictures. You write a very fine letter for one who has been in this country such a short time. So you like Theda Bara. She was with Fox, and is now on the stage.

FRECKLES.—You say you love to write letters, and you have no relatives. Let me be your poor relation. Write often. No wonder this magazine is the best of all, as you say. We have always tried to give the facts briefly, so that people will read them; clearly, so that they will understand them; forcibly, so that they will appreciate them; picturesquely, so that they will remember them; accurately, so that they may be wisely guided by their light. Viola Dana is a widow. No, I cant give you a list of the stars that came from Boston. You think I ought to write great scenarios. The companies dont think they are so great. *Gardez bien.*

B. L. W.—Oh for a new Isaac Newton, who would invent a new law of gravitation that would prevent prices going up. Everything is going up around here except elevators—the elevator men are on strike. Yes, William Russell is out West. No, Louise Lovely is not married. Of course you are my friend. You ask if I ever hit the high spots. Oh, boy! Whoops!

Our readers often go into movie theaters to laugh, but do not often realize that they can get many a good laugh by reading the funny wording of some of the signs out in front and in the lobby. We have noticed how audiences enjoy these funny signs which have been shown on the screen in *The Literary Digest* "Topics of the Day." So we have compiled the following list of signs which brought roars of laughter when screened in both vaudeville and picture theaters.

Movie theater sign:

"'WATCH YOUR WIFE'
EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK"
—Albany Argus

Sign in front of Harlem movie theater:

"'MOTHER, I NEED YOU'
FOR THREE DAYS
BEGINNING NOV. 30th"
—New York Globe

Sign in front of movie house:

"Geraldine Farrar, Supported for the first time by Her Husband."
—Columbus (O.) Citizen

Sign in a movie pictorium:

"'HER WEDDING NIGHT' every night this week."
—Boston Transcript

PUZZLED

"Did you see a drama or a comedy at the movie show tonight?"

"I dont know. It wasn't labeled."

The Little Master Builder

(*Continued from page* 112)

to come North every one said of me, 'Wait until Blanche McGarity comes back . . . she wont be the same . . . she'll change.' And I told them that they had never been so wrong . . . that no matter what happens . . . how great, how small . . . the Blanche McGarity that comes back will be the same Blanche that went away, happy if there be success, still hopeful if there be failure . . . which there wont," she added, while the spirit of the fighting ancestors, players and pioneers touched her blue eyes and her smiling lips with a whimsical, invincible light.

Opportunity Knocked— She Answered



MISS BLANCHE McGARITY

All the way from San Antonio, Texas, did this ambitious young girl come to take part in the grand finale of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest. She was unanimously acclaimed a winner by the judges, and her name and face became familiar overnight to every household in the country thru the medium of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND. She is now as well known in filmland as any star who is backed by years of experience.

Do you think you possess the requisites for the screen? *Are you ready to answer the knock of Opportunity?* If so, cut out the coupon below, paste it on the back of your favorite photograph and mail it to us.

RULES FOR 1920 CONTESTANTS

Contestants shall submit one or more portraits. On the back of each photo an entrance coupon must be pasted. The coupon must be from THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC or SHADOWLAND, or a similar coupon of your own making.

Postal-card pictures, tinted photographs and snapshots not accepted.

Photographs will not be returned to the owner.

Contestants should not write letters regarding the contest, as it will be impossible to answer them. All rules will be printed in all three magazines.

Photos should be mailed prepaid with *sufficient* postage to CONTEST MANAGER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Send as many as you like.

The contest is open to every one, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage rôles.

Contest closes August 1, 1920.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE ENTRANCE COUPON

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.....

When born ..... Birthplace ..... Eyes (color) .....

Hair (color) ..... Complexion .....

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The Screen Time-Table

(*Continued from page* 91)

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE—MD-10.
John Barrymore—Paramount.
ERSTWHILE SUSAN—CD-7.
Constance Binney—Realart.
EVERYWOMAN—ALLEGORICAL—6.
All Star—Paramount.
EXCUSE MY DUST—C-7.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
FAIR AND WARMER—F-9.
May Allison—Metro.
FAITH—CD-6.
Peggy Hyland—Fox.
FEAR MARKET, THE—MD-7.
Alice Brady—Realart.
FOOTLIGHTS AND SHADOWS—D-6.
Olive Thomas—Select.
FORBIDDEN WOMAN, THE—D-8.
Clara K. Young—Equity.
Conway Tearle—Equity.
FORTUNE HUNTER, THE—CD-6.
Earle Williams—Vitagraph.
GAY OLD DOG, THE—D-11.
Hobart Henley—John Cumberland.
GIRL NAMED MARY—D-7.
Marguerite Clark—Paramount.
GREATEST QUESTION, THE—D-9.
Griffith Prod.—All Star.
HAUNTED SPOOKS—F-8.
Harold Lloyd—Rolin-Pathé.
HEART OF A CHILD—MD-8.
Nazimova—Metro.
HEART O' THE HILLS—MD-7.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.
HEARTSTRINGS—D-7.
William Farnum—Fox.
HER KINGDOM OF DREAMS—D-6.
Anita Stewart—First National.
HIGH SPEED—CD-7.
Edward Earle—Hallmark.
Gladys Hulette—Hallmark.
HIS MAJESTY THE AMERICAN—CD-7.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.
HIS TEMPORARY WIFE—D-7.
Rubye De Remer—Hallmark.
HUCKLEBERRY FINN—CD-8.
Paramount.
HUMORESQUE—D-8.
Alma Rubens—Cosmopolitan.
HUSHED HOUR, THE—D-6.
Blanche Sweet—Pathé.
IDOL DANCER, THE—D-7.
Clarine Seymour—D. W. Griffith Prod.
Richard Barthelmess.
IN OLD KENTUCKY—MD-7.
Anita Stewart—First National.
IN SEARCH OF A SINNER—C-8.
Constance Talmadge—First National.
ISLE OF CONQUEST—D-8.
Norma Talmadge—Select.
JUBILO—C-9.
Will Rogers—Goldwyn.
LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME—D-7.
Jack Pickford—Goldwyn.
LOVES OF LETTY, THE—D-6.
Pauline Frederick—Goldwyn.
MALE AND FEMALE—D-10.
Swanson and Meighan—DeMille Prod.
MARY ELLEN COMES TO TOWN—CMD-7.
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.
MIRACLE MAN, THE—D-11.
Compson & Meighan—Tucker Prod.
MORE DEADLY THAN THE MALE—D-7.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.
MY LADY'S GARTER—MD-6.
Sylvia Breamer—Paramount.
ON WITH THE DANCE—D-11.
Mae Murray—Paramount.
PARIS GREEN—C-9.
Charles Ray—Paramount.
PICADILLY JIM—CD-6.
Owen Moore—Selznick.
PINTO—C-8.
Mabel Normand—Goldwyn.
PLEASE GET MARRIED—F-7.
Viola Dana—Metro.
POLLYANNA—CD-11.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.
REVELATION—D, SP-11.
Nazimova—Metro.
RIGHT OF WAY, THE—D-10.
Bert Lytell—Metro.
RIVER'S END, THE—MD-10.
All Star—Marshall Neilan Prod.
SCARLET DAYS—MD-9.
Barthelmess & Seymour—Griffith Prod.
SEEING IT THROUGH—CD-7.
Zasu Pitts—Robertson-Cole.
SHARK, THE—MD-7.
George Walsh—Fox.
SHE LOVES AND LIES—C-8.
Norma Talmadge—First National.
SIX BEST CELLARS—C-7.
Bryant Washburn—Paramount.
SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE—MD, SP-8.
All Star—Allan Dwan Prod.
STOLEN KISS, THE—CD-8.
Constance Binney—Realart.
STREET CALLED STRAIGHT—D-5.
Naomi Childers—Basil King—Goldwyn.
Milton Sills—Basil King—Goldwyn.
STRONGER THAN DEATH—SP, MD-8.
Nazimova—Metro.
THIRD GENERATION, THE—SD-10.
Betty Blythe—Goldwyn.
THIRTEENTH COMMANDMENT, THE—SD-9.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.
TOBY'S BOW—CD-10.
Tom Moore—Goldwyn.
TOLL GATE, THE—MD-8.
William S. Hart—Paramount.
TREASURE ISLAND—MD-9.
Shirley Mason—Tourneur Prod.
23½ HOURS' LEAVE—CD-10.
MacLean & May—Paramount.
TWO WEEKS—C-7.
Constance Talmadge—First National.
VICTORY—D-8.
All Star—Paramount.
VIRGIN OF STAMBOUL—SP, MD-8.
Priscilla Dean—Universal.
VIRTUOUS VAMP, THE—CD-9.
Constance Talmadge—First National.
WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE—CD-6.
Will Rogers—Goldwyn.
WHAT'S YOUR HUSBAND DOING?—C-7.
MacLean & May—Paramount.
WHEN THE CLOUDS ROLL BY—C-8.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.
WHY CHANGE YOUR WIFE?—D-11.
Swanson & Meighan—DeMille Prod.
WILLOW TREE, THE—D-9.
Viola Dana—Metro.
WOMAN GIVES, THE—MD-6.
Norma Talmadge—First National.
WOMAN IN THE SUITCASE, THE—MD-6.
Enid Bennett—Paramount.
WOMAN AND THE PUPPET, THE—MD-6.
Geraldine Farrar—Goldwyn.
WOMAN GAME, THE—SD-7.
Elaine Hammerstein—Select.
WOMAN WHO UNDERSTOOD, THE—D-7.
Bessie Barriscale—Robertson-Cole.
YOUNG MRS. WINTHROP—SD-8.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.

READER CRITIQUE

BEHIND THE DOOR—MD-10.
Hobart Bosworth.
BLOOMING ANGEL, THE—C-7.
Madge Kennedy.
DOUBLE SPEED—C-9.
Wallace Reid.
EXCUSE MY DUST—CD-8.
Wallace Reid.
HUMAN DESIRE—D-8.
Anita Stewart.
IDOL DANCER, THE—D-7.
Griffith Production.
IN SEARCH OF A SINNER—CD-9.
Constance Talmadge.

What's in a Name?

BUTTONS, Bobby Vernon or Silvion Des Jardiens—take your pick! The Christie Comedy hero has been called by all three, but, according to his P. A., the first two are aliases.

As a child Silvion had visions of himself as a Booth and spent most of his time outside the stage door or, when the doorkeeper slept, in the wings. His stage career for some time was limited to playing office-boys and little blackened slave lads, all of which wouldn't have given any of the big-timers much cause to worry for their laurels.

But unfortunately—or fortunately—one of the actors met with a mishap which left a vacancy in the cast. And another future plumber or paperhanger was ruined! Silvion Des Jardiens left the nickname of "Buttons" behind and became an actor and Bobby Vernon at the same time. Even his father admitted, with some reluctance, that Bobby *was* an actor, so 'tis said.

But alas for Bobby's dramatic aspirations when it was found he could make funny faces! Comedy was proclaimed his forte and he turned his back upon the gems of Shakespeare.

No Booth, however, ever had a more adoring retinue than that which follows the fun-maker about the Christie studios. There are children galore—and many dogs, homeless and otherwise, constantly in his wake. Perhaps that's why Bobby so often appears in the comedies with babies and small children. At any rate, he threatens to strike for more salary, because he needs so many ice-cream cones and lollypops for his support.

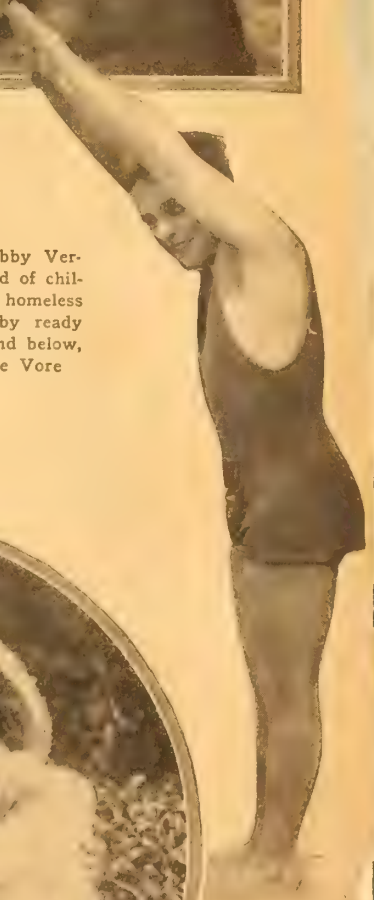
And as for the dogs, Al Christie says if two or three weren't following Bobby about the studios he would think Bobby was losing his popularity.

However, as far as the blasted Shakespearian hopes go, Bobby admits he has lots more fun cavorting about the studios than he could ever have delivering the orations of the Stratford-on-Avon genius, literary masterpieces tho they be.

And this ultimate admission of Bobby leads one to believe that he is in reality the flapper youth which he appears on the screen.



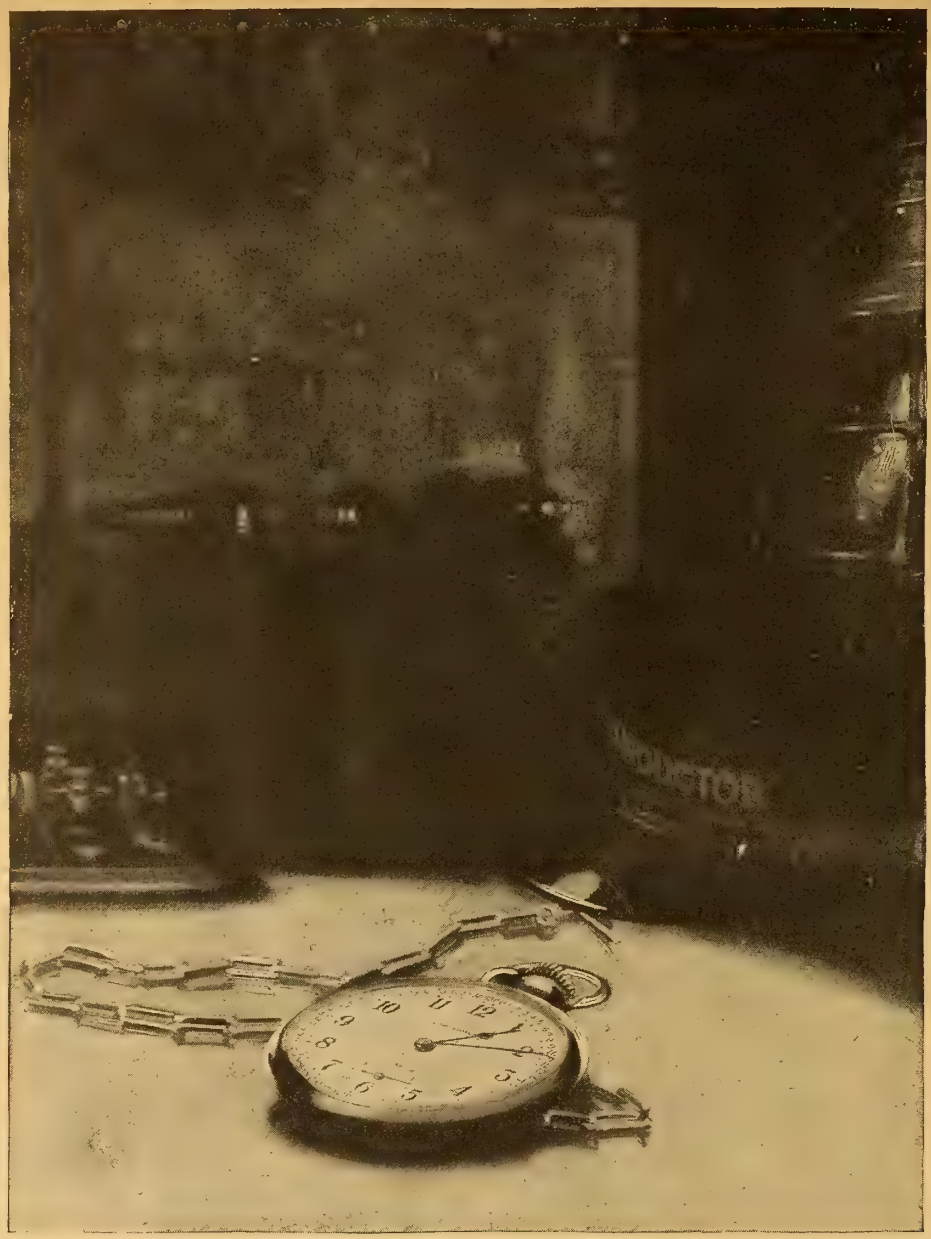
Photo by Witzel, L. A.



Above, a new portrait of Bobby Vernon whose retinue is composed of children galore—and many dogs, homeless and otherwise. Center, Bobby ready for a plunge in the Pacific, and below, in a scene with Dorothy De Vore



Alas for Bobby's "Boothic" aspirations when it was discovered he could make funny faces! Comedy proved his forte and the gems of Shakespeare were left behind



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The beauty secret of Cleopatra hidden in every cake

How washing your face makes rouge and powder harmless

YOU should not blame your skin imperfections on the rouge and powder you may use. Modern cosmetics are usually harmless enough if applied to a *clean skin.*

It is only by leaving them on—one application over another—that the damage is done.

Then they combine with dirt, oil secretions and perspiration in an impervious coat. This clogs and poisons the delicate network of pores and glands we call the skin. Coarse texture and ugly blotches are the result.

Wash your face thoroughly once a day with a pure, mild soap and you needn't fear rouge and powder.

Most actresses know this secret, which keeps their complexions fresh, clear and young in spite of the make-up used. It is really the oldest of beauty secrets, discovered by Cleopatra.

But—it all depends on the soap

If you say "but soap is too harsh for my skin," you either haven't found the right soap or have used it the wrong way. This essential cleanliness must be obtained with a mild, soothing cleanser, such as is yours in Palmolive. And the way you use it must be governed by the kind of complexion you have.

For this modern combination of the palm and olive oils Cleopatra used as cleansers is as bland as a lotion. Its profuse creamy lather leaves the skin soft, supple and smooth.

Yet, while money can't buy a more satisfactory facial soap, the price of Palmolive keeps it within reach of all.

Why isn't Palmolive expensive?

Manufactured in small quantities it would be. Palm and olive oils are costly and come from overseas.

Enormous production and factories working night and day—ingredients ordered in gigantic volume—is what reduces production cost.

Thus we are able to keep the price of Palmolive to a very moderate sum—no more than ordinary toilet soaps.

You can therefore afford to use Palmolive for every toilet purpose. Keep it on the washstand for the sake of smooth white hands. Use it for bathing—it is the luxury bath soap.

Sold everywhere by leading dealers.

Two kinds of faces to wash



For an oily skin



For a dry skin

When the skin is inclined to oiliness wash thoroughly with Palmolive. Use warm water for the actual cleansing, rinse with cold. Apply a little Palmolive cold cream, removing all surplus.

If the skin is dry apply Palmolive cold cream *first.* Then wash thoroughly with Palmolive soap, using warm water followed with cold. This supplements the natural oil needed to keep the skin smooth and supple. An additional touch of cream may also be applied after washing.

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